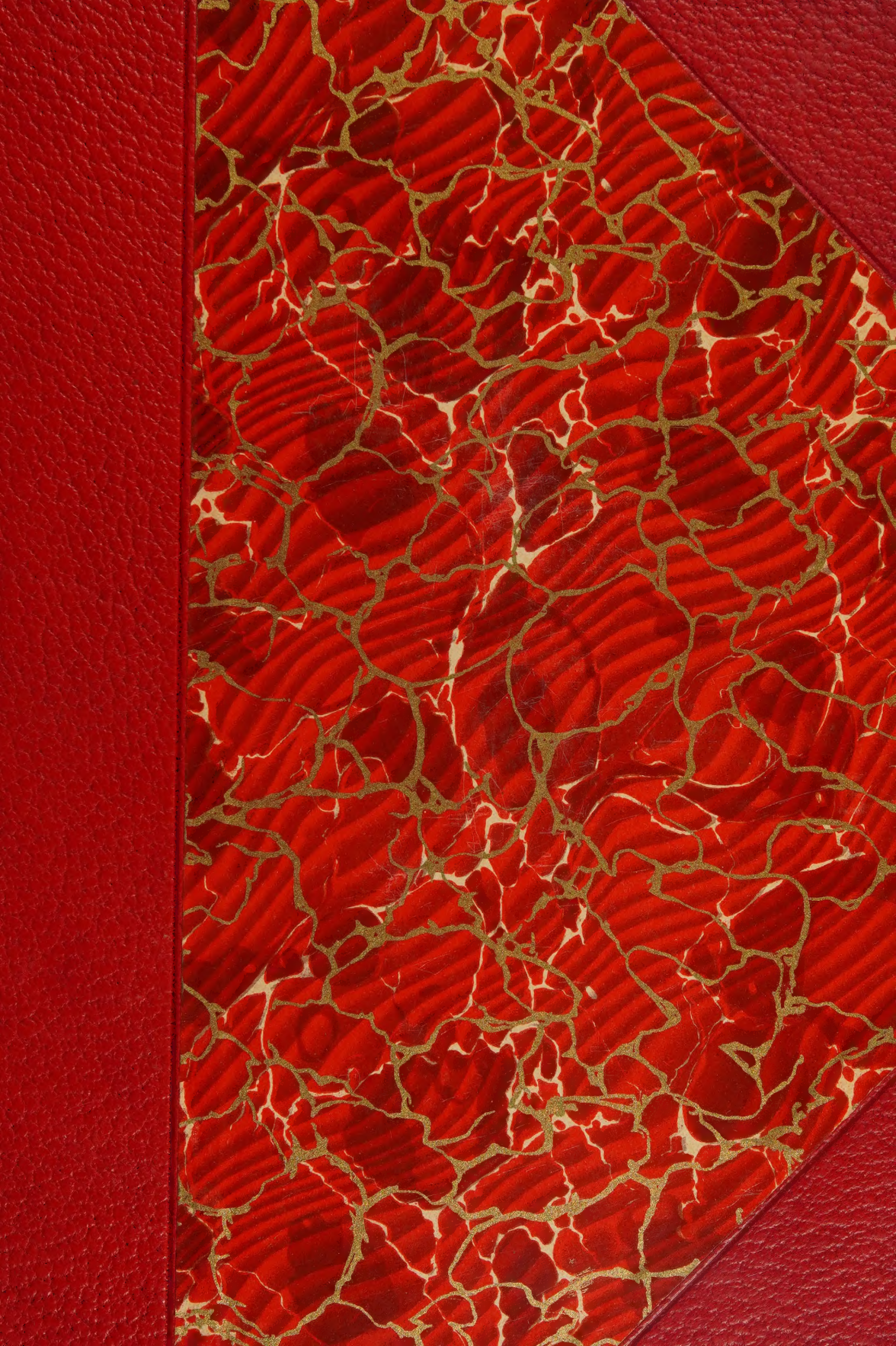
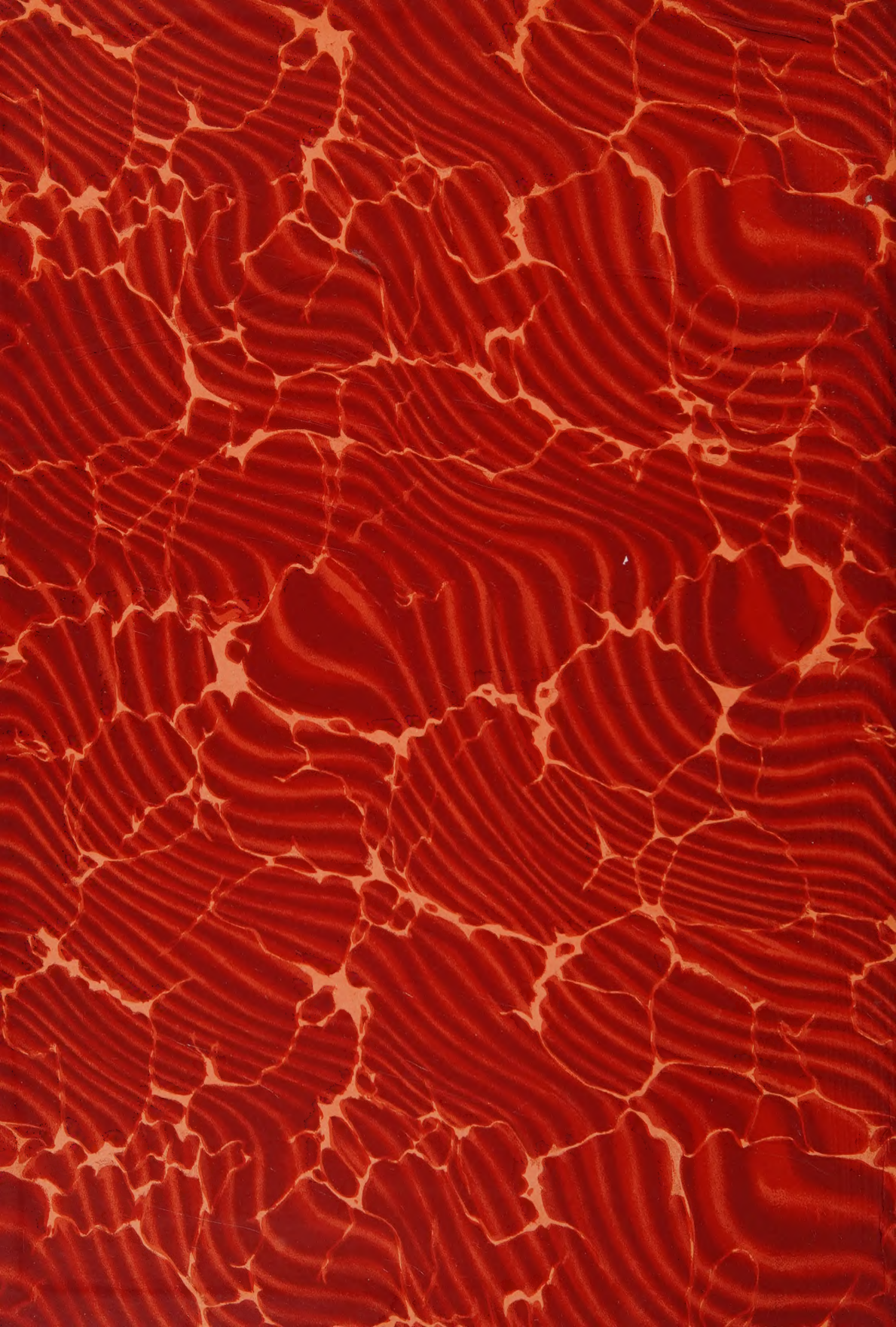
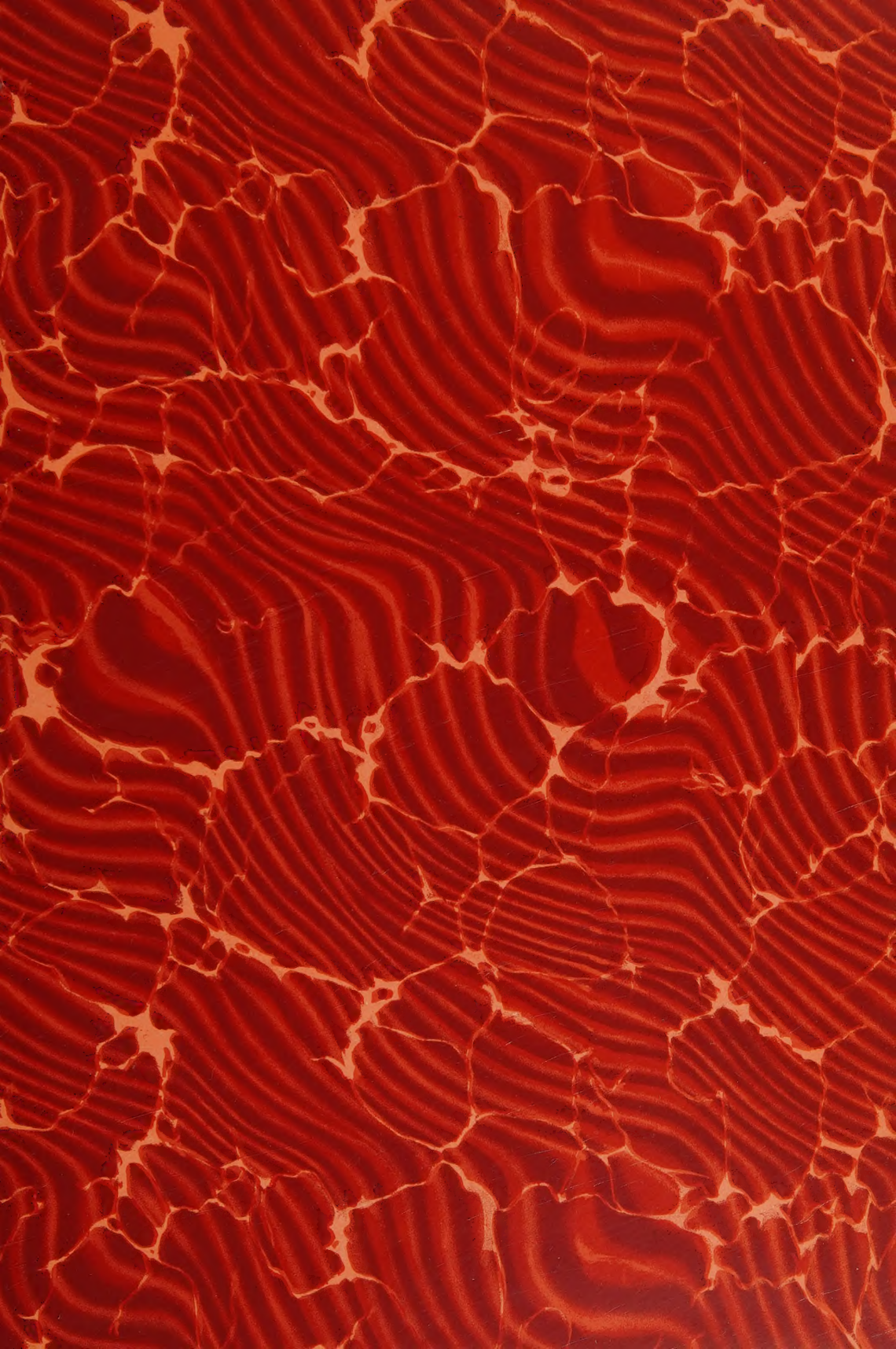
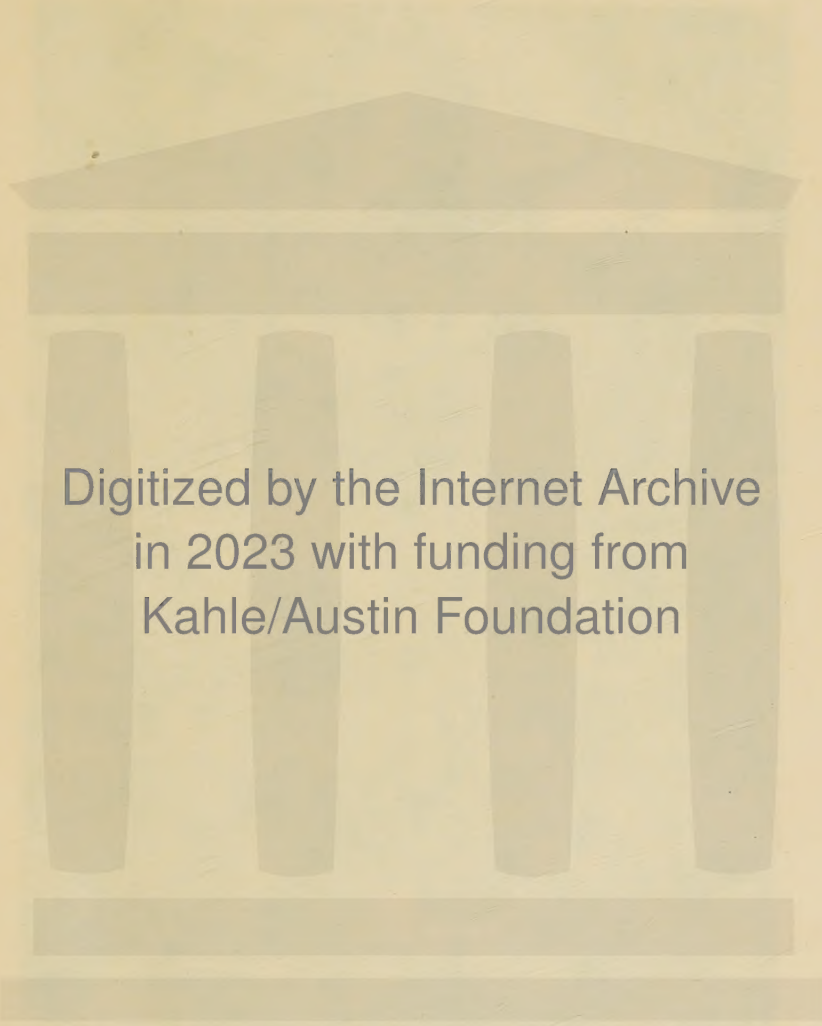






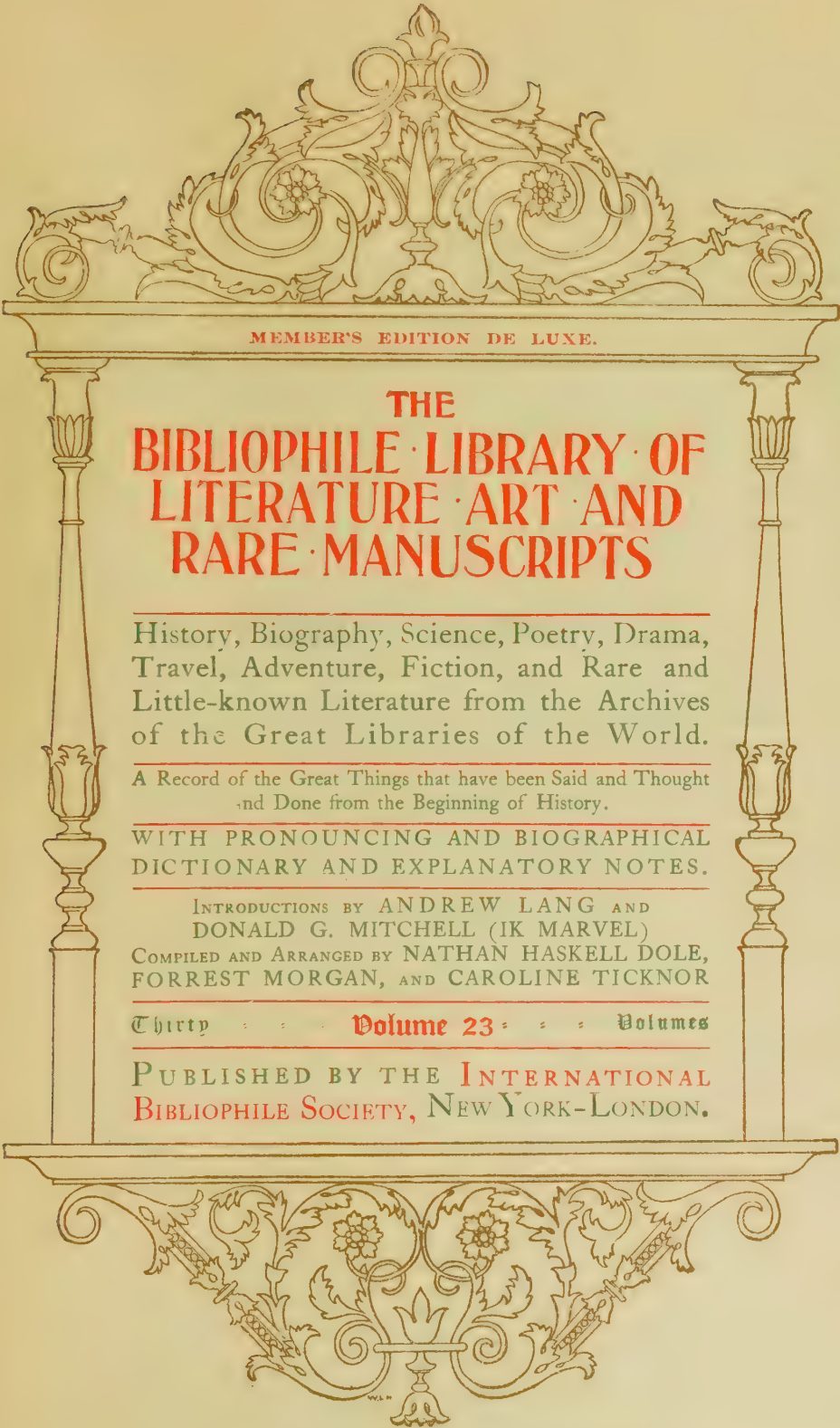




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COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

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IN THE TOILS.

By GUSTAV FREYTAG.

(From "Debit and Credit.")

[GUSTAV FREYTAG : A German novelist and playwright ; born at Kreuzberg, Prussian Silesia, July 13, 1816. He was educated at Breslau and at Berlin ; was a teacher in the University of Breslau (1839-1847) ; edited the Leipsic *Grenzboten* (1848-1870) ; and lived successively at Dresden, Leipsic, Gotha, and Wiesbaden. His greatest work is "Soll und Haben" (Debit and Credit, 1855 ; 37th ed., 1891). His other works include the plays, "Die Valentine" (1846) and "Die Journalisten" (1853), and the novels "Die verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript, 1864 ; 20th ed., 1891), and the series of six books, "Die Ahnen" (Our Ancestors, 1872-1881). He also published "Gesammelte Werke" (22 vols., 1886-1888).]

ONCE the baron's lands had borne better crops than those of his neighbors, his herds were acknowledged to be thoroughly healthy, bad years, which crushed others, had passed comparatively lightly over him. Now, all this was reversed as by some evil spell. A contagious disease broke out among the cattle ; the wheat grew tall indeed, but when it came to be threshed, the grain was light. Everywhere the outgoings exceeded the incomings. Once upon a time he could have borne this calmly, now it made him positively ill. He began to hate the sight of his farm, and left it entirely to the bailiff. All his hopes centered in the factory, and if he ever visited his fields, it was only to look after the beet root.

The baron himself was much altered during the last few years. A wrinkled brow, two fretful lines around the mouth, and gray hair on the temples : these were the results of his eternal thought about capital, his family, and the future aggrandizement of the property. His voice, which once sounded

strong and full, had become sharp and thin, and every gesture betrayed irritation and impatience.

The baron had, indeed, had heavy cares of late. He had thoroughly learned the misery of extensive building operations combined with a scarcity of money. Ehrenthal was now become a regular visitor at the castle. Every week his horses consumed the baron's good hay; every week he brought out his pocket book, and reckoned up the account or paid off bills. His hand, which at first so readily and reverentially sought his purse, did so now tardily and reluctantly; his bent neck had become stiff, his submissive smile had changed into a dry greeting; he walked with a scrutinizing air through the farm, and, instead of fervent praises, found many a fault. The humble agent had grown into the creditor, and the baron had to bear, with still increasing aversion, the pretensions of a man with whom he could no longer dispense. And not Ehrenthal alone, but many a strange figure besides, knocked at the baron's study, and had private dealings with him there. The broad shape of the uncouth Pinkus appeared every quarter, and each time that his heavy foot ascended the castle stairs discord and dissatisfaction followed.

Every week, as we said, Ehrenthal had visited the estate; now came the most anxious time of all, and no eye beheld him. They said in the town that he was gone off upon a journey, and the baron was listening restlessly to the noise of every carriage that passed, wondering whether it brought the tardy, the hated, yet the indispensable, visitor.

Lenore now joined her father, a radiant beauty, full in form and tall in stature, but somewhat shadowed by life's cares, as her thoughtful eyes and the anxious glance she cast at the baron plainly proved. "The post is come in," said she, reaching him a packet of letters and newspapers; "I dare say there is no letter from Eugene again."

"He has many other things to do," replied her father; but he himself looked eagerly for the handwriting of his son. Then he saw a direction in a strange hand, and on the letter the postmark of the very town in which Eugene was quartered. It was Anton's letter. The baron tore it open. When he had seen from its respectful tenor how well it was meant, and had read the name of Itzig in it, he put it up in his pocket. The secret terror which had so often shot through his heart fell upon him again, and then followed the unwelcome thought that his embar-

rassments were the subject of conversation even in foreign towns. Ill-timed warnings were the last thing that he wanted; they only humbled. He stood long in gloomy silence by his daughter. But, as the letter contained tidings of Eugene, he forced himself at length to speak. "A Mr. Wohlfart has written to me. He is now traveling in his mercantile capacity on the other side of the frontier, and has made Eugene's acquaintance."

"He!" cried Lenore.

"He seems to be an estimable kind of man," said the baron, with an effort. "He speaks affectionately of Eugene."

"Yes," cried Lenore, in delight; "one learns to know what conscientiousness and stability mean when one associates with him. What a strange coincidence! The sister and the brother. What has he written to you about, father?"

"Matters of business, kindly meant, no doubt, but not of any present use to me. The foolish boys have heard some idle rumor, and have unnecessarily troubled themselves about my affairs." And, so saying, he gloomily walked toward his factory.

Much perturbed, Lenore followed him. At length he opened the newspaper, and carelessly turned it over till his eye fell upon a certain advertisement. His face flushed deeply, the paper fell out of his hand, and, catching hold of one of the wagons, he leaned his head upon it. Lenore, much shocked, took up the paper, and saw the name of the Polish estate on which she knew that her father had a large mortgage. A day was specified for the sale of that estate by auction on behalf of a concourse of creditors.

The intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the baron. Since he had burdened his own property, the sum that he had invested in Poland was his last hope of well-doing. He had often doubted whether he was not foolish to leave his money in the hands of strangers abroad, and to pay so high an interest to strangers at home; but he had always had a horror of being led to invest this round sum in his undertakings, considering it in the light of his wife's jointure and his daughter's portion. Now it, too, was endangered, the last security had vanished. Everything around him reeled. Ehrenthal had deceived him. It was he who had carried on the correspondence with the lawyer of the Polish count. He had punctually paid him the interest when it was last due. There was no

doubt that he had known the precarious nature of this foreign investment, and had kept back the knowledge from his client.

"Father," cried Lenore, raising him as she spoke, "speak with Ehrenthal; go to your solicitor; he may be able to suggest some remedy."

"You are right, my child," said the baron, with a toneless voice; "it is possible that the danger may not yet be imminent. Tell them to put the horses to; I will go to town at once. Conceal what you have read from your mother, and you, dear Lenore, come with me."

When the carriage drove up, the baron was still in the very same place where he had first read the fatal tidings. During the journey he sat silently in a corner of the carriage. Arrived in town, he took his daughter to his lodgings, which he had not yet given up, for fear of leading his wife or his acquaintance to suspect that his means were impaired. He himself drove to Ehrenthal's. He entered the office in angry mood, and, after a dry salutation, held out the newspaper to the trader. Ehrenthal rose slowly, and said, nodding his head, "I know it; Löwenberg has written to me about it."

"You have deceived me, Mr. Ehrenthal," cried the baron, striving hard for composure.

"To what purpose?" replied Ehrenthal. "Why should I hide from you what the newspapers must needs reveal? This may happen in the case of any estate, any mortgage; what great misfortune is there in this?"

"The property is deeply involved, it seems: you must long have known this; you have deceived me."

"What are you saying there about deceit?" cried Ehrenthal, indignantly; "have a care that no stranger hear your words. I have left my money standing with you; what interest can I have in lowering you and increasing your difficulties? I myself am only too deeply involved in them," and he pointed to the place occupied in most men by a heart. "Had I known that your factory would devour my good money, one thousand after another, even as the lean kine of Egypt devoured the fat, I should have taken more time to consider, and would not have paid you a single dollar. A herd of elephants will I feed with my substance, but never more a factory. How then can you say that I have deceived you?" continued he, in increasing dudgeon.

"You have known the state of matters," cried the baron, "and have disguised the count's position from me."

"Was it I who sold you the mortgage?" inquired the offended Ehrenthal. "I have paid you the interest half-yearly—that is my offense; I have paid you much money besides—that is my deceit." He then continued more conciliatingly: "Look at the matter calmly, baron: another creditor has offered to purchase the estate; the lawyers have not apprised us of it, or they have sent the advertisement to a wrong address. What of that? You will now be paid your capital, and then you can pay off the mortgages on your own land. I hear that this estate in Poland is a very valuable one, so you have nothing to fear for your capital."

The baron had only to depart with this uncertain hope. As he dejectedly entered his carriage, he called out to the coachman, "To the Councilor Horn"; but on the way thither he gave counter orders, and returned to his lodgings. A coolness had sprung up between him and his former legal adviser; he shrunk from disclosing to him his never-ceasing embarrassments, and had been offended by Horn's well-meant warnings. He had often, therefore, applied for advice to other lawyers.

Itzig, in the tenderness of his heart, had rushed out of the office as soon as he beheld the baron's horses, but now he put in his head again.

"How was he?" he inquired from Ehrenthal.

"How should he be?" answered Ehrenthal, ungraciously; "he was in a great taking, and I had good cause to be angry. I have buried my gold in his property, and I have as many cares about that property as I have hairs on my head—all because I followed your advice."

"If you think that the ancestral inheritance of the baron is to come swimming toward you like a fish with the stream, and that you have only to reach out your hand and take it, I am sorry for you," replied Itzig, spitefully.

"What am I doing with the factory?" cried Ehrenthal. "The land would have been worth twice as much to me without the chimney."

"When once you have got the chimney you can sell the bricks," was Itzig's ironical rejoinder. "I wanted to tell you that I expect a visit to-morrow from an acquaintance out of my own district; I cannot, therefore, come to the office."

"You have this last year gone after your own affairs so

often," rudely replied Ehrenthal, "that I don't care how long you remain away."

"Do you know what you have just said?" Veitel broke out. "You have said, 'Itzig, I need you no longer; you may go;' but I shall go when it suits me, not when it suits you."

"You are a bold man," cried Ehrenthal. "I forbid you to speak thus to me. Who are you, young Itzig?"

"I am one who knows your whole business, who can ruin you if he will, and one who means kindly toward you, better than you do toward yourself; and, therefore, when I come to the office the day after to-morrow, you will say, 'Good morning, Itzig.' Do you understand me now, Mr. Ehrenthal?" and, seizing his cap, he hurried into the street, where his suppressed wrath broke out into a flame, and, gesticulating wildly, he muttered threatening words. And so did Ehrenthal alone in the office.

The baron returned to his daughter, threw himself heavily down on the sofa, and scarcely heard her loving words. There was nothing to detain him in town but the dread of communicating this intelligence to his wife. He alternately brooded over plans for getting over the possible loss, and painted its consequences in the blackest colors.

Meanwhile Lenore sat silent at the window, looking down upon the noisy streets, with their rolling carriages and the stream of passers-by; and while she wondered if any of these had ever felt the secret anxiety, fear, and dejection which the last few years had brought her young heart, one of the throng would now and then look up to the plate-glass windows of the stately dwelling, and, his eye resting admiringly on the beautiful girl, he perhaps envied the happy destiny of the nobly born, who could thus look calmly down on those whose lot it was to toil for daily bread.

The streets grew dim, the lamps threw their dull rays into the room, Lenore watched the play of light and shade on the wall, and her sadness increased as the darkness deepened. Meanwhile two men were standing in eager conversation at the house door; the bell sounded, a heavy step was heard in the anteroom, and the servants announced Mr. Pinkus. At that name the baron rose, called for candles, and went to the next room.

The innkeeper entered, bobbing his great head, but seemed in a hurry to speak.

"What brings you here so late?" asked the baron, leaning on the table like one prepared for everything.

"Your honor knows that the bill of exchange for the ten thousand dollars falls due to me to-morrow."

"Could you not wait till I paid you your full ten per cent for an extension of the loan?" asked the baron, contemptuously.

"I am come," said Pinkus, "to explain that I am suddenly in want of money and must request you to let me have the principal."

The baron retreated a step. This was the second blow, and it was mortal. His face turned pale yellow, but he began with a hoarse voice to say, "How can you make such a demand, after all that has passed between us? how often have you assured me that this bill of exchange was a mere form?"

"It has been so hitherto," said Pinkus; "now it comes into force. I have ten thousand dollars to pay to-morrow to a creditor of mine."

"Make arrangements with him, then," returned the baron; "I am prepared for a higher rate of interest, but not to pay off the principal."

"Then, baron, I am sorry to tell you that you will be proceeded against."

The baron silently turned away.

"At what hour may I return to-morrow for my money?" inquired Pinkus.

"At about this hour," replied a voice, weak and hollow as that of an old man. Pinkus bobbed again and went away.

The baron tottered back to his sitting-room, where he sank down on the sofa as if paralyzed. Lenore knelt by him, calling him by every tender name, and imploring him to speak. But he neither saw nor heard, and his heart and head beat violently. The fair, many-colored bubble that he had blown had burst now; he knew the fearful truth—he was a ruined man.

They sat till late in the evening, when his daughter persuaded him to take a glass of wine and to return home. They drove away rapidly. As the trees along the roadside flew past him, and the fresh air blew in his face, the baron's spirit revived.

A night and day were still his, and during their course he must needs find help. This was not his first difficulty, and he

hoped it would not be his last. He had incurred this debt of, originally, seven thousand dollars odd, because the fellow who now dunned him had brought him the money some years ago, and intreated, almost forced, him to take it at first at a very low rate of interest. For a few weeks he had let it lie idle; then he had appropriated it, and step by step his creditor had increased his demands up to a bill of exchange and a usurious rate of interest. And now the vagabond grew insolent. Was he like the rat who foresees the sinking of the ship, and tries to escape from it? The baron laughed so as to make Lenore shudder; why, he was not the man to fall resistless into the hands of his adversary; the next day would bring help. Ehrenthal could never leave him in the lurch.

It was night when they reached home, and the baron hurried to his own room and went to bed, knowing well, however, that sleep would not visit him that night. He heard every hour strike, and every hour his pulse beat more stormily and his anguish increased. He saw no hope of deliverance but in Ehrenthal; yet his horror of appearing before that man as a suppliant forced drops of sweat from his brow. It was morning before he lost the consciousness of his misery.

Shrill sounds awoke him. The factory laborers, with the village band, had prepared him a serenade.

At another time he would have been pleased with this mark of good feeling; now he only heard the discord it produced, and it annoyed him.

He hastily dressed himself and hurried into the court. The house was hung with garlands, the laborers were all ranged in order before the door, and received him with loud acclamations. He had to tell them in return how much he rejoiced to see this day, and that he expected great results, and while he spoke he felt his words a lie, and his spirit broken. He drove off without seeing his wife or daughter, and knocked at the door of Ehrenthal's office before it was open. The usurer was summoned down from his breakfast.

Anxious to know the reason of so unusual an occurrence as this early visit, Ehrenthal did not give himself time to change his dressing gown. The baron stated the case as coolly as he could.

Ehrenthal fell into the greatest passion. "This Pinkus," he went on repeating, "he has presumed to lend you money on a bill of exchange. How could he have so large a sum? The

man has not got ten thousand dollars; he is an insignificant man, without capital."

The baron confessed that the sum was not so large originally, but this only increased Ehrenthal's excitement.

"From seven to ten," he cried, running wildly up and down till his dressing gown flapped round him like the wings of an owl. "So he has made nearly three thousand dollars! I have always had a bad opinion of that man; now I know what he is. He is a rascal—a double dealer. He never advanced the seven thousand either; his whole shop is not worth so much."

This strong, moral indignation on the part of Ehrenthal threw a ray of joy into the baron's soul. "I, too, have reason to consider Pinkus a dangerous man," said he.

But this agreement in opinion proved unlucky, diverting, as it did, Ehrenthal's anger against the baron instead. "Why do I speak of Pinkus?" he screamed; "he has acted as a man of his stamp will act. But you—you, who are a nobleman, how could you deal so with me? You have carried on money transactions with another man behind my back, and you have, in a short time, let him win three thousand dollars on a bill of exchange—a bill of exchange," continued he; "do you know what that means?"

"I wish that the debt had not been necessary," said the baron; "but as it falls due to-day, and the man will not wait, the question is how we are to pay him."

"What do you mean by *we*?" cried Ehrenthal, hastily. "You must contrive to pay; you must see where you can get money for the man you have helped to pocket three thousand dollars; you did not consult me when you gave the bill; you need not consult me as to how you are to pay it."

In the baron's soul a contest between wrath and wretchedness was going on. "Moderate your language, Mr. Ehrenthal," cried he.

"Why should I be moderate?" screamed he. "You have not been moderate, nor Pinkus either, and neither will I."

"I will call again," said the baron, "when you have regained that degree of decorum which, under all circumstances, I must beg you to observe toward me."

"If you want money from me, don't call again, baron," cried Ehrenthal. "I have no money for you; I would rather throw my dollars in the street than pay you one other."

The baron silently retired. His wretchedness was great; he had to bear the insults of the plebeian. Next, he went round to all his acquaintances, and endured the torment of asking on all sides for money, and on all sides having it refused. He returned to his lodgings, and was considering whether it were best to try Ehrenthal again, or to attempt to postpone the payment of the bill by offering usurious interest, when, to his surprise, a strange figure, that he had only seen once or twice before, entered his apartments, with a haggard face, surrounded by red hair, two sly eyes, and a grotesque expression about the mouth, such as one sees on laughing masks at Carnival time.

Veitel bowed low, and began: "Most gracious baron, have the condescension to forgive my coming to you on matters of business. I have a commission from Mr. Pinkus, empowering me to receive the money for the bill of exchange. I would most humbly inquire whether you will be so gracious as to pay it me?"

The sad seriousness of the hour was for a moment lost upon the baron when he saw the lank figure twisting and turning before him, making faces and attempting to be polite. "Who are you?" inquired he, with all the dignity of his race.

"Veitel Itzig is my name, gracious sir, if you will permit me to announce it to you."

The baron started on hearing the name of Itzig. That was the man of whom he had been warned — the invisible, the merciless.

"I was till now bookkeeper at Ehrenthal's," modestly continued Itzig; "but Ehrenthal was too haughty for me. I have come into a small sum of money, and I have invested it in Mr. Pinkus' business. I am on the point of establishing myself."

"You cannot have the money at present," said the baron, more composedly. This helpless creature could hardly be a dangerous enemy.

"It is an honor to me," said Veitel, "to be told by the gracious baron that he will pay me later in the afternoon; I have plenty of time." He drew out a silver watch. "I can wait till evening; and that I may not inconvenience the baron by coming at an hour that might not suit him, or when he chanced to be out, I will take the liberty to place myself on his steps. I will stand there," said he, as if deprecating the baron's refusal to let him sit. "I will wait till five o'clock. The baron need not inconvenience himself on my account." And Veitel

bowed himself out, and retired from the room backward like a crab. The baron recalled him, and he stood still in that bent and ridiculous attitude. At that moment he looked the weakest and oddest of men. The warning letter must have confounded the poor bookkeeper with his master. At all events, it was easier to deal with this man than with any other.

"Can you tell me of any way in which I may satisfy your claim without paying down the sum this day?"

Veitel's eyes flashed like those of a bird of prey, but he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders long in pretended reflection. "Gracious baron," said he, at length, "there is one way—only one way. You have a mortgage of twenty thousand on your property, which mortgage belongs to yourself, and is kept in Ehrenthal's office. I will persuade Pinkus to leave you the ten thousand, and will add another ten if you make over that mortgage to my friend."

The baron listened. "Perhaps you do not know," rejoined he, with much severity, "that I have already made over that deed of mortgage to Ehrenthal."

"Forgive me, gracious sir, you have not; there has been no legal surrender of it made."

"But my written promise has been given," said the baron.

Veitel shrugged again. "If you promised Ehrenthal a mortgage, why should it be this very one of all others? But what need of a mortgage to Ehrenthal at all? This year you will receive your capital from the Polish estate, and then you can pay him off in hard cash. Till then, just leave the mortgage quietly in his hands; no one need know that you have surrendered it to us. If you will have the kindness to come with me to a lawyer, and assign the deed to my friend, I will give you two thousand dollars for it at once, and on the day that you place the deed in our hands I will pay down the rest of the money."

The baron had forced himself to listen to this proposal with a smile. At last he replied briefly, "Devise some other plan; I cannot consent to this."

"There is no other," said Itzig; "but it is only midday, and I can wait till five."

He again began a series of low bows, and moved to the door.

"Reflect, gracious sir," said he, earnestly, "that you do not merely want the ten thousand dollars. You will, in the course of the next few months, require as much more for your factory

and the getting your money out of the Polish investment. If you surrender the mortgage to us, you will have the whole sum you need; but pray do not mention the matter to Ehrenthal; he is a hard man, and would injure me throughout life."

"Have no fear," said the baron, with a gesture of dismissal. Veitel withdrew.

The baron paced up and down. The proposal just made revolted him. True, it would rescue him from this and other impending difficulties, but, of course, it was out of the question. The man who proposed it was so absurd a being, that it was of no use even to be angry with him. But the baron's word was pledged, and the matter could not be thought of further.

And yet how trifling the risk! The documents would remain at Ehrenthal's till the Polish count had paid him, then he would clear his own debts to Ehrenthal, and release his documents. No one need ever know of it; and if the worst should befall, he had but to give Ehrenthal another mortgage on his property, and the money broker would be equally satisfied. The baron kept banishing the thought, and yet it ceaselessly returned. It struck one, it struck two; he rang for his servant, and ordered the carriage round, carelessly asking if the stranger were still there. The coachman drove up; the stranger was on the steps; the baron went down without looking at him, got into the carriage, and when he was asked by the footman, hat off, whither the coachman was to drive, it first occurred to him that he did not know. At length he said, "To Ehrenthal's."

Meanwhile Ehrenthal had been spending a troubled morning. He began to suspect that some other, too, was speculating against the baron. He sent for Pinkus, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and tried in every sort of way to discover whence he had got his capital; but Pinkus had been well schooled: he was bold, rude, and silent. Then Ehrenthal sent for Itzig. Itzig was nowhere to be found.

Consequently, Ehrenthal was in a very bad temper when the baron returned, and he told him dryly that the day had come when his payments must cease. A painful scene ensued; the baron left the office in bitter mood, and determined to pay a last visit to an early comrade, who was known to be a rich man.

It was past four when he returned hopeless to his lodgings. A thin figure was leaning against the steps, and bowed low to the baron as he hurried past. His strength was exhausted;

he sat on the sofa as he had done the day before, and blindly stared before him. He knew there was no rescue but that which waited on the steps below. Prostrate, powerless, he heard the clock strike the quarter to five; his pulses beat like hammers, and each throb brought the moment nearer that was to decide his fate. The last stroke of the hour was over. The anteroom bell rang; the baron rose. Itzig opened the door, holding the two papers in his hand.

"I cannot pay," the baron cried, in a hoarse voice.

Itzig bowed again and offered him the other paper: "Here is the sketch of a contract."

The baron took up his hat, and said, without looking at him, "Come to an attorney."

It was evening when the baron returned to the castle of his forefathers. The pale moonlight shone on the turrets, the lake was black as ink, and colorless as they was the face of the man who leaned back in the carriage, with close compressed lips, like one who, after a long struggle, had come to an irrevocable decision. He looked apathetically on the water and on the cool moonshine on the roof, and yet he was glad that the sun did not shine, and that he did not see his father's house in its golden light. He tried to think of the future he had insured; he pondered over all the advantages to accrue from his factory; he looked forward to the time when his son would dwell here, rich, secure, free from the cares that had involved his father with vulgar traders, and prematurely blanched his hair. He thought of all this, but his favorite thoughts had become indifferent to him. He entered the house, felt for his full pocket book before he gave his hand to his wife, and nodded significantly to Lenore. He spoke cheerfully to the ladies, and even contrived to joke about his busy day; but he felt that something had come between him and his dearest ones—even they seemed estranged. If they leaned over him or took his hand, his impulse was to withdraw from the caress. And when his wife looked lovingly at him, there was a something in her eyes, where once he was wont to turn for comfort in every extremity, that he could no longer bear to meet.

He went to his factory, where he was again received with huzza after huzza by the workmen, and with merry tunes by the village band. They played the very air to which he had often marched with his regiment by the side of his old general, whom he loved as a father. He thought of the scarred face of

the old warrior, and thought too of a court of honor that he and his brother officers had once held upon an unhappy youth who had lightly given and broken his word of honor. He went into his bedroom, and rejoiced that it had become dark, and that he could no longer see his castle, his factory, or his wife's searching glance. And again he heard hour after hour strike, and at the stroke of each the thought was forced in upon him, "There is now another of that regiment who has, when gray-haired, done the very deed that led a youth to blow out his brains : here lies the man, and cannot sleep because he has broken his word of honor."



THE ESCAPE.¹

By MAXWELL GRAY.

(From "The Silence of Dean Maitland.")

[MAXWELL GRAY, pseudonym of Mary G. Tuttiett, author, was born at Newport, Isle of Wight, in 18—, the daughter of a physician. She published : "The Broken Tryst" (1879), "The Silence of Dean Maitland" (1887), "The Reproach of Annesley" (1889), "In the Heart of the Storm" (1891), "The Last Sentence" (1894), "A Costly Freak" (1894), and "Ribstone Pippins" (1898).]

IN the process of long years a sort of sleep had settled upon Everard's nature. He grew so inured to the prison routine, with its numbing drudgery, that he had ceased to think of freedom or to feel active pain in his never-ceasing torment. But Leslie's funeral was like the stab of a sharp knife in a numbed limb : it woke him to full consciousness of his misery and degradation. He had been at Portsmouth only for some six months, having been suddenly transported thither, he knew not why, and he had but recently discovered that his father was port admiral.

Daily, as he worked on the dockyard extension, he had passed the admiral's great house, with the green in front, and the semaphore, waving long arms to all the subject ships in harbor, upon its roofs, and had looked at it with a listless, incurious eye, little dreaming who was the chief figure in the court which gathers round the port admiral as a tiny, social king, till one sunny noon, when going home to dinner with his

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gang, he saw the admiral descending the steps to welcome some guests, and felt the sting of his humiliation as he had never done before, not even when one day, in the midst of his muddy work at the extension, he had seen Keppel in full uniform rowed ashore from his ship with all the pomp and circumstance of a naval captain on blue waters. Some weeks before the funeral, when he was going on to the dockyard works at early morning, the port admiral's house was still lighted up, its windows shown sickly in the gray daylight, a few carriages were still drawn up in a lessening line before the principal door, and the last strains of a military band were dying away.

The admiral, assisted by his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Keppel Everard, had given a great ball that night, and in one of the carriages, into which the admiral was leaning, talking, No. 62 saw a black-coated man, whose features, dim in the shadow, suggested Cyril's, and by his side, pale from the long night's waking, and talking to the old man, was surely, surely, his own sister Marion.

Did they know he was there? or had Lilian purposely withheld the information to spare them pain? He could not tell. But these circumstances, together with the funeral, conspired to make his life intolerable, and when once more he found himself laboring on the old fortifications, he stepped along in the gang with a subdued leap in his gait, like a caged beast.

Long since he had renounced the hope of being freed by Cyril's conscience. He had never made any attempt to fasten the guilt on the real criminal; he shrank from the complex misery it would bring upon all dear to him; and, moreover, his evidence, though absolutely convincing to himself, was purely conjectural. He could bring not one proof, no single witness, save the dumb cat, and that evidence, he well knew, would suffice only to convince the one person he most wished to be ignorant of the truth, Lilian herself.

The day on which he returned to the fortifications was hot and fiercely bright. The town was full of life. Gay carriages were bearing ladies in light summer bravery to garden parties, afternoon dances on board ships, and other revels; bands were playing on piers; vessels of every kind, some gay with flags, dotted the Solent and the calm blue harbor; colors had been trooped on the common, troops had marched past the convicts; the sweet chimes of St. Thomas' had rung a wedding peal; the great guns had thundered out royal salutes to the royal yacht

as she bore the sovereign over to the green Wight — there was such a rush and stir of life as quite bewildered Everard, and made the sharpest contrast to his gray and dreary prison life. To see these freest of free creatures, the street boys, sauntering or springing at will along the hot streets, or, casting off their dirty rags, flinging themselves into the fresh salt sea and reveling there like young Tritons, or, balanced on rails, criticising the passing troops, was maddening.

The day grew hotter, but pick and barrow had to be plied without respite, though the sweat poured from hot brows, and one man dropped. Everard saw that it was sunstroke, and not malingering, as the warder was inclined to think, and by his earnest representations got the poor creature proper treatment. The brassy sky grew lurid purple, and heavy growls of thunder came rumbling from the distance; some large drops of rain fell scantily, and then suddenly the sky opened from horizon to horizon and let down a sheet of vivid flame. Darkness followed, and a roar as of all the artillery at Portsmouth firing and all its magazines exploding at once.

"Now or never," thought Everard, and, dropping his barrow at the end of his plank, he leaped straight ahead down into a waste patch, over which he sprang to the road. He ran for life and liberty with a speed he did not know himself capable of, straight on, blindly aiming at the shore, tearing off his cap and jacket and flinging them widely in different directions, as he went through the dark curtain of straight rushing rain.

The warders, bewildered by the awful roar of the thunder, blinded by the fierce, quick dazzle of the lightning and the blackness of the all-concealing rain, did not at first miss him. It was only when he leaped the palisade bounding the road, and showed through the rain curtain a bare-headed, fugitive figure, that the grim guardian caught sight of him. Had he possessed the nerve to walk quietly out through the gate, he might have got off unobserved under cover of the storm.

Quick as thought, the warder, on seeing him, lifted his piece to his shoulder and fired. He was a good marksman, and his face lighted up with satisfaction as he hit his flying quarry, in spite of the bad light and confusing storm.

Everard felt a sharp, hot sting in the thigh, but ran on, his course marked with blood, which the friendly storm quickly washed away. The darkness became intenser, the lightning more blinding, the down-rush of rain heavier, and the crashing

of the thunder more deafening. Nevertheless, the alarm was given, and the pursuers were soon in full chase.

Down the now deserted highroad dashed the fugitive, every faculty he possessed concentrated on flight. With the blind instinct of the hunted, he rushed at the first turning, through a gate, up some steps, along to the bastion which rose behind the powder magazines. He darted along some pleasant green walk under the massy elms, till he reached the first sentry box, in which stood the sentry, a stalwart Highlander, sheltering from the storm.

Instead of firing on him, as the desperate fugitive expected, the man stepped swiftly aside, and the panting runner, divining his friendly purpose, ran into the box.

The soldier swiftly resumed his station, and stood looking out with an immovable face as before, while the hunted convict, in the darkness in the narrow space at his side, stood face inward, close pressed to the wooden wall, soaked to the skin, and panting in hard gasps that were almost groans, yet sufficiently master of himself to press a wad of folded trowser on the bleeding wound which proved to be only a flesh graze, but which might ruin the friendly Scot by its damning stains on the floor of the box.

"Quiet's the word," said the hospitable sentry, and nothing more.

Some minutes passed. Everard's breathing became less labored, and his reflections more agonized; the thunder peals grew less tremendous, while the rain became heavier. The pursuers had lost sight of their prey in the road before he reached the gate, and had been thrown off the scent, while still sending searchers in all directions. Two of these turned up through the gate, and one explored all the nooks and crannies of the crescent-shaped space walled by the bastion which sheltered the powder magazines, while the other examined the path itself, and interrogated the sentry.

"Past the Garrison Chapel, toward High Street; out of my range," he said coolly; and the pursuer, calling his comrade, flew with him along the bastion, not stopping to inquire of the other sentries. "Gone away," observed the Highlander to his quivering guest, who had feared lest his light-colored dress might betray him behind the sentry, whose plaid and kilt and feather bonnet filled up all of the opening not darkened by his tall figure. "Off the scent. What next, mate?"

"Heaven knows! I only hope I may not ruin you. If I get off, I will not forget you. My friends are well off, and I am ——"

"Henry Everard. Seen you often with your gang — recognized at once."

"Good heavens!" cried Everard, not seeing his host's handsome face, but feeling a vague stir of memory at his voice; "who are you?"

"Private Walker, 179th Highlanders. Was Balfour of Christ Church."

"Balfour? What! come to this? What did we not expect of you?"

"Wear a better coat than yours. Manby rough on you — hard lines. Do anything for you."

"You always were a good-hearted fellow. And I was innocent, Balfour; I had not the faintest grudge against the poor fellow. But how did you come to this? You took honors."

"Governor poor — large family — small allowance at Cambridge — debts — Jews. Called to Bar — small allowance again — no briefs — more debts — more Jews. Governor suggests Australia — all up here — didn't see boiling tallow in Australia — if a day laborer, why not in England? Always liked the service — enlisted — Hussar regiment — jolly life — saw service — full sergeant — time expired. Sent into Reserve — not allowed to reënlist — name of Smith. Tried civil life — down on my luck again — deserted from Reserve — reënlisted in Highlanders — name of Walker — enlistment fraudulent — liable to imprisonment — foreign service soon — all right. Now for you."

Everard had to confess that he did not in the least know what to do next, unless he could hide till the darkness rendered his dress unobservable. The moment he was seen he would be recognized anywhere as a convict. Various schemes were revolved between them as rapidly as possible, for it was essential that Everard should leave the sentry box for a better hiding place before the rapid diminishing of the storm should once more open the bastion to observers.

The massive foliage of the elms hard by might have hidden a regiment, and Balfour had observed that the branches attracted no suspicion on the part of the pursuers, and, as the forking of the boughs did not begin till many feet off the

ground, and the broad, smooth trunk offered not the smallest foothold, it was impossible for a man to climb into them unassisted.

But the sentry remembered that a stout rope had been flung aside there by some gunners busy cleaning the cannon on the bastion that day. If Everard could find this, and fling it over a bough, he might hoist himself up. If he could not find it, the soldier offered to come and lend him his shoulder — an action that might attract attention even in the darkness of the storm, since that part of the bastion was commanded by many windows, and that would, if discovered, bring certain ruin upon both men.

Everard darted swiftly from the box, and groped about in the wet grass till he found the rope. This, in the still blinding rain, he threw over the lowest stout branch, keeping one end, and fearful lest the other would not descend within reach. After a couple of casts, however, he succeeded in bringing the second end, in which he had fastened a stone, within easy reach, and grasping both, and planting his feet against the broad bole, slippery with wet, managed to struggle up with moderate speed. He was halfway up, and pausing a moment to steady himself and look round, saw to his infinite horror that he was exactly opposite to, and in full view and firing range of, the sentry on the opposite end of the bastion, which was roughly crescent-shaped.

Outlined as he was, and almost stationary against the tree trunk, he presented the easiest target for a moderate range shot. The man was in no hurry for his easy prey, he lifted his musket slowly, while Everard paused, transfixed with horror. The sentry seemed as if waiting for him to rise into a still better position for a shot. Everard slipped down, expecting to hear a ball sing over his head, if not into his body; but there was no report, and he stood irresolute a moment, seeking where to fly.

A signal of warning and haste from Balfour made him once more grasp his rope in desperation, and climb through the peril of the sentry's aim. A flash of lightning showed him his foe standing as before, with his musket planted firmly in front of him; he was supporting himself placidly with both hands clasped upon it, and his head bent slightly down, almost as if he had fallen asleep at his post.

But Everard knew that the most careless sentries do not

fall asleep in the process of aiming at fugitive prisoners, and he pressed on till he reached the first fork, where he rested, wondering why no shot had been fired. The fact was, the rain was beating straight into the man's face, and he had much ado to see a yard before him, and had raised his musket merely to see if the breech was properly shielded from the wet. Everard, however, hoisting up his rope, climbed higher into his green fortress, expecting nothing less than to have it soon riddled in all directions by a fusillade from below. To his surprise he heard Balfour's signal of safety, and gladly responded to it; for they had framed a little code of signals before parting.

It was comparative luxury to the weary, wounded man to sit astride a branch, with his back against the trunk, and the foot of the wounded limb supported upon a lower bough, and he gave a deep sigh of relief, and reflected that he was at last, after all those dreary years of bondage, free. Balfour could do nothing till he was off guard, which would happen in another half-hour. Nothing could be done during the next sentry's guard, because it would be impossible to get at him and see how far he could be trusted; but if any subsequent sentry proved manageable, and if Balfour could get a pass for the night, he might bring him some sort of clothing, and then, under favorable circumstances, he might get off. And then?

The storm abated, the last, low mutterings of thunder died away in the distance, the rain ceased, and the evening sun shone out with golden clearness. Some of the long, slanting beams pierced the green roof of his airy prison, and fell hopefully upon the fugitive's face. He heard the sentry's measured tread below, and then the change of guard; the hum of the town, and the noises from the vessels at anchor came, mingled with distant bugle calls, to his lonely tower. The light faded, the sun went down in glory, the gun on the bastion fired the sunset, the parish church chimed half-past eight, the sounds from sea and shore came more distinct on the quieting night air, and he heard the band of a Highland regiment begin its skirl of pipes on the Clarence pier. It was probably Balfour's regiment.

Poor Balfour! He fell to thinking of his unfortunate lot, much as he had to occupy his thoughts with regard to his own immediate safety. Only that week Balfour's father, General Sir Ronald Balfour, K.C.B., as general commanding at Portsmouth, had reviewed the troops, Balfour himself being more

than once face to face with his father. This he told Everard, adding that on a recent foreign royal visit to Portsmouth, the 179th had formed a guard of honor to the royal guests, and that Admiral Everard had walked down the lane of which he made a part, in the wake of the royal party, chancing to come to a full stop just on his level.

Balfour, the star of the debating society, the man whom they had hoped to see on the Woolsack ; what a fall was here ! “ Unlucky beggar ! ” was the philosophic Highlander’s sole comment on his ill-starred destiny. A good fellow and a man without a vice.

The air was chill after sunset. Everard, motionless on his airy perch, bareheaded, and in his shirt sleeves, was wet to the skin, and shivered with a double chill after the heat of his hard labor in the sultry afternoon. His wound ached till he began to fear it might lame him, and his hunger waxed keener as the night deepened and the cold increased. The stars came out and looked at him with their friendly, quieting gaze. He could see the sparkle of lights in the water and in the town ; he could make out the lights of the admiral’s signal station on his housetop above the dockyard.

Which man-of-war was Keppel’s, he wondered, knowing nothing even of the outside world that was so near him. The chimes of the parish church told him the hours, and he knew when the guard would be relieved.

It was a weary night ; its minutes lagged by leaden paced. He thought their long procession would never end ; and yet there was a strange, delicious enchantment in the feeling that he had at last broken the bars of that iron prison, with its terrible bondage of unending routine and drudgery. The thick foliage of the elm still held the wet, which every passing breath of the night wind shook on the grass below in a miniature shower. The moon rose and wandered in pale majesty across the sweet blue sky — such a free, broad night sky as had not blessed his eyes for years and years ; its beams hung his green fortress roof with pearls and trembling diamonds, falling ever and anon to the earth. Sentinel after sentinel came on guard below, but there was no friendly signal from beneath. He had descended to the lowest bough to catch the lightest sound. The watch was passing ; the early dawn would shine on the next watch, and, if help did not come before the sunrise, he would have to wait till the following night, wet, starved,

suffering as he was. But no; there is the welcome signal at last.

Quickly he gave the answering signal; and, bending down in the darkness, heard the following sentence above the sound of the sentine's backward and forward steps: "Sentry blind and deaf — sneak off to right. Catch."

Something flew up to him in the dark, and, after two misses, he caught it; and then, rising to where a rift in the foliage let in a shaft of rays from the waning moon, unfastened his bundle, which was roughly tied with string.

A battered hat, very large, so that it would hide the close-cropped head; a boatman's thick blue jersey; and a pair of wide trowsers, worn and stained, with a belt to fasten them; also some second-hand boots, — such was the simple but sufficient wardrobe which Balfour had purchased with his slender means, and brought him at deadly risk.

Everard was able to discard every rag of the tell-tale prison garb, stamped all over as it was with the broad arrow, and securing the dangerous garments to a branch of the tree, invested himself in the contents of the bundle — an occupation that took so long, owing to the inconvenience of his lofty dressing room, that the eastern sky was brightening and the friendly sentinel's watch almost expired by the time he was ready to descend from his perch, which he did noiselessly and apparently unobserved by the sentry.

Then, slowly and painfully, — for his limbs were cramped and chilled, and his wound ached, — he glided behind the dark boles till he reached the steps, and, descending them, found to his dismay that the gate was locked.

There is almost always some small but vitally important hitch in the best-laid human plans, and the hitch in Balfour's arrangement was that he forgot the nightly locking of the gate leading on to the bastion. He had approached the tree from the other side, passing the sentries, being challenged by them and giving the word in reply.

Everard knew the bastion, and had had many a pleasant stroll there in old days, when stopping with his father when in port, and he knew well that his only course was now to climb the gate, which he could not do without noise, and which was in no case an easy feat, the plain board of which the gate was made being high and the top thickly studded with those dread-

ful crooked nails, which look like alphabets gone wrong, and do dreadful damage to both hands and clothing.

Fortunately, the moon had set, the sun was not yet risen, and the darkness favored him—a darkness which every moment threatened to dissipate. He struggled up with as little sound as possible, with set teeth and a beating heart, lacerating his hands cruelly. Then, having gained the top,—not without some rents in his scanty clothing,—he grasped the nail-studded ridge and sprang down. Alas! not to the ground, for one of the crooked nails caught in the back part of the wide trousers, and, with a rending of cloth and a knocking of his feet against the boards, he found himself arrested midway, and suspended by the waist against the gate, like a mole on a keeper's paling.

Had he been caught in front, he might have raised himself and somehow torn himself free; but being hooked thus in the rear, he was almost helpless, and his slightest effort to free himself brought the heels of his boots knocking loudly against the gate as if to obtain admittance, which was the last thing he wanted. Meantime the minutes flew on, the darkness was breaking fast; before long the sun would rise and disclose him hung thus helplessly on his nail to the earliest passer-by, who would probably be a policeman.

A beautiful faint flush of red rose suddenly shot up over the eastern sky, and the brown shadows lessened around him. He heard footsteps echoing through the dewy stillness, and struggled with blind desperation. The rose red turned deep glowing orange, objects became more and more distinct before him, the street lamps sickened, a soft orange ray shot straight from the sea across the common, through the leaves of the tree shadowing the gate, on to the fugitive's cheek. At the same instant he heard the boom of the sunrise guns; it was day.

The footsteps approached nearer and nearer; on the bastion he heard the change of watch. He felt that all was lost, and yet, in his mental tension, his chief consciousness was of the awful beauty of the dawn, the dewy quiet and freshness brooding over the great town, and—strange contrast!—the grotesque absurdity of his situation. He heard the lively twitter of the birds waking in the trees, and admired the soft radiance of the ruddy beams on the sleeping town; and then something gave way and he found himself full length on the pavement.

The echoing footsteps had as yet brought no figure round the corner, and Everard welcomed the hard salute of the paving stones as the first greeting of freedom, and, quickly picking himself up, he fell into the slow, slouching walks he had observed in tramps, and moved on, adjusting his disordered garments as best he might. The footsteps proved indeed to be those of a policeman, whose eyes were dazzled with the level sunbeams which he faced, and who gave him a dissatisfied but not suspicious glance and passed on.

Everard drew a deep breath, and limped on, trying to disguise the lameness of the wounded limb, which he feared might betray him, and thrust his torn hands into the pockets of the trousers which had so nearly ruined him. His surprise and joy were great on touching with his left hand a substance which proved to be bread and cheese, which he instantly devoured, and with his right a few pence, and, what moved him to tears of gratitude for Balfour's thankful kindness, a short, brierwood pipe, well seasoned, and doubtless the good fellow's own, a screw of cheap tobacco and some matches. He had not touched tobacco for nine years.

A drinking fountain supplied him with the draught of water which his fevered throat and parched lips craved; it also enabled him to wash off some of the blood and dirt from his torn hand. And then, dragging his stiff and wounded limb slowly along, and eating his stale bread and cheese in the sweet sunshine, he made his morning orisons in the dewy quiet of the yet unawakened town, and felt a glow of intense gratitude, which increased as the food and water strengthened him, and exercise warmed his chill and stiffened frame.

He was glad to see the houses open one by one, and the streets begin to fill; he thought he should attract less attention among numbers. He passed groups of free laborers, hurrying to the dockyards to work, and it gave him an eerie shudder to think that some of them, whose faces he knew, might recognize him. His terror increased when he saw a light on a workman's face—a face he knew well, for the man had slipped over the side of the dock one morning, and was in imminent danger of being jammed by some floating timber, when Everard had promptly sprung after him, regardless of prison discipline, and held him up, for he could not swim, till a rope was brought, and the two men were hauled out, bruised, but otherwise uninjured.

The man stopped ; Everard went straight on, not appearing to see him, and, after a few seconds, to his dismay, heard footsteps running after him. He dared not quicken his pace, lest he should attract attention, but the food he was eating stuck in his throat, and his face paled. His pursuer gained his side, and, seizing his hand, pressed some pence into it, saying, in a low tone, "Mum's the word, mate ! All the ready I've got. Simon Jones, 80 King Street, for help. Better not stop."

Then he turned and resumed his road, telling his companions something about a chum of his down in his luck, and Everard slouched on with a lightened heart and increased gratitude for the pence. He had now nearly two shillings in his pockets, and when he had lighted Balfour's brierwood, he felt like a king. The last time he handled a coin was when he gave pence to a blind man, sitting by the police station at Oldport, just before his arrest. He bought needle and thread to repair the tremendous fissure in the unlucky garments which had played him so ill a trick, and in two hours' time found himself well clear of the town and suburbs. Presently he found a shed used for sheltering cattle, but now empty. This he entered, and, having with some difficulty drawn the chief rents in his clothes together, washed his wound in a trough placed for some cattle to drink from, and bandaged that and the worst hurts in his hand with the handkerchief in which the bread and cheese was wrapped, lay down on some litter behind a turnip-cutting machine, and in a moment was fast asleep, utterly oblivious of prisons, wounds, and hunger.

When he awoke, with the vague consciousness of change which heralds the first waking after a decisive event in life, he felt a strangely unprotected sensation on looking up at the blue sky, which showed through the gaps in the slightly thatched roof, and seeing a green pasture, with cattle grazing upon it, spread broad and sunny before him on the unwallied side of the shed, instead of the close, white walls of his cell. His sleep had been so profound and refreshing that it took him some seconds to recall the events which preceded it. Hunger and the sun told him it was late afternoon ; prudence bid him rest the wounded leg, but hunger counseled him to go out and buy food first.

A short walk along the dusty highroad brought him to a little general shop at the entrance to a village, where he bought

a penny loaf and a little cheese, and was confounded by the affability of the mistress of the shop, a tidy young woman with a child in her arms.

"Warm walking," she observed, as she weighed his cheese.

"It is warm," he faltered, with a strange embarrassment; for he had been addressed by no woman since the bitter hour of his parting from Lilian, nine years ago, and had a confused idea that he must be very respectful to every one in virtue of his low position.

"Tramped far?" she added, wrapping the morsel of cheese in paper.

"No, ma'am, only from Portsmouth," he replied; and taking his purchase with a "Thank you" and a touch of his hat, he was limping out, when the woman called him back. "Seems to me you've been ill, and you've seen better days by the sound of your tongue," she said. "What have you eat to-day?"

"A good breakfast of bread and cheese."

"And you just out of hospital, as I can see! Poor chap! and your hand bad, too. Come into my room here, do. Here's some bacon and eggs my master left from dinner; I'll warm it up in a minute. We sha'n't miss it, and it will do you a sight more good than that poor bit you bought. Come in, do, the children and me is just getting our teas."

Everard's instinctive courtesy bade him accept this kind offer, and he got a cup of hot tea and a good meal of warm food, and, what was better than all, the refreshing sense of human kindness, and departed with gratitude, having won golden opinions from his hostess by his quiet civility and wise observations upon the teething of her infant.

He was grateful also for the hint about the hospital and the refinement of his speech, and resolved to adopt the broad Hampshire drawl, familiar to him from babyhood.

He trudged on with a better heart, bent chiefly on finding a refuge for the night. As he approached a pretty cottage, with a lawn before it and a garden behind, a pony carriage passed him and drew up before the gate. It was driven by a lady in mourning, who looked inquiringly around before alighting. Everard ran up, touching his hat, and held the pony's head, while she got out, entered the wicket gate, rang the bell, and was admitted by a smart maid.

Here was luck at the very beginning. The lady, whose

face he had not observed in the hurry, but whose dress and appearance as she walked up to the door he had ample leisure to study, was good for at least a shilling, and would ask him no questions; he might soon hope to buy a shirt. He patted the pony's sleek neck and knocked off a fly or two, and wished he knew of a highroad studded with ponies waiting to be held.

Then he looked at the two pretty children the lady had left in her carriage, and their sweet faces filled him with a sense of old familiar home happiness, and his memory called up a pleasant summer scene on the lawn at Malbourne—of the twins, with little Marion between them, pretending to chase the big boy, Harry, who fled backward as they advanced. He remembered the twins' black dresses, which they wore for one of the brothers they lost in infancy, and the scent of the lime blossom overhead.

The children in the pony carriage were prattling merrily together, and making comments on all they saw, himself not excepted. He had incautiously taken off his hot felt hat for a moment to cool himself as he stood by the pony, and this action greatly interested the younger child, a blue-eyed boy.

"Why is all 'oo hair cut off?" he asked, earnestly regarding him. "Has 'oo been to pizzen?"

"I have been ill, sir, and my head was shaved," replied Everard, coloring with dismay, and quickly jamming his hat well on, while the little maiden rebuked her brother for his rudeness.

"He did not mean to be rude," she explained; "but we are staying with our grandpa in the dockyard, and Ernest sees the convicts go by every day, so we play at convicts, and he cut his little brother's hair off to make it seem more real. Wasn't it naughty?"

"Very naughty," replied Everard, charmed with the music of the sweet little refined voices, a music he had not heard so long. The little girl reminded him of his old pet, Winnie.

"Why didn't 'oo die?" continued the boy. "Mine uncle did die. The soldiers put him on the big gun, and shooted him when he was in the ground, and the music played, and mamma kied."

"Hush, Ernie! I'm glad you got well, poor man!" said the little maid, demurely.

"When I grow up," proceeded the boy, "I sall be a admiral, like grandpa, and have sips and guns and a sword."

Everard congratulated him on his choice ; but his little sister said he had better be a clergyman like their father, and make people good, and preach.

"I don't want to peach," said the little man, pathetically. "I want to be a admiral, and have sips and guns and swords."

Then the door opened, and the lady came out, accompanied by another lady in a widow's cap, who nodded to the children and smiled, though she had just been weeping, and went in ; and Everard, with an intelligence sharpened almost to agony by the children's conversation, looked searchingly from under the hat he had slouched over his brows at the dark-haired, dark-eyed lady, as she returned to her carriage, replacing the veil which she had raised during her visit, evidently a sorrowful one, since she too had been shedding tears.

Everard's heart throbbed almost to bursting as he met the dark eyes, once so full of mirth and life, and observed the familiar carriage of the still slender figure. It was Marion, beyond all doubt ; Marion, altered indeed, but still Marion, the favorite sister, the darling of his youth — that traitor's wife, as he muttered between his fiercely ground teeth. Twice nine years might have passed over her head, to judge by her looks. The joyous elasticity was gone from her carriage ; she was pale, and there were lines of settled care on the once sparkling face.

She smiled on her children, a tender, sweet smile, but with no happiness in it, and hoped they had been good, as she got into the carriage and took the reins, not observing the man who stood by the pony, with his breath coming gaspingly, and his heart torn by a medley of passionate emotions. He stepped back when she had taken the reins and whip, and touched his hat as she drove on, and then stopped on catching sight of him, and drew out her purse, whence she took a shilling, which she gave him. He touched his hat once more, and was again stepping back, when she beckoned him forward and addressed him.

"Are you out of work ?" she asked, and he replied slowly in the affirmative.

"That is strange," she continued, with a little severity. "A man of your age and strength ought to have no difficulty in getting work just now. The farmers want men, and the dock-yards are taking in extra hands for the extension works. I hope it is not drink ?"

"It is nine years since I touched any drink," he replied, for

the second time moved to discover himself and ask for the money indispensable to his safety, and for the second time restrained by the thought that she was the wife of that traitor, whose money would have been like fire to the touch.

"He was ill, and they did cut off him hair," explained the boy.

"You think of nothing but cutting hair, darling," said Marion, smiling the tender, sad smile again; "I am sorry for that," she added, addressing Everard kindly. "And you are looking for work? Have you been long out of the hospital? Where are your friends? What! no friends? This is very sad. Try the dockyard. I will speak for you to the officials. My father is port admiral. But I am going home to-morrow; my husband preaches at home on Sunday. Or, stay! they want a man at once to mow the lawn at this cottage; their gardener is ill. Can you mow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Say Mrs. Maitland recommends you. I am sure I may recommend you. You look honest and steady. I wish I could help you, but I have so little time now. Can you read? Yes? Then I will give you a little paper my husband wrote specially for workingmen. Out of that packet, Marion."

The little girl's sweet gold curls drooped over the bag, which she opened, and she drew out a great bundle of tracts, whence she took one and handed it to Everard with the Maitland grace and smile. Her eyes were like Lilian's, and, looking into their sweet depths, Everard let the tract fall clumsily into his brown hand, where one of the lacerations was bleeding afresh, so that the paper was quickly stained with his blood.

"Oh, his poor hand, mother!" cried the child, pitifully. "Mayn't I give him my handkerchief to tie it up?"

Everard objected, saying any rag would serve the purpose; but Marion bid him take it, saying that children should learn to give. Then the boy took a box half full of chocolate comfits and pressed it on him, "To make 'oo hand well," he said. Marion smiled, and the tears clouded Everard's eyes, and he remembered how the twins used to give away their garments to tramps unless closely watched.

He stood long looking after the pony carriage, till the last gleam of the two golden heads vanished, and the mist over his eyes fell in two great drops on his face; then he remembered his chance of work at the cottage, and walked up to the door

in some trepidation, and pulled the bell. He thought of Marion's tears for Leslie, and wondered if she would shed any if she heard of his death. Would she be relieved, as the others doubtless would, and think it best so? Did she ever tell the children of another uncle, their father's friend, lost before they were born? "Mamma kied" when the soldier uncle was borne with honor to his grave; but she let her children play at convicts, and watch their dolorous daily procession for pastime.

The door opened, "We don't want no tramps here!" cried a shrill voice; and a hand banged the door in his face again, and he stood confounded in the porch. Then he stepped back and took a survey of the house, and was much relieved to see the young widow at a writing table, just within an open window on the ground floor.

He went up when he caught her eye. "If you please, ma'am, I heard you wanted a gardener," he said, lifting his hat.

"And they banged the door in your face," she replied gently. "But why did you not go to the back door? The girl was naturally angry."

The back door was another custom to learn. He faltered out an apology, and then proffered his request for work. "I am not a regular gardener, but I can mow and do odd jobs, and badly want work, being just out of the hospital," he said.

"I am only a lodger," replied the widow; "but I will ask." And she rang the bell and summoned the landlady, and, to Everard's surprise, asked her as a favor to employ him. "You see that photograph, Mrs. Brown?" she said, pointing to one of an officer in regimentals on the table before her. "Now, don't you see a likeness?"

"To whom?" asked the bewildered woman; and Mrs. Everard indicated Henry by a slight gesture.

"You will think me foolish, but I cannot mistrust one so like——" Here she burst into tears, and Mrs. Brown lifted her hands in dismay.

"Poor dear! her wits are troubled by her loss," she thought. "That ragged tramp like the poor gentleman in his smart uniform, indeed!"

"I certainly see no likeness, ma'am," she replied, after a long and depreciating glance at the tattered figure on the lawn; "but I'll do anything to please you, and I do want the grass done, and even if the man isn't honest——"

"I was to say that Mrs. Maitland recommended me. I held her pony just now," interposed Everard.

This ended the discussion ; and in a minute or two Everard found himself, scythe in hand, busily mowing the little lawn, to the great discomfort of his torn hands, which he had to bind afresh as well as he could. However, he got through his task in a couple of hours, swept the turf clean, nailed up a creeper or two, and did one or two odd jobs about the place for the damsel who had dismissed him with such scorn, and did not leave the cottage till after dark.

Whenever he paused in his work and looked up, he saw Mrs. Everard's eyes bent wistfully upon him, and knew that she was comparing his features with Leslie's. Marion had not recognized the playfellow and companion of her youth, but this woman's eyes were made keen-sighted by love and sorrow, and traced out the ordinary fraternal resemblance beneath the disguise of the weather-browned, tattered vagrant. His heart warmed to her and to the child, who ran about, prattling and getting in the way of his unsuspected kinsman. If Leslie had been alive, he felt that he could have asked him for succor.

That night he passed on a half-made rick of hay, a fragrant, warm, and luxurious couch, sheltered from the sky by a sheet of sailcloth spread tent-wise to keep off showers.

He thought it better not to seek work so near the town, since he had wherewith to get food for the day, so he set off northward, and walked as far as his wounded leg would let him, revolving many schemes for escape in his mind as he went along. He took out his tract, "Plain Words for Plain Men," and read it with inward sarcasm. It was beautifully written and lucidly expressed ; by the Rev. Canon Maitland, Rector of St. Swithun's, at some country town, Rural Dean ; author of several religious works set down in due order.

"So he is a canon, is he?" muttered Everard, fiercely, as he limped along in the burning sunshine. "How long does it take to grow into an archbishop, I wonder? And how much damned hypocrisy and lying treachery does it take to make one?" and he tore the paper into a hundred fragments and dashed it into the road dust, where he stamped savagely upon it. Then he thought of Marion and the sweet children who were kind to the ragged vagrant, and his heart contracted with a wild pain.

At noon he rested in a wood, where a thick undergrowth of hazels made a shelter from eyes as well as from the sun. On the mosses and tangled roots of an ash-tree, he sat at the edge of the hazel wall, just where the ground sloped down to a little stream, which bickered over its mossy pebbles with a pleasant sound, and caught in its tiny wave the cool lights glancing through the wind-stirred boughs above it.

This was better than prison, Everard thought, as he stretched his weary, hot limbs at length on the dry, short grass, and gazed up through the gently waving, sun-steeped leaves at glimpses of blue sky, and listened to the brook's low and soothing song and the whispering of the laughing leaves, and smelled the vague, delicious scent of the woodlands, and forgot the aching of his wounds and the cough which had shaken him since chills of the night in the wet elm tree.

For the moment he wanted nothing more. It would be sweet, after those long years of toil and prison, to wander thus forever in the sweet summer weather quite alone, his whole being open to the half-forgotten influences of free earth and sky, fields and streams and woods, sunrises and sunsets and solemn nights marked by the quiet marshaling of the stars, till he was healed of the grievous hurts of his long agony. Even the hunted feeling, the necessity for hiding and being ever on the alert, even the danger that dogged every step, was refreshing and stimulating. This wild life was full of adventure, and roused his faculties, which the iron hand of bondage had benumbed.

The simple meal he had purchased tasted deliciously, the brook's water was like sparkling wine in comparison with that of the prison. For company his cell boasted at most an occasional spider; while here in the wood were a thousand of friendly guests, flying, creeping, swimming, humming, peeping at him with bright, shy eyes, chirping, and even singing a fragmentary song in the noonday heat.

A wren, beguiled by his long stillness and the tempting crumbs he strewed, hopped up within an inch of his motionless hand, and pecked pertly at the unusual daintiness. Everard remembered the wren he had seen on his last day of liberty, the wren which nestled on Lilian's ruff and let her touch him, while he and Cyril looked on, and Cyril said that it was Lilian's guilelessness which gave her such power over dumb creatures.

He remembered asking Cyril how he, who was equally guileless, had lost his power, and Cyril's agonized rejoinder, "Henry, I am a man."

FLIGHT.¹

By CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

[1831-1884.]

O MEMORY! that which I gave thee
 To guard in thy garner yestreen —
 Little deeming thou e'er could'st behave thee
 Thus basely — hath gone from thee clean!
 Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
 The yellow leaves flee from the oak —
 I have lost it forever, my splendid
 Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
 My hair when the notion occurred:
 I know that I felt myself blushing
 As I thought, "How supremely absurd!
 How they'll hammer on floor and on table
 As its drollery dawns on them — how
 They will quote it" — I wish I were able
 To quote it just now.

I had thought to lead up conversation
 To the subject — it's easily done —
 Then let off, as an airy creation
 Of the moment, that masterly pun.
 Let it off, with a flash like a rocket's;
 In the midst of a dazzled conclave,
 Where I sat, with my hands in my pockets,
 The only one grave.

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,
 And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws
 As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles,
 His mode of expressing applause:
 While Jean Bottleby — queenly Miss Janet —
 Drew her handkerchief hastily out,
 In fits at my slyness — what can it
 Have all been about?

¹ By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons.

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest
 Combination of pathos and fun :
 But I've got no idea — the faintest —
 Of what was the actual pun.
 I think it was somehow connected
 With something I'd recently read —
 Or heard — or perhaps recollected
 On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The *Standard* :
 "Double Bigamy" ; "Speech of the Mayor."
 And later — eh? yes! I meandered
 Through some chapters of "Vanity Fair."
 How it fuses the grave with the festive!
 Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine —
 So playfully, subtly suggestive —
 As that joke of mine.

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder"?
 No, I don't part my hair with my brush.
 Was the point of it "hair"? Now I wonder!
 Stop a bit — I shall think of it — hush!
 There's *hare*, a wild animal — Stuff!
 It was something a deal more recondite :
 Of that I am certain enough ;
 And of nothing beyond it.

Hair — *locks*! There are probably many
 Good things to be said about those.
 Give me time — that's the best guess of any —
 "Lock" has several meanings, one knows.
 Iron locks — *iron-gray locks* — a "deadlock" —
 That would set up an everyday wit :
 Then of course there's the obvious "wedlock" ;
 But that wasn't it.

No! mine was a joke for the ages ;
 Full of intricate meaning and pith ;
 A feast for your scholars and sages —
 How it would have rejoiced Sydney Smith!
 'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal ;
 And, singling him out from the herd,
 Fling wide immortality's portal —
 But what was the word?



DINAH MARIA MULLOCK

Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavor.
 As the flight of a bird of the air
 Is the flight of a joke — you will never
 See the same one again, you may swear.
 'Twas my firstborn, and O how I prized it!
 My darling, my treasure, my own!
 This brain and none other devised it —
 And now it has flown.



THE BREAD RIOT.

BY DINAH MULLOCK.

(From "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

[DINAH MARIA MULLOCK, pseudonym of Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, novelist, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, April 20, 1826. She began to write as a means of support for her widowed mother and two younger brothers. She was married in 1865 to George Lillie Craik, nephew of the famous Scottish author. She published many books, the more famous of which are: "The Ogilvies" (1849), "Agatha's Husband" (1852), "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1857), "A Life for a Life" (1859), "Young Mrs. Jardine," "Mistress and Maid" (1863), "A Noble Life" (1866), "A Brave Lady" (1870), "Hannah" (1872), "The Little Lame Prince" (1874), "My Mother and I" (1874), "Plain Speaking" (1882), "Miss Tommy" (1884), and "King Arthur" (1886). She died at Shortlands, Kent, October 12, 1887.]

THE mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while—it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by,—a cursed fortune wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father——"

"Hush!" whispered John, "he has a *son*, you know."

But while we stood, and with a meaning but rather grim smile Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold, we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable rioters! A handful of weak, starved men, pelting us with stones and words! One pistol shot might have routed them all, but my father was a man of peace. Small as

their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

"Bring out the bags! Us mun have bread! Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher will throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half-curses, half-cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

"That is well," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Fletcher; I knew you would yield at last."

"Didst thee, lad?" said my father, stopping short.

"Not because they forced you, not to save your life, but because it was right."

"Help me with this bag," was all the reply.

It was a great weight, but not too great for John's young arm, nervous and strong. He hauled it up.

"Now open the window,—dash the panes through,—it matters not. On to the window, I tell thee."

"But if I do, the bag will fall into the river. You cannot, oh, no! you cannot mean that."

"Haul it up to the window, John Halifax."

But John remained immovable.

"I must do it myself, then;" and in the desperate effort he made, somehow the bag of grain fell, and fell on his lame foot. Tortured into frenzy with the pain,—or else, I will still believe, my old father would not have done such a deed,—his failing strength seemed doubled and trebled. In an instant more he had got the bag half through the window, and the next sound we heard was its heavy splash in the river below.

Flung into the river, the precious wheat, and in the very sight of the famished rioters! A howl of fury and despair arose. Some plunged into the water ere the eddies left by the falling mass had ceased; but it was too late. A sharp substance in the river's bed had cut the bag, and we saw thrown up to the surface, and whirled down the Avon, thousands of dancing grains. A few of the men swam or waded after them, clutching a handful here or there; but by the mill pool the river ran swift, and the wheat had all soon disappeared, except what remained in the bag when it was drawn on shore. Over even that they fought like demons.

We could not look at them—John and I. He put his hand over his eyes, muttering the name that, young man as he

was, I had never yet heard irreverently and thoughtlessly on his lips. It was a sight that would move any one to cry unto the Great Father of the human family.

Abel Fletcher sat on his remaining bags in an exhaustion that I think was not all physical pain. The paroxysm of anger past, he, ever a just man, could not fail to be struck with what he had done. He seemed subdued, even to something like remorse.

John looked at him, and looked away. For a minute he listened in silence to the shouting outside, and then turned to my father.

"Sir, you must come now. Not a second to lose; they will fire the mill next."

"Let them."

"Let them? and Phineas is here!"

My poor father! He rose at once.

We got him downstairs,—he was very lame,—his ruddy face all drawn and white with pain; but he did not speak one word of opposition, or utter a groan of complaint.

The flour mill was built on piles in the center of the narrow river. It was only a few steps of bridge work to either bank. The little door was on the Norton Bury side, and was hid from the opposite shore, where the rioters had now collected. In a minute we had crept forth and dashed out of sight in the narrow path which had been made from the mill to the tanyard.

"Will you take my arm? we must get on fast."

"Home?" said my father, in a strangely quiet tone, as John led him passively along.

"No, sir, not home; they are there before you. Your life's not safe an hour—unless, indeed, you get soldiers to guard it."

Abel Fletcher made a decisive, negative gesture. The stern old Quaker held to his principles still.

"Then you must hide for a time, both of you. Come to my room. You will be secure there. Urge him, Phineas, for your sake and his own."

But my poor, broken-down father needed no urging. Grasping more tightly both John's arm and mine, which for the first time in his life he leaned upon, he submitted to be led whither we chose. So, after this long interval of time, I once more stood in Sally Watkins' small attic, where, ever since I first brought him there, John Halifax had lived.

Sally knew not of our entrance ; she was out watching the rioters. No one saw us but Jem, and Jem's honor was as safe as a rock. I knew that in the smile with which he pulled off his cap to "Mr. Halifax."

"Now," said John, hastily smoothing his bed so that my father might lie down, and, wrapping his cloak round me, "you must both be very still. You will likely have to spend the night here. Jem shall bring you a light and supper. You will make yourself easy, Abel Fletcher?"

"Ay." It was strange to see how decidedly, yet respectfully, John spoke, and how quietly my father answered.

"And Phineas," — he put his arm round my shoulder in his old way, — "you will take care of yourself. Are you any stronger than you were?"

I clasped his hand without reply.

"Now good-by ; I must be off."

"Whither?" said my father, rousing himself.

"To try and save the house and the tanyard ; I fear we must give up the mill. "No, don't hold me, Phineas. I run no risk ; everybody knows me. Besides, I am young. There ! see after your father. I shall come back in good time."

He grasped my hands warmly, then unloosed them ; and I heard his step descending the staircase. . . .

After midnight, — I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the abbey chimes, and our light had gone out, — after midnight I heard, by my father's breathing, that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep ; all my faculties were preternaturally alive. My weak body and timid soul became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight, therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him and crept downstairs into Sally Watkins' kitchen. It was silent ; only the faithful warder Jem dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder, at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas ; hope I didn't hurt 'ee, sir ?" cried he, all but whimpering ; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir; wish I did! wouldn't be long a finding out, though, on'y he says, 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they (pointing his thumb up the staircase). So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient but most dissatisfied air, down by the fireplace. It was evident nothing would move him thence; so he was as safe a guard over my poor old father's slumber as the mastiff in the tanyard, who was as brave as a lion and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat; I'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished that he stood with open mouth, while I took the said garments from him and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said ——"

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the doorsill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere'—and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard behind it—waiting for John—until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent. I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil lamps that lit the night darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smouldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction,—fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house, and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur which I fancied I heard; but still there was no one in the street,—no one except the abbey watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now ——"

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables, no law?"

"Oh, he's a Quaker! the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth,—the hard, grinding truth in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard until I saw, shining against the boies of the chestnut trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got in the midst of that small body of men,—“the rioters.”

A mere handful they were, not above two score, apparently the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plow lads from the country round; but they were desperate. They had come up the Coltham road so quietly that, except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood up on the other side the road,—barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering: “Th' old man bean't there”—“Nobody knows where he be.” No, thank God!

“Be us all y'ere?” said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

“Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out.”

But in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree, nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked around to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

“John?”

“Phineas?” He was beside me in a bound. “How could you do——”

“I could do anything to-night. But you are safe; no one has harmed you? Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!”

"Now, Phineas, we have not a minute's time. I must have you safe; we must get into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a staff of constables; she has braved them once to-night, but they're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tanyard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! there they are! — I say, Jael!"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful Society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood all together in the barricaded house and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me; thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? for that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it, — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house; but it fell harmless against the stanch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show more plainly than even daylight had shown the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Holloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael, between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight with these? What are you doing, Jael?" For she had taken down a large book, the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully put back the volume in its place, — that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; . . . pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood by the book shelves, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan, — at least, one so old that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did for the best and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off, our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid, I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry.

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! they be only Quakers!"

"There's not a minute to lose, — stop, let me think, — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly Jael was not born to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the top of the flight of steps, in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me; I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *outside* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed, nay, paralyzed, by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh.

"Who be thee?" — "It's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he bean't." — "Burn 'un, anyhow." — "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division rising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him; he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'un?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as "Don't hurt the lad." — "He were kind to my lad, he were." — "He be a

real gentleman." — "No, he comed here, as poor as us," and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried : —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we!"

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night to burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so; it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

That argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob,—at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men—some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened either. Look here—the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you,—sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back with that pleased gesture I remember so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I give you something to eat, would you listen to me afterward?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk. I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you'll be peaceable?"

"Ay, ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael, bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed, — I marvel now to think of it, — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back with a strong, sharp sob to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal, — all come alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterward there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still, — the best weapon a man can use, — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so, and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational, human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced man,

who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none, — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines. And another time, *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, sure-ly. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" and Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader, — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns," — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if ee'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come

into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering. "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man—I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting, the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he first seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man, and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't that better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper—precious as pound notes—and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury who, if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers, have shot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children too. *Why*, think you?"

"I doan't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets, which, of a surety, had never echoed *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in, unsteadily,

all but staggering. Jael placed a chair for him, — worthy soul ! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder ; he took it, and pressed it hard.

“ Oh ! Phineas, lad, I'm glad ; glad it's safe over.”

“ Yes, thank God ! ”

“ Ay, indeed ; thank God ! ”

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, and then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

“ Now let us go and fetch your father home.”

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face ; it looked ten years older since yesterday. He stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

“ Eh, young man — oh ! I remember. Where is my son — where's my Phineas ? ”

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

“ Thee art not hurt ? Nor any one ? ”

“ No,” John answered ; “ nor is either the house or the tanyard injured.”

He looked amazed. “ How has that been ? ”

“ Phineas will tell you. Or, stay, better wait till you are at home.”

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John's behavior ; he would not have liked it, and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John at length asked him if he were satisfied.

“ Quite satisfied.”

But having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us. I thank thee."

There was no answer — none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.



LADY MOON.

By LORD HOUGHTON.

[1809-1885.]

"I see the Moon, and the Moon sees me;
God bless the Moon, and God bless me!"

— *Old Rhyme.*

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

SAVED FROM THE QUICKSANDS.¹

By GRANT ALLEN.

(From "Kalee's Shrine.")

[CHARLES GRANT BLAIRFINDIE ALLEN, better known as Grant Allen: A Canadian author; born in Kingston, Canada, February 24, 1848. He was graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1871; obtained a professorship in Quebec College, Jamaica, in 1873, and subsequently resided in London, where he became known as the "St. Paul of Darwinism" from his expositions of Darwin's theories. He is a voluminous and versatile writer, his subjects including science, poetry, and fiction. He is perhaps best known as a writer of novels. Among his scientific works are: "Color Sense," "Flowers and their Pedigree" (1884), "Physiological Aesthetics," "A Theory of Dynamics," and "The Story of the Plants" (1895). Among his novels may be noted: "Philistia" (1884), "In All Shades" (1887), "This Mortal Coil" (1888), "The Tents of Shem" (1889), "The Great Taboo" (1891), "Blood Royal" (1892), "The Scallywag" (1893), "The British Barbarians" (1895), "The Desire of the Eyes" (1897), and "An African Millionaire" (1897).]

MEANWHILE, where were Harry Bickersteth and Alan Tennant?

Up the river in the "Indian Princess," they had had an easy voyage, lazily paddling for the first hour or two. The mud banks of the Thore, ugly as they seem at first sight, have nevertheless a singular and unwonted interest of their own; the interest derived from pure weirdness, and melancholy, and loneliness — a strange contrast to the bustling life and gayety of the bright little watering place whose church tower rises conspicuously visible over the dikes beyond them. On the vast soft ooze flats, solemn gulls stalk soberly, upheld by their broad, web feet from sinking, while among the numberless torrents, caused by the ebbing tide, tall, long-legged herons stand with arched necks and eager eyes, keenly intent on the quick pursuit of the elusive elves in the stream below. The grass wrack waves dark in the current underneath, and the pretty sea lavender purples the muddy islets in the side channels with its scentless bloom. Altogether a strange, quaint, desolate spot, that Thore estuary, bounded on either side by marshy saltings, where long-horned black cattle wander unrestrained, and high embankments keep out the encroaching sea at floods and spring tides. Not a house or a cottage lies anywhere in sight. Miles upon miles of slush in the inundated channels

¹ By permission of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith. (8vo., cloth, price 1s. 6d.)

give place beyond to miles upon miles of drained and reclaimed marsh land by the uninhabited saltings in the rear.

They had paddled their way quietly and noiselessly among the flats and islets for a couple of hours, carefully noting the marks of the wary wild fowl on either side, and talking in low tones together about that perennial topic of living interest to all past or present generations of Oxford men, the dear old 'Varsity. Alan still held a fellowship at Oriel, and Harry was an undergraduate of Queen's: so the two found plenty of matter to converse about in common, comparing notes as to the deeds of daring in bearding the proctors, feats of prowess in town and gown rows, the fatal obsequiousness of the Oxford tradesman, and the inevitable, final evolutionary avatar of that mild being under a new and terrible form as the persistent dun, to the end of their tether. Such memories are sweet—when sufficiently remote; and the Oxford man who does not love to talk them over with the rising spirits of a younger generation deserves never to have drunk Archdeacon at Merton or to have smoked Bacon's best Manillas beneath the hospitable rafters of Christ Church common room.

At last, in turning up a side streamlet, on the southern bank,—Thorborough, as everybody knows, lies to the northward,—they passed an islet of the usual soft Thore slime, on whose tiny summit grew a big bunch of that particular local East Anglian wild flower, which Olga had said she would like to paint, on the day of Sir Donald Mackinnon's picnic.

"I say, Bickersteth," Alan suggested lightly, as they passed close beneath it, "don't you think we could manage to pick a stem or two of the artemisia—that feathery fluffy yellow flower there? Miss Trevelyan"—and he tried not to look too conscious—"wants to make a little picture out of it, she told me. I expect we could pull in and get near enough to clutch at a branch or so."

"No," Harry answered, shaking his head confidently. "I know by heart all the tricks and manners of the creeks and the river here. I know every twist and turn of the backwaters. No quicksand on earth could possibly be more treacherous than our Thore mud. It's a mud *per se*, quite unique in its own way for stickiness. If you try to land on it, you go on sinking, sinking, sinking, like an elephant in a bog, or a Siberian mammoth, till you disappear at last bodily below the surface with a gentle gurgle; and the mud closes neatly over

your head; and they fish you out a few days later with a crooked boat hook, as Mr. Mantalini says, 'a demd moist unpleasant corpse,' and dirty at that into the bargain. You must wait and get a bit of the stuff a little further on. There's plenty more growing higher up the backwater. We can land easier there on some of the hards, where the side creeks run deep and clear over solid pebble bottoms."

They paddled on noiselessly through the water as before, away up the silent, unpeopled inlet, among the lonely ooze and great stranded islands of salt-marsh vegetation. At every stroke, the aspect of the country grew wilder and more desolate. At last they came to a broad expansion of the tributary creek. Alan could hardly have believed any place so solitary existed in England. Some of the islands, surrounded on every side by slimy channels of deep ooze, could only be approached by a boat at high spring tides, and even then nowhere save at a single unobtrusive landing place. They were thickly overgrown with rank, brown hay.

"And even the owners," Harry said, laughing, and pointing to one such dreary flat with demonstrative finger, "only visit them once a year in a shallow punt or low barge at haymaking time to cut the hay crop. Sometimes the bargemen from upstream at Ponton come for a lark in the night, before the owner harvests it, and mow the crop, and carry it away down the river and out by sea to market in London; and nobody ever knows a word about it till the owner turns up disconsolate a week or so later, and finds his hay 'clean gone, and not a soul on earth to tell him what the dickens has ever become of it."

"It's fearfully lonely," Alan said with a shudder, looking round him in surprise at the trackless waste of ooze and sedges. "If a man were to get lost or murdered in one of these dreary channels now, it might be weeks and weeks—ay, and years too—before anybody on earth ever discovered him."

"It might," Harry answered. "You say the truth. A capital place indeed for a murder. As De Quincey says, you could recommend it confidently to a friend. Nobody'd ever be one penny the wiser.—See, there's some more of your flower nodding away on the bank over yonder—what did you call it?—artemisia, wasn't it? Well, here we can get at it, I expect, with a little trouble, if you don't mind wading. You're prepared to go through fire and water, I suppose, for Miss Trevelyan?"

Alan's face grew somewhat graver. "I'm prepared to get my bags wet through in the sea," he said, "if that's all, to do anything reasonable, for any lady. Miss Trevelyan said she'd like the flower, and I thought I might as well try to get a little bit for her."

"Well, you needn't be so huffy about it, anyhow," Harry went on good-humoredly. "No harm in being in love with a pretty girl, that I know of: at least it doesn't say so in the Ten Commandments. Stick the pole firm into the bottom there, will you? By Jove, the stream runs fast! How deep is it? About two feet, eh? Well, we can tuck our trousers up to the thighs and wade ahead then. The channel of the stream's firm enough here. Pebble bottom! I expect it's pebble right up to the island."

They pulled off their shoes and socks hurriedly, and rolled up their trousers as Harry had suggested. Then the younger lad stepped lightly out of the boat on to the solid floor, and drove the pole deep into the slimy mud bank beside it. The mud rose in a veritable cliff, and seemed to the eye quite firm and consistent; but it gave before the pole like slush in the street, where the brushes have heaped it on one side by the gutters. He tied the duck boat to the pole by the painter, and gave a hand to Alan as his friend stepped out with a light foot into the midst of the little rapid channel.

"Bottom's quite solid just here," he said. "You needn't funk it. We can walk close up to the side of the island. These streams run regularly over hard bottoms, though the mud rises sheer on either side of them, till you get quite up to the head waters. There they lose themselves, as it were, in the mud; or at least, ooze out of it by little dribblets from nowhere in particular. Come along, Tennant. We can pick some of Miss Trevelyan's *specialité* on the far side of the island, I fancy."

They waded slowly up the rapid current, Alan pushing his stick as he went into the mud bank, which looked as firm and solid as a rock, but really proved on nearer trial to be made up of deep, soft, light-brown slush. They attacked the island from every side—a double current ran right round it—but all in vain; an impenetrable barrier of oozy mud girt it round unassailably on every side, like the moat of a castle.

"I shall try to walk through it," Alan cried at last, in a sort of mock desperation, planting one foot boldly in the midst

of the mud. "What's slush and dirt, however thick, compared with the expressed wishes of a fair lady?"

As he spoke, he began to sink ominously into the soft deep ooze, till his leg was covered right up to the thigh.

Harry seized his arm with a nervous grasp in instant trepidation. "For Heaven's sake," he cried, "what are you doing, Tennant? The stuff's got no bottom at all. Jump back, jump back—here, take my hand for it! You'll sink right down into an endless mud slough."

Alan felt himself still sinking; but instead of drawing back as Harry told him, and letting his whole weight fall on to the one foot still securely planted on the solid bed of the little river, he lifted that one safe support right off the ground, and tried with his stick to find a foothold in the treacherous mud bank. Next instant, he had sunk with both legs up to his waist, and was struggling vainly to recover his position by grasping at the overhanging weeds on the island.

Harry, with wonderful presence of mind, did not try at all to save him as he stood, lest both should tumble together into the slough; but running back hastily for the pole, fastened the boat to his own walking stick which he stuck into the mud, and brought back the longer piece of wood in his hands to where Alan stood, still struggling violently, and sunk to the armpits in the devouring slush. He took his own stand firmly on the pebbly bottom of the little stream, stuck the far end of the pole on the surface of the island, and then lowered it to the level of Alan's hands, so as to form a sort of rude extemporized crane or lever. Alan clutched at it quickly with eager grip; and Harry, who was a strong young fellow enough, gradually raised him out of the encumbering mud by lifting the pole to the height of his shoulders. Next minute, Alan stood beside him on the hard, and looked ruefully down at his wet and dripping muddy clothes, one malodorous mass of deep, black ooze from waist to ankle.

"You must stand up to your arms in the stream," Harry said, laughing, in answer to his comically rueful glance, "and let the water wash away the mud a little. A pretty pickle you look, to be sure. By George, I thought for a minute it was all up with you! You won't trifle with Thore ooze again in a hurry, I fancy."

Alan pulled off his flannel boating jacket and his once

white ducks with a gesture of disgust, and began scrubbing them between his hands in the discolored water.

"I must sit on the island and let them dry," he said in no very pleasant voice; "I can't go home to Thorborough looking such a mess as this, you know, Harry."

"How'll you get on the island?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Why, you just hold the pole as you did, so, and I'll go hand over hand, like a British acrobat on parallel bars, across the mud bank."

"And leave me to stand here in the water alone till your clothes have dried to your perfect satisfaction! No thank you, no thank you, my dear fellow."

"I can get you over when once I've got across myself," Alan answered lightly. "Hold the pole out a little below the middle, and lift you, so, as if I were a circus man."

"I venture to doubt your gymnastic capabilities."

"Try me, anyhow. If it doesn't succeed, I'll come back at once to you."

Harry fixed the pole on the island once more, and Alan, clasping it tight with his hard grip, and lifting up his legs well above the mud bank, made his way, hand over hand, as acrobats do along a tight rope or a trapeze, to the solid surface of the little island. There he laid out his clothes carefully to dry, and sat down, holding the pole as he had suggested, lever fashion, for Harry. By dexterous twisting, he managed to land his friend safely on the island, where they both sat down on the sun-dried top, and gazed disconsolate on the fearful waste of mud around them.

"Curious how hard the bottom is," Alan said after a while, "in the midst of so much soft ooze and slush and stuff!"

"The current washes away the soft mud, you see," Harry answered glibly, as he lighted his pipe, "leaving only the pebbles it selects at the bottom. Segregation! segregation! It's always so over all these flats. You can walk anywhere on the bottom of these streamlets."

"Well, at least," Alan said, glancing about him complacently, "we've got the flowers — any number we want of them. I should have felt like a fool indeed if I'd sunk up to my waist in that beastly ooze there, and yet never succeeded in getting what I came for. The flowers alone are the trophy of victory. It's a foreign artemisia, got stranded here by accident. Indian Wormwood or Lover's Bane the herbalists call it." And he

gathered a big bunch of the yellow blossoms from the summit of the island, tying them together loosely with a shred from his handkerchief. (Men in love think nothing, it may be parenthetically observed, of tearing up a new cambric handkerchief. At a later date, it is to be feared, the person for whose sake they tear it up takes good care to repress any future outbursts of such absurd extravagance.)

They sat on the island for nearly an hour, and then, as the sun was shining hot overhead, Alan's clothes were sufficiently dried for him to put them on again in a somewhat dingy, damp, and clinging condition. The problem now was to get back again. Alan successfully lifted down his friend at the end of the pole, in true acrobat fashion; but just as Harry touched ground in the center of the little stream, the pole creaked and gave ominously in the middle.

"Take care of it, Tennant," the young man cried, as he fixed it once more across his shoulder. "Don't trust the weak point in the middle too much. Glide lightly over the thin ice! Hand over hand as quick as you can manage!"

"All right," Alan cried, suiting the deed to the word, and hastily letting himself glide with a rapid sliding motion along the frail support.

As he reached the middle, with a sudden snap, the pole broke. Alan did not hesitate for a minute. If he fell where he was, he would sink helplessly into the engulfing mud. He had had enough of that, and knew what it meant now. With the impetus of the breakage, he sprang dexterously forward, and just clearing the mud, fell on his hands and knees upon the hard, right in front of Harry.

"Hurt yourself, eh?" his friend asked, picking him up quickly.

"Not much," Alan answered, flinging the broken pole angrily into the stream. "Barked my knees a little: that's about all. We're unfortunate to-day. The stars are against us. There's a trifle too much adventure to suit my taste, it strikes me somehow, in your East Anglian rivers!"

"Here's a nice fellow!" Harry retorted, laughing. "Adventures are to the adventurous, don't they say. You first go and try a mad plan to pick a useless little bunch of fluffy small flowers for a fair lady, quite in the most approved romantic fashion, for all the world like the *London Reader*; and then when you fall and bark your knees over it, you lay the

blame of your own mishaps on our poor unoffending East Anglian rivers!"

"I've got the flowers still, anyhow," Alan answered triumphantly, holding them up and waving them above his head, crushed and dripping, but nevertheless perfectly intact, in his bleeding hand. He had knocked his fist against the bottom to break his fall, and cut the skin rather badly about the wrist and knuckles.

"Well, it's high time we got back to the boat," Harry continued carelessly. "If we don't make haste, we shan't be back soon enough for me to dress for dinner. I must get home before seven. Aunt's got the usual select dinner party stirring this evening."

They turned the corner, wading still, but through much deeper water than that they had at first encountered (for the tide was now steadily rising), and made their way to the well-remembered spot where they had loosely fastened the light duck boat.

To their annoyance and surprise, no boat was anywhere to be seen in the neighborhood. Only a mark as of a pole dragged by main force out of the mud,—the mark left by Harry's walking stick.

They gazed at one another blankly for a moment. Then Alan burst into a merry laugh.

"Talk about adventures," he said; "they'll certainly never be ended to-day. The duck boat must have floated off on its own account quietly without us."

But Harry, instead of laughing, turned deadly pale. He knew the river better than his companion, and realized at once the full terror of the situation.

"Tennant," he cried, clutching his friend's arm nervously and eagerly, "we're lost! we're lost! The duck boat *has* floated off without us: there's no getting away, no getting away anyhow! No living power on earth can possibly save us from drowning by inches as the tide rises!"

Alan stared at his friend in blank dismay. It was some time before he could fully take in the real seriousness of their present position. But he knew Harry was no coward, and he could see by his blanched cheek and bloodless lips that a terrible danger actually environed them.

"Where's she gone?" he asked at last tremulously.

Harry screened his eyes from the sun with his hands.

"Downstream, at first," he said, peering about in vain, "till tide rose high enough; then up, no doubt, heaven knows where, but out of sight, out of sight anyhow!"

Alan examined the bank closely. He saw in a moment how the accident had happened. Harry, in his haste to fetch the pole to save him, had driven his own walking stick carelessly into the larger and looser hole left by the bigger piece of wood; and the force of the current, dragging at the boat, had pulled it slowly out of the unresisting mud bank. It might have been gone a full hour: and where it had got to, no earthly power could possibly tell them.

"Can't we swim out?" he asked eagerly at last. "You and I are both tolerable swimmers."

Harry shook his head very gloomily. "No good," he said. "No good at all, I tell you. The river's bounded by mud for acres. It's six miles at least down to Hurdham Pier, the very first place there's a chance of landing. If you tried to land anywhere else before, you'd sink in mud like the mud you stuck in just now at the island. We're bounded round by mud on every side. We stand on a little narrow shelf of pebble, with a vast swampy quagmire of mud girding it in for miles and miles and miles together."

"Can't we walk up to the source?" Alan inquired despondently, beginning to realize the full terror of the situation. "It may keep hard till we reach *terra firma*."

"It may, but it doesn't, I'm pretty sure," Harry answered with a groan. "However, there's no harm anyhow in trying. Let's walk up and see where we get to."

They waded on in silence together, feeling the bottom cautiously at each step with their sticks, till the stream began to divide and subdivide into little fingerlike muddy tributaries. Choosing the chief of these, they waded up it. Presently the bottom grew softer and softer, and a firm footing more and more impossible. At last, their feet sank in ominously. Harry probed a step in advance with the broken end of the pole that Alan had flung away. The next step was into the muddy quagmire. Land still lay a mile distant apparently in that direction. The intervening belt was one huge waste expanse of liquid treachery.

They tried again up another tributary, and then a third, and a fourth, and so on through all the radiating minor streamlets, but still always with the same disheartening result. There

was no rest for the sole of their foot anywhere. Above, the streams all ended in mud ; below, they slowly deepened to the tidal river. A few hundred yards of intervening solid bottom alone provided them with a firm foothold. . . .

The water had now risen up to their waists as they sat dripping in the middle current. They shifted their position, and took to kneeling. The shades began to fall slowly over the land. The stars came out overhead one by one. The gulls and rooks retired in slow procession from the purple mud flats: the herons rose on flapping wings from fishing in the streams, and stretched their long necks, free and full, homeward towards the heronry.

Nothing on earth could have seemed more awesome in its ghastly loneliness than that wide expanse under the gathering shades of autumn twilight. The water rose slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly. Inch by inch it gained stealthily but steadily upon them. It reached up to their waists, to their sides, to their breasts, to their shoulders. Very soon they would have to cease kneeling, and take to the final standing position. And after that — the deluge!

Bats began to hawk for moths in numbers over the mud flats. A great white owl hooted from the open sky above. Now and again, the scream of the sea swallows, themselves invisible, broke suddenly from the upper air. Even the clang of the hours from the Thorborough church tower floated faintly across the desolate saltings to the place where they waited for slowly coming death. . . .

Half-past eight. Nine. Half-past nine. The bell clanged it out loudly from the Thorborough steeple, and the echoes stole reverberant with endless resonance across the lonely intervening mud flats. How long the intervals seemed between! Twenty times in every half-hour the two young men lowered the slowly smoldering wick, and held Harry's watch up to the light, to read how the minutes went on its dial. Half-past nine, and now breast high! Ten, eleven, twelve, still to run! The water would rise far above their heads! Each minute now was an eternity of agony. Save for Olga's sake, they would have taken to swimming, and flung away the last chance of life recklessly. It is easier to swim — and die at once — than to stand still, with the cruel cold water creeping slowly and ceaselessly up you.

At twenty-five minutes to ten, they lowered the light and

looked once more. As they did so, a faint long gleam streaming along the mud flats struck Harry's eyes in the far distance. The light from which it came lay below their horizon; but the gleam itself, repeated and reflected, hit the side of the bank opposite them. Harry's quick senses jumped at it in a moment.

"A mud angler! a mud angler!" he cried excitedly, and waved the pole and handkerchief above with a sudden access of feverish energy.

Would the mud angler see them? that was the question. The flicker of the wick was but very slight. How far off could it possibly be visible? They waved it frantically on the bare chance of attracting his attention.

For five minutes there was an awful suspense; and then Harry's accustomed ear caught a faint noise borne dimly across the long low mud flats.

"He's coming! He's coming!" he cried joyously. And then putting his two hands to his mouth, he burst into a long, sharp, shrill coo-ee.

"You'll frighten him away!" Alan suggested anxiously. "He'll think it's a ghost or something like one."

But even as he spoke, the gleam of a lantern struck upon the mud, and the light shone clearer and ever clearer before them.

"Hallo!" Harry cried. "In distress here! Help! help! We're drowning! We're drowning!"

A man's voice answered from above. "Ahoy! ahoy! How did yow git there?"

Thank heaven! they were saved! — Or next door to it!

The man approached the edge of the mud bank as close as he dare (for the edges are very steep and slippery), and turning his lantern full upon them, stood looking at the two half-drowned men, as they gasped up to their breasts in water.

"How did yow git there, I say?" he asked once more sullenly.

"Can you help us out?" Harry cried in return.

The man shook his head.

"Dunno as I can!" he answered with a stupid grin. "I can't go no nearer the edge nor this. It's bad walking. Mud's deep. How did yow git there?"

"Waded up, and our boat floated off," Harry cried in despair. "Can't you get a rope? Can't you send a boat? Can't you do anything anyhow to help us?"

The man gazed at them with the crass and vacant stupidity of the born rustic.

"Dunno as I can," he muttered once more. "Yow'd ought to a stuck to your boat, yow 'ad. That's just what yow'd ought to a done, I take it."

"Is there a boat anywhere near?" Alan cried, distracted. "Couldn't you put any boat out from somewhere to save us?"

"There ain't no boat," the man answered slowly and stolidly. "Leastways none nearer nor Thorborough. Or might be 'Urdham. Tom Wilkes, 'e 'ave a boat up yonder at Ponton. But that's right across t'other side o' the water." And he gazed at them still with rural indifference.

"My friend," Alan cried, with a burst of helplessness, "we've been here in the water since six o'clock. The tide's rising slowly around us. In a couple of hours, it'll rise above our heads. We're faint and cold and almost exhausted. For heaven's sake don't stand there idle: can't you do something to save two fellow-creatures from drowning?"

The man shook his head imperturbably once more.

"I dunno as I can," he murmured complacently. "Mud hereabouts is terrible dangerous. Yow'd ought to a stuck to your boat, yow know. There ain't no landing anywheres hereabouts. If I was to give yow a hand, I'd fall in, myself. I expect yow'll have to stick there now till yow're right drowned. I can't git no nearer yow nohow."

There was something utterly appalling and sickening in this horrible outcome of all their hopes. The longed-for mud angler had arrived at last: they had caught his attention: they were within speaking distance of him: there he stood, on the edge of the ooze, lantern in hand, and wooden floats on feet, plainly visible before their very eyes: yet for any practical purpose of assistance or relief he might just as well have been a hundred miles on shore clean away at a distance from them. A stick or a stone could not have been more utterly or horribly useless.

The man stood and gazed at them still. If they had only allowed him, he would have gazed imperturbably open-mouthed till the waters had risen above their heads and drowned them. He had the blank stolidity of silly Suffolk well developed in his vacant features.

Alan was seized with a happy inspiration. He would use the one obvious argument adapted to the stupid sordid soul of the gaping mud angler.

"Go back to the shore," he cried, glaring at the fellow, "and tell the others we're here drowning. Do as you're told. Don't delay. Bring a boat or something at once to save us. If you do, you shall have fifty pounds. If you don't, they'll hang you for murder. Fifty pounds if you save us, do you understand me? Fifty pounds to-morrow morning!"

The man's lower jaw dropped heavily.

"Fifty pound," he repeated, with a cunning leer. It was too much. Clearly he didn't believe it possible.

"Fifty pounds," Alan reiterated with the energy of despair, taking out his purse and looking at its contents. "And there's three pound ten on account as an earnest."

He tied the purse with all that was in it on to the end of the pole and pushed it up to the man, who clutched at it eagerly. Looking inside, he saw the gold, and grinned.

"Fifty pound!" he said with a sudden chuckle. "That's a powerful lot o' money, Mister."

"Go quick," Alan cried, "and tell your friends. There's not a moment to be lost, and tide's rising. If you can bring a boat or do anything to save us, you shall have fifty pounds, down on the nail, to-morrow morning. I'm a rich man, and I can promise to pay you."

The fellow turned doggedly and began to go. Next moment, a nascent doubt came over him, and clouded his mind.

"How shall I know where to find yow?" he said, staring back once more, and gaping foolishly.

"Watch the beacons," Harry cried, taking up the parable, "and mark which stream we're in as well as you're able. Let's see. How long shall you be gone, do you reckon?"

"Might be an hour," the man answered, drawling. "Might be two hours."

"The light won't last so long," Harry said anxiously, turning to Alan. "I say, my friend, can't you leave us your lantern?"

The man shook his head with a gesture of dissent.

"Couldn't find my way back nohow without it," he said, still grinning. "Fifty pound! That's a lot o' money."

"Go!" Alan cried, unable any longer to keep down for very prudence' sake his contempt and anger. "Go and tell your other fishermen. If you want to earn your fifty pounds to-night, there's no time to spare. When you come back, we may both be dead men, if you don't go on and hurry. — Harry,

we can light the wick again at eleven o'clock. Let's put it out now. We can do without it. We shall hear the church clock strike the hours."

The man nodded a stolid acquiescence, and turned once more slowly on his heel. They watched him silently receding — receding. Light and reflection faded gradually away. The faint plash of his wooden mud shoes on the flat surface was heard no more. Nothing remained save the gurgling of the water. They were left alone — alone with the darkness.

That second loneliness was lonelier than ever. Too cold to speak, almost too cold even to hope, they stood there still, linked arm in arm, ready to faint, with the speechless stars burning bright overhead, and the waters rising pitilessly around them. In that last moment, Alan's thoughts were turned to Olga. Beautiful, innocent, gentle-souled Olga. If he died that night, he died, on however petty an errand it might be, for Olga's sake — for Olga — for Olga. And then he relapsed into a kind of chilly stupor.

Ten o'clock. . . . Half-past ten. . . . Eleven. Numbed and half-dead, they heard the clock strike out, as in some ghastly dream, and waited and watched for the return of the mud angler.

It wasn't so very far to the shore. Surely, surely he should be back by this time.

The waters in the estuary rose by slow, by almost imperceptible, degrees. But still they rose. They went on rising. They were up to Harry's neck now. He rested his chin on the edge of the water. Five minutes more, and all would be up. Faint and weary, he would fall in the channel.

"Look here, Tennant," he murmured at last, grasping his friend's hand beneath the surface in a hard long grip: "I'm going to swim now. It's no use waiting. I've only got five minutes to live. . . . I mustn't stop here. If I stop, you know, when the water rises, I shall choke and struggle. Then you'll clutch me hold, and try to save me, and that'll spoil your own last chance of living. I'm going to swim. It won't be far. But it's better at any rate than dying like a dog with a stone round its neck, still here on the bottom. Good-by, old fellow. Good-by forever. Never let Olga know if you get back safe, what it was we did it for!"

Alan held him hard with whatever life was yet left in him.

"Stop, stop, Harry," he cried in dismay. "There's still a

chance. Every minute's a chance. Don't go, don't go. Stop with me, for heaven's sake, and if we must die, let's die together."

"No, no," Harry answered in a resolute voice. "You've got half an hour's purchase of life better than I have, now, Tennant. For Olga's sake, you must let me go. For Olga's sake, you must try to save yourself."

"Never," Alan cried, firmly and hastily. "Not even for Olga's sake! Never! Never!"

At that moment, a loud shout of inquiry resounded over the mud flats! A noise of men! A glimmer of lanterns! Alan seized his friend, and lifted him in his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" he cried. "Shout, Harry! Shout! Shout, shout, my dear, dear Harry!"

Harry shouted aloud with a long wild cry. It was the despairing cry of a dying man, and it echoed and reëchoed along the undulating mud flats.

Alan lighted the wick, which he had held all this time for dryness in his teeth, and fitted it once more into the crack of the pole. Harry waved it madly about over his head. One moment more of deadly suspense. Then an answering cry told them at last that the men with the lanterns saw them and heard them.

Next instant, the men were on the brink of the mud, and the light of the lanterns poured full upon them.

A voice very different from that of their friend the mud angler shouted aloud in a commanding tone, "Shove off the raft! Look out for your heads there!"

Before they knew exactly what it was that was happening, a great square raft, roughly improvised from two cottage doors, nailed together by crosspieces, floated on the stream full in front of them; and Alan, scrambling on to it with a violent struggle, lifted up the faint and weary Harry in his arms to the dry and solid place of safety.



LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

(OUIDA)

DINNERS.¹

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

(From "Lucile.")

O HOUR of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
Blessèd hour of our dinners!

The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrowed, the money he spent; —
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books, — what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope, — what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love, — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

A DOG OF FLANDERS.²

A STORY OF NOËL.

BY OUIDA.

[LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, whose pen name is Ouida, an English novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1840. She is of French extraction, and is a writer of undoubted genius and originality. Her childhood was spent in London, where at an early age she began to contribute articles to periodical literature. She later removed to Italy, and now makes her home in Florence. Her writings, which are very numerous, include: "Granville de Vigne" (1863), "Held in Bondage" (1863), "Strathmore" (1865), "Under Two Flags"

¹ By permission of Lady Lytton and the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co.

² By permission of Chatto and Windus. (Crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d.)

(1867), "Puck" (1870), "Pascarel" (1873), "In a Winter City" (1876), "Friendship" (1878), "Moths" (1880), "Princess Napraxine" (1884), "A House Party" (1886), "Don Gesnaldo" (1890), "The New Priesthood" (1893); and "Views and Opinions" (1895), "Wanda" (1896), and "Muriella" (1897).]

NELLO and Patrasche were left all alone in the world.

They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little Ardennois; Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days: both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very greatly. . . .

Noël was close at hand.

The weather was very wild and cold. The snow was six feet deep, and the ice was firm enough to bear oxen and men upon it everywhere. At this season the little village was always gay and cheerful. At the poorest dwelling there were possets and cakes, joking and dancing, sugared saints, and gilded Jésus. The merry Flemish bells jingled everywhere on the horses; everywhere within doors some well-filled soup pot sang and smoked over the stove; and everywhere over the snow without laughing maidens pattered in bright kerchiefs and stout kirtles, going to and from the mass. Only in the little hut it was very dark and very cold.

Nello and Patrasche were left utterly alone; for one night in the week before the Christmas Day, Death entered there, and took away from life forever old Jehan Daas, who had never known of life aught save its poverty and its pains. He had long been half dead, incapable of any movement except a feeble gesture, and powerless for anything beyond a gentle word; and yet his loss fell on them both with a great horror in it. They mourned him passionately. He had passed away from them in his sleep, and when in the gray dawn they learned their bereavement, unutterable solitude and desolation seemed to close around them. He had long been only a poor, feeble, paralyzed old man, who could not raise a hand in their defense, but he had loved them well; his smile had always welcomed their return. They mourned for him unceasingly, refusing to

be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed the deal shell that held his body to the nameless grave by the little gray church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon earth, — the young boy and the old dog. "Surely he will relent now and let the poor lad come hither?" thought the miller's wife, glancing at her husband where he smoked by the hearth.

Baas Cogeze knew her thought, but he hardened his heart, and would not unbar his door as the little humble funeral went by. "The boy is a beggar," he said to himself: "he shall not be about Alois."

The woman dared not say anything aloud, but when the grave was closed and the mourners had gone, she put a wreath of immortelles into Alois' hands, and bade her go and lay it reverently on the dark, unmarked mound where the snow was displaced.

Nello and Patrasche went home with broken hearts; but even of that poor, melancholy, cheerless home they were denied the consolation. There was a month's rent overdue for their little home, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, a cobbler who went every Sunday night to drink his pint of wine and smoke with Baas Cogeze. The cobbler would grant no mercy. He was a harsh, miserly man, and loved money. He claimed in default of his rent every stick and stone, every pot and pan, in the hut, and bade Nello and Patrasche be out of it on the morrow.

Now, the cabin was lowly enough, and in some sense miserable enough, and yet their hearts clove to it with a great affection. They had been so happy there, and in the summer, with its clambering vine and its flowering beans, it was so pretty and bright in the midst of the sun-lighted fields! Their life in it had been full of labor and privation, and yet they had been so well content, so gay of heart, running together to meet the old man's never-failing smile of welcome!

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white, chill earth, it was the morning of Christmas Eve. With a shudder Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on

the dog's frank forehead. "Let us go, Patrasche, — dear, dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be licked out: let us go."

Patrasche had no will but his, and they went sadly, side by side, out from the little place which was so dear to them both, and in which every humble, homely thing was to them precious and beloved. Patrasche drooped his head wearily as he passed by his own green cart: it was no longer his — it had to go with the rest to pay the rent, and his brass harness lay idle and glittering on the snow. The dog could have lain down beside it and died for very heart sickness as he went; but whilst the lad lived and needed him, Patrasche would not yield and give way.

They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp. The day had yet scarce more than dawned; most of the shutters were still closed, but some of the villagers were about. They took no notice whilst the dog and the boy passed by them. At one door Nello paused and looked wistfully within: his grandfather had done many a kindly turn in neighbor's service to the people who dwelt there.

"Would you give Patrasche a crust?" he said timidly. "He is old, and he has had nothing since last forenoon."

The woman shut the door hastily, murmuring some vague saying about wheat and rye being very dear that season. The boy and the dog went on again wearily: they asked no more.

By slow and painful ways they reached Antwerp as the chimes tolled ten.

"If I had anything about me I could sell to get him bread!" thought Nello; but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes.

Patrasche understood, and nestled his nose into the lad's hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the steps and in the entrance hall there was a crowd of youths, — some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went amongst them, holding Patrasche close to him. The great bells of the city clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in: it was known that the

selected picture would be raised above the rest on a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high: it was not his own! A slow, sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephan Kiesslinger, born in the burgh of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered his consciousness, he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of the youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him with acclamations to his home upon the quay.

The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog to his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured, "all over!"

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his old limbs feeble from hunger and sorrow.

The snow was falling fast; a keen hurricane blew from the north; it was bitter as death on the plains. It took them long to traverse the familiar path, and the bells were sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his white teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross: the boy mechanically turned the case to the light: on it was the name of Baas Cogez, and within it were notes for two thousand francs.

The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt, and stroked Patrasche and drew him onward. The dog looked up wistfully in his face.

Nello made straight for the mill house, and went to the house door and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened it, weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts. "Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she said kindly through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas see thee. We are in sore trouble to-night. He is out seeking for a power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find

it; and God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It is Heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note case in her hand and called Patrasche within the house. "Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Cogeze so: I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he meant, he had stooped and kissed Patrasche, then closed the door hurriedly and disappeared in the gloom of the fast-falling night.

The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear: Patrasche vainly spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred house door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth: they tried all they could to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats; they tempted him with the best they had; they tried to lure him to abide by the warmth of the hearth; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

It was six o'clock when from an opposite entrance the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence. "It is lost forever," he said with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere: it is gone—the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money into his hand, and told him how it had come to her. The strong man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face, ashamed and almost afraid. "I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length; "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois, taking courage, crept close to her father and nestled against him her fair curly head. "Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered. "He may come to-morrow as he used to do?"

The miller pressed her in his arms; his hard, sunburned face was very pale, and his mouth trembled. "Surely, surely," he answered his child. "He shall bide here on Christmas Day, and any other day he will. God helping me, I will make amends to the boy—I will make amends."

Little Alois kissed him in gratitude and joy, then slid from his knees and ran to where the dog kept watch by the door. "And to-night I may feast Patrasche?" she cried in a child's thoughtless glee.

Her father bent his head gravely. "Ay, ay: let the dog have the best;" for the stern old man was moved and shaken to his heart's depths.

It was Christmas Eve, and the mill house was filled with oak logs, and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with meat and bread, and the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns too for Alois, and toys of various fashions, and sweetmeats in bright-pictured papers. There were light and warmth and abundance everywhere, and the child would fain have made the dog a guest honored and feasted.

But Patrasche would neither lie in the warmth nor share in the cheer. Famished he was, and very cold, but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

"He wants the lad," said Baas Coge. "Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day dawn." For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut, and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

The mill kitchen was very warm; great logs crackled and flamed on the hearth; neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful, and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Coge, in the fullness of his heart, smiled on her through moistened eyes, and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion; the house mother sat with calm, contented face at the spinning wheel; the cuckoo in the clock chirped mirthful hours. Amidst it all Patrasche was bidden with a thousand words of welcome to tarry there a cherished guest. But neither peace nor plenty could allure him where Nello was not.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless newcomer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the bitter black night. He had only one thought,—to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cozy

slumber ; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a bygone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

Snow had fallen freshly all the evening long ; it was now nearly ten ; the trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to discover any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost and again recovered a hundred times or more.

The night was very wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out ; the roads were sheets of ice ; the impenetrable darkness hid every trace of habitations ; there was no living thing abroad. All the cattle were housed, and in all the huts and homesteads men and women rejoiced and feasted. There was only Patrasche out in the cruel cold — old and famished and full of pain, but with the strength and the patience of a great love to sustain him in his search.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the new snow, went straightly along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets. It was all quite dark in the town, save where some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices of house shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns, chanting drinking songs. The streets were all white with ice ; the high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the winds down the passages as they tossed the creaking signs and shook the tall lamp irons.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and recrossed each other, that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, though the cold pierced him to the bone, and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's teeth. He kept on his way, a poor, gaunt, shivering thing, and by long patience traced the steps he loved into the very heart of the burgh, and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche : he could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the mid-

night mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space — guided straight to the gates of the chancel; and, stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I, — a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry, and clasped him close. "Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

In answer, Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the young boy's breast. The great tears stood in his brown, sad eyes; not for himself — for himself he was happy.

They lay close together in the piercing cold. The blasts that blew over the Flemish dikes from the northern seas were like waves of ice, which froze every living thing they touched. The interior of the immense vault of stone in which they were was even more bitterly chill than the snow-covered plains without. Now and then a bat moved in the shadows; now and then a gleam of light came on the ranks of carven figures. Under the Rubens they lay together quite still, and soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing narcotic of the cold. Together they dreamed of the old glad days when they had chased each other through the flowering grasses of the summer meadows, or sat hidden in the tall bulrushes by the water's side, watching the boats go seaward in the sun.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles; the moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds; the snow had ceased to fall; the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the lights of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the Elevation and the Descent from the Cross were for one instant visible.

Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them; the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his

face. "I have seen them at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine visions that had been denied to him so long, — light clear and sweet and strong as though it streamed from the throne of Heaven. Then suddenly it passed away: once more a great darkness covered the face of Christ.

The arms of the boy drew close again the body of the dog. "We shall see His face — *there*," he murmured; "and He will not part us, I think."

On the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them both. They were both dead: the cold of the night had frozen into stillness alike the young life and the old. When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple, they saw them lying thus on the stones together. Above, the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens, and the fresh rays of the sunrise touched the thorn-crowned head of the Christ.

As the day grew on there came an old, hard-featured man, who wept as women weep. "I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends, — yea, to the half of my substance, — and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also, as the day grew apace, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit. "I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday had worth won," he said to the people; "a boy of rare promise and genius. An old woodcutter on a fallen tree at eventide — that was all his theme; but there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him, and take him with me and teach him Art."

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud, "O Nello, come! We have all ready for thee. The Christ-child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us; and the mother says thou shalt stay by the hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noël week long — yes, even to the Feast of the Kings! And Patrasche will be so happy! O Nello, wake and come!"

But the young pale face, turned upward to the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."

For the sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow, and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

Death had been more pitiful to them than longer life would have been. It had taken the one in the loyalty of love, and the other in the innocence of faith, from a world which for love has no recompense and for faith no fulfillment.

All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided ; for when they were found the arms of the boy were folded too closely around the dog to be severed without violence, and the people of their little village, contrite and ashamed, implored a special grace for them, and, making them one grave, laid them to rest there side by side — forever !



IN SCHOOL DAYS.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar, sunning :
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official ;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting ;
Lit up its Western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of One who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing;
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing: —

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because" (the brown eyes lower fell),
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing:
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss.
Like her, — because they love ~~him~~.

NORA'S RESOLVE.¹

By HENRIK IBSEN.

(From "A Doll's House.")

[HENRIK IBSEN, Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien, South Norway, March 20, 1828. After serving an apprenticeship to an apothecary, he went to the University of Christiania to study medicine, but drifted into journalism, and later engaged in theatrical management, being director of Ole Bull's National Theater at Bergen (1852-1857) and of the Norwegian Theater at Christiania (1857-1862). About 1864 he left Norway in a sort of voluntary exile, because his country refused to aid Denmark in its struggle with the Germans, and remained abroad until 1891, residing chiefly in Rome, Dresden, and Munich. His first notable works, the lyric drama "Brand" and the dramatic poem "Peer Gynt," were written in Italy (1866-1867). "Emperor and Galilean," an historical drama, appeared in 1871, and since 1877 the famous series of social plays, which have excited so much controversy: "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," and "John Gabriel Borkman," most of which have been played in Germany, England, and the United States.]

Present: NORA and HELMER. HELMER takes his bunch of keys from his pocket and goes into the hall.

Nora — Torvald, what are you doing there?

Helmer — I must empty the letter box, it's quite full; there will be no room for the newspapers to-morrow morning.

Nora — Are you going to work to-night?

Helmer — Not very likely! Why, what's this? Some one's been at the lock.

Nora — The lock —

Helmer — I'm sure of it. What does it mean? I can't think that the servants — Here's a broken hairpin. Nora it's one of yours.

Nora [*quickly*] — It must have been the children.

Helmer — Then you must break them of such tricks. Hm, hm! There! At last I've got it open. [*Takes contents out and calls into the kitchen.*] Ellen, Ellen, just put the hall door lamp out. [*He returns with letters in his hand, and shuts the inner door.*] Just see how they've accumulated. [*Turning them over.*] Why, what's this?

Nora [*at the window*] — The letter! Oh no, no, Torvald!

Helmer — Two visiting cards — from Rank.

Nora — From Dr. Rank?

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Helmer [*looking at them*] — Dr. Rank. They were on the top. He must just have put them in.

Nora — Is there anything on them?

Helmer — There's a black cross over the name. Look at it. What a horrid idea! It looks just as if he were announcing his own death.

Nora — So he is.

Helmer — What! Do you know anything? Has he told you anything?

Nora — Yes. These cards mean that he has taken his last leave of us. He intends to shut himself up and die.

Helmer — Poor fellow! Of course I knew we couldn't hope to keep him long. But so soon — and then to go and creep into his lair like a wounded animal —

Nora — What must be, must be, and the fewer words the better. Don't you think so, Torvald?

Helmer [*walking up and down*] — He had so grown into our lives, I can't realize that he's gone. He and his sufferings and his loneliness formed a sort of cloudy background to the sunshine of our happiness. Well, perhaps it's best so — at any rate for him. [*Stands still.*] And perhaps for us too, Nora. Now we two are thrown entirely upon each other. [*Takes her in his arms.*] My darling wife! I feel as if I could never hold you close enough. Do you know, Nora, I often wish some danger might threaten you, that I might risk body and soul, and everything, everything, for your dear sake.

Nora [*tears herself from him and says firmly*] — Now you shall read your letters, Torvald.

Helmer — No, no; not to-night. I want to be with you, sweet wife.

Nora — With the thought of your dying friend?

Helmer — You are right. This has shaken us both. Unloveliness has come between us — thoughts of death and decay. We must seek to cast them off. Till then we will remain apart.

Nora [*her arms round his neck*] — Torvald! Good night, good night.

Helmer [*kissing her forehead*] — Good night, my little bird. Sleep well, Nora. Now I'll go and read my letters.

[*He goes into his room and shuts the door.*]

Nora [*with wild eyes, gropes about her, seizes HELMER'S domino, throws it round her, and whispers quickly, hoarsely, and brokenly*] — Never to see him again. Never, never, never.

[*Throws her shawl over head.*] Never to see the children again. Never, never. Oh that black, icy water! Oh that bottomless — If it were only over! Now he has it; he's reading it. Oh no, no, no, not yet. Torvald, good-by — Good-by, my little ones —

[*She is rushing out by the hall; at the same moment HELMER tears his door open, and stands with open letter in his hand.*

Helmer — Nora!

Nora [*shrieking*] — Ah —

Helmer — What is this? Do you know what is in this letter?

Nora — Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me pass!

Helmer [*holds her back*] — Where do you want to go?

Nora [*tries to get free*] — You shan't save me, Torvald.

Helmer [*falling back*] — True! Is it true what he writes? No, no, it cannot be true.

Nora — It is true. I have loved you beyond all else in the world.

Helmer — Pshaw — no silly evasions!

Nora [*a step nearer him*] — Torvald —

Helmer — Wretched woman! What have you done?

Nora — Let me go — you shall not save me! You shall not take my guilt upon yourself!

Helmer — I don't want any melodramatic airs. [*Locks the door.*] Here you shall stay and give an account of yourself. Do you understand what you have done? Answer. Do you understand it?

Nora [*looks at him fixedly, and says with a stiffening expression*] — Yes; now I begin fully to understand it.

Helmer [*walking up and down*] — Oh, what an awful awakening! During all these eight years — she who was my pride and my joy — a hypocrite, a liar — worse, worse — a criminal. Oh, the hideousness of it! Ugh! Ugh! [*NORA is silent, and continues to look fixedly at him.*] I ought to have foreseen something of the kind. All your father's dishonesty — be silent! I say your father's dishonesty! you have inherited — no religion, no morality, no sense of duty. How I am punished for shielding him! I did it for your sake, and you reward me like this.

Nora — Yes — like this!

Helmer — You have destroyed my whole happiness. You have ruined my future. Oh, it's frightful to think of! I am

in the power of a scoundrel ; he can do whatever he pleases with me, demand whatever he chooses, and I must submit. And all this disaster is brought upon me by an unprincipled woman.

Nora — When I am gone, you will be free.

Helmer — Oh, no fine phrases. Your father, too, was always ready with them. What good would it do me, if you were "gone," as you say? No good in the world ! He can publish the story all the same ; I might even be suspected of collusion. People will think I was at the bottom of it all and egged you on. And for all this I have you to thank — you whom I have done nothing but pet and spoil during our whole married life. Do you understand now what you have done to me?

Nora [*with cold calmness*] — Yes.

Helmer — It's impossible. I can't grasp it. But we must come to an understanding. Take that shawl off. Take it off, I say ! I must try to pacify him in one way or other — the secret must be kept, cost what it may. As for ourselves, we must live as we have always done ; but of course only in the eyes of the world. Of course you will continue to live here. But the children cannot be left in your care. I dare not trust them to you. — Oh, to have to say this to one I have loved so tenderly — whom I still — but that must be a thing of the past. Henceforward there can be no question of happiness, but merely of saving the ruins, the shreds, the show of it ! [*A ring ; HELMER starts.*] What's that? So late ! Can it be the worst? Can he — Hide yourself, Nora ; say you are ill.

[*NORA stands motionless. HELMER goes to the door and opens it.*]

Ellen [*half-dressed, in the hall*] — Here is a letter for you, ma'am.

Helmer — Give it to me. [*Seizes letter and shuts the door.*] Yes, from him. You shall not have it. I shall read it.

Nora — Read it !

Helmer [*by the lamp*] — I have hardly courage to. We may both be lost, both you and I. Ah ! I must know. [*Hastily tears the letter open ; reads a few lines, looks at an inclosure ; a cry of joy.*] Nora ! [*NORA looks inquiringly at him.*] Nora ! Oh ! I must read it again. Yes, yes, it is so. I am saved ! Nora, I am saved !

Nora — And I?

Helmer — You too, of course ; we are both saved, both of us. Look here, he sends you back your promissory note. He writes that he regrets and apologizes ; that a happy turn in his life — Oh, what matter what he writes. We are saved, Nora ! No one can harm you. Oh, Nora, Nora — But first to get rid of this hateful thing. I'll just see — [*Glances at the I O U.*] No, I won't look at it ; the whole thing shall be nothing but a dream to me. [*Tears the I O U and both letters in pieces. Throws them into the fire and watches them burn.*] There ! it's gone ! He wrote that ever since Christmas Eve — Oh, Nora, they must have been three awful days for you !

Nora — I have fought a hard fight for the last three days.

Helmer — And in your agony you saw no other outlet but — No ; we won't think of that horror. We will only rejoice and repeat — it's over, all over ! Don't you hear, Nora ? You don't seem able to grasp it. Yes, it's over. What is this set look on your face ? Oh, my poor Nora, I understand ; you can't believe that I have forgiven you. But I have, Nora ; I swear it. I have forgiven everything. I know that what you did was all for love of me.

Nora — That's true.

Helmer — You loved me as a wife should love her husband. It was only the means you misjudged. But do you think I love you the less for your helplessness ? No, no. Only lean on me ; I will counsel and guide you. I should be no true man if this very womanly helplessness didn't make you doubly dear in my eyes. You mustn't think of the hard things I said in my first moment of terror, when the world seemed to be tumbling about my ears. I have forgiven you, Nora — I swear I have forgiven you.

Nora — I thank you for your forgiveness. [*Goes out right.*]

Helmer — No, stay ! [*Looks in.*] What are you going to do ?

Nora [*inside*] — To take off my doll's dress.

Helmer [*in the doorway*] — Yes, do, dear. Try to calm down, and recover your balance, my scared little song bird. You may rest secure. I have broad wings to shield you. [*Walking up and down near the door.*] Oh, how lovely — how cozy our home is, Nora ! Here you are safe ; here I can shelter you like a hunted dove, whom I have saved from the claws of the hawk. I shall soon bring your poor beating heart to rest ; believe me, Nora, very soon. To-morrow all this will

seem quite different—everything will be as before. I shall not need to tell you again that I forgive you; you will feel for yourself that it is true. How could I find it in my heart to drive you away, or even so much as to reproach you? Oh, you don't know a true man's heart, Nora. There is something indescribably sweet and soothing to a man in having forgiven his wife—honestly forgiven her from the bottom of his heart. She becomes his property in a double sense. She is as though born again; she has become, so to speak, at once his wife and his child. That is what you shall henceforth be to me, my bewildered, helpless darling. Don't worry about anything, Nora; only open your heart to me, and I will be both will and conscience to you. [NORA enters, crossing to table, in everyday dress.] Why, what's this? Not gone to bed? You have changed your dress?

Nora—Yes, Torvald; now I have changed my dress.

Helmer—But why now, so late?

Nora—I shall not sleep to-night.

Helmer—But, Nora dear——

Nora [looking at her watch]—It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald; you and I have much to say to each other.

[She sits on one side of the table.]

Helmer—Nora, what does this mean? Your cold, set face——

Nora—Sit down. It will take some time; I have much to talk over with you. [HELMER sits at the other side of the table.]

Helmer—You alarm me; I don't understand you.

Nora—No, that's just it. You don't understand me; and I have never understood you—till to-night. No, don't interrupt. Only listen to what I say. We must come to a final settlement, Torvald!

Helmer—How do you mean?

Nora [after a short silence]—Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer—What should strike me?

Nora—We have been married eight years. Does it not strike you that this is the first time we two, you and I, man and wife, have talked together seriously?

Helmer—Seriously! Well, what do you call seriously?

Nora—During eight whole years, and more—ever since the day we first met—we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer — Was I always to trouble you with the cares you could not help me to bear ?

Nora — I am not talking of cares. I say that we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer — Why, my dear Nora, what have you to do with serious things ?

Nora — There we have it ! You have never understood me. I have had great injustice done me, Torvald ; first by father, and then by you.

Helmer — What ! By your father and me ? — By us who have loved you more than all the world ?

Nora [*shaking her head*] — You have never loved me. You only thought it amusing to be in love with me.

Helmer — Why, Nora, what a thing to say !

Nora — Yes, it is so, Torvald. While I was at home with father, he used to tell me all his opinions, and I held the same opinions. If I had others I concealed them, because he wouldn't have liked it. He used to call me his doll child, and played with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house —

Helmer — What an expression to use about our marriage !

Nora [*undisturbed*] — I mean I passed from father's hands into yours. You settled everything according to your taste ; and I got the same tastes as you ; or I pretended to — I don't know which — both ways, perhaps. When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have done me a great wrong. It's your fault that my life has been wasted.

Helmer — Why, Nora, how unreasonable and ungrateful you are ! Haven't you been happy here ?

Nora — No, never ; I thought I was, but I never was.

Helmer — Not — not happy ?

Nora — No, only merry. And you've always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play room. Here I have been your doll wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll child. And the children, in their turn, have been my dolls. I thought it fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

Helmer — There is some truth in what you say, exaggerated and overstrained though it be. But henceforth it

shall be different. Playtime is over ; now comes the time for education.

Nora — Whose education ? Mine, or the children's ?

Helmer — Both, my dear Nora.

Nora — Oh, Torvald, you can't teach me to be a fit wife for you.

Helmer — And you say that ?

Nora — And I — am I fit to educate the children ?

Helmer — Nora !

Nora — Didn't you say yourself, a few minutes ago, you dared not trust them to me ?

Helmer — In the excitement of the moment ! Why should you dwell upon that ?

Nora — No — you were perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There's another to be solved first — I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that's why I am now leaving you !

Helmer [*jumping up*] — What — do you mean to say —

Nora — I must stand quite alone to know myself and my surroundings ; so I cannot stay with you.

Helmer — Nora ! Nora !

Nora — I am going at once. Christina will take me in for to-night —

Helmer — You are mad. I shall not allow it. I forbid it.

Nora — It's no use your forbidding me anything now. I shall take with me what belongs to me. From you I will accept nothing, either now or afterwards.

Helmer — What madness !

Nora — To-morrow I shall go home.

Helmer — Home !

Nora — I mean to what was my home. It will be easier for me to find some opening there.

Helmer — Oh, in your blind inexperience —

Nora — I must try to gain experience, Torvald.

Helmer — To forsake your home, your husband, and your children ! You don't consider what the world will say.

Nora — I can pay no heed to that ! I only know that I must do it.

Helmer — It's exasperating ! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way ?

Nora — What do you call my holiest duties ?

Helmer — Do you ask me that? Your duties to your husband and your children.

Nora — I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer — Impossible! What duties do you mean?

Nora — My duties towards myself.

Helmer — Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

Nora — That I no longer believe. I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are — or at least I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer — Are you not clear about your place in your own home? Have you not an infallible guide in questions like these? Have you not religion?

Nora — Oh, Torvald, I don't know properly what religion is.

Helmer — What do you mean?

Nora — I know nothing but what our clergyman told me when I was confirmed. He explained that religion was this and that. When I get away from here and stand alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see whether what he has taught me is true, or, at any rate, whether it is true for me.

Helmer — Oh, this is unheard of! But if religion cannot keep you right, let me appeal to your conscience — for I suppose you have some moral feeling? Or, answer me: perhaps you have none?

Nora — Well, Torvald, it's not easy to say. I really don't know — I'm all at sea about these things. I only know that I think quite differently from you about them. I hear, too, that the laws are different from what I thought; but I can't believe that they are right. It appears that a woman has no right to spare her dying father, or to save her husband's life. I don't believe that.

Helmer — You talk like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora — No, I don't. But I shall try to. I must make up my mind which is right — society or I.

Helmer — Nora, you are ill, you are feverish. I almost think you're out of your senses.

Nora — I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night.

Helmer — You are clear and certain enough to forsake husband and children?

Nora — Yes, I am.

Helmer — Then there's only one explanation possible.

Nora — What is that?

Helmer — You no longer love me.

Nora — No; that is just it.

Helmer — Nora! can you say so?

Nora — Oh, I'm so sorry, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I do not love you any longer.

Helmer [*keeping his composure with difficulty*] — Are you clear and certain on this point too?

Nora — Yes, quite. That is why I won't stay here any longer.

Helmer — And can you also make clear to me how I have forfeited your love?

Nora — Yes, I can. It was this evening, when the miracle did not happen; for then I saw you were not the man I had taken you for.

Helmer — Explain yourself more clearly; I don't understand.

Nora — I have waited so patiently all these eight years; for of course I saw clearly enough that miracles don't happen every day. When this crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself confidently, "Now comes the miracle!" When Krogstad's letter lay in the box, it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him, "Make it known to all the world;" and that then ——

Helmer — Well? When I had given my own wife's name up to disgrace and shame ——

Nora — Then I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."

Helmer — Nora!

Nora — You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle that I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

Helmer — I would gladly work for you day and night, Nora

—bear sorrow and want for your sake — but no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

Nora — Millions of women have done so.

Helmer — Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

Nora — Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over — not for me, but for yourself — when there was nothing more to fear, — then it was to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll — whom you would take twice as much care of in future, because she was so weak and fragile. [*Stands up.*] Torvald, in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children. Oh! I can't bear to think of it — I could tear myself to pieces!

Helmer [*sadly*] — I see it, I see it; an abyss has opened between us. But, *Nora*, can it never be filled up?

Nora — As I now am, I am no wife for you.

Helmer — I have strength to become another man.

Nora — Perhaps — when your doll is taken away from you.

Helmer — To part — to part from you! No, *Nora*, no; I can't grasp the thought.

Nora [*going into room, right*] — The more reason for the thing to happen.

[*She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling bag, which she puts on a chair.*]

Helmer — *Nora*, *Nora*, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

Nora [*putting on cloak*] — I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

Helmer — But can't we live here as brother and sister?

Nora [*fastening her hat*] — You know very well that wouldn't last long. Good-by, Torvald. No, I won't go to the children. I know they're in better hands than mine. As I now am, I can be nothing to them.

Helmer — But sometime, *Nora*; sometime —

Nora — How can I tell? I have no idea what will become of me.

Helmer — But you are my wife, now and always!

Nora — Listen, Torvald — when a wife leaves her husband's house, as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties towards her. At any rate, I release you from all duties. You must not feel yourself bound any

more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. There, there is your ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer — That too?

Nora — That too.

Helmer — Here it is.

Nora — Very well. Now it's all over. Here are the keys. The servants know about everything in the house, better than I do. To-morrow, when I have started, Christina will come to pack up my things. I will have them sent after me.

Helmer — All over! all over! Nora, will you never think of me again?

Nora — Oh, I shall often think of you, and the children, and this house.

Helmer — May I write to you, Nora?

Nora — No, never. You must not.

Helmer — But I must send you —

Nora — Nothing, nothing.

Helmer — I must help you if you need it.

Nora — No, I say. I take nothing from strangers.

Helmer — Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you?

Nora [*taking her traveling bag*] — Oh, Torvald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen.

Helmer — What is the miracle of miracles?

Nora — Both of us would have to change so that — Oh, Torvald, I no longer believe in miracles.

Helmer — But I will believe. We must so change that —

Nora — That communion between us shall be a marriage. Good-by. [*She goes out.*]

Helmer [*sinks in a chair by the door with his face in his hands*] — Nora! Nora! [*He looks round and stands up.*] Empty. She's gone. [*A hope inspires him.*] Ah! The miracle of miracles —

[*From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.*]

A PASTOR'S LOVE.¹

By ÉDOUARD ROD.

(From "The White Rocks": translated by J. C. Brogan.)

[ÉDOUARD ROD: A French author; born at Nyon in 1857. He studied at Berne and Berlin, and soon became recognized as a brilliant and scholarly essayist. He declined the chair of foreign literature in the University of Geneva. He subsequently established a reputation as a novelist. Among his works are: "À Propos de 'L'Assommoir'" (1879), "The Germans at Paris" (1880), "Palmyre Veulard" (1881), "La Chute de Miss Topsy" (1882), "L'Autopsie du Docteur Z——" (2d ed., 1884), "La Femme d'Henry Vanneau" (1884), "Wagner and the German Æsthetic" (1886), "La Course à la Mort" (1888), "Études sur le XIX^e Siècle" (1888), "The Meaning of Life" (1889), "Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite" (1890), "Nouvelles Romandes" (1891), "Dante" (1891), "Stendhal" (1891), "Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent" (1892), "La Sacrifiée" (1892), "La Vie Privée de Michel Tessier" (1893), "La Seconde Vie de Michel Tessier" (1894), "Le Silence" (1894), "Les Roches Blanches" (1895), "Là-Haut," (1897), and "Essai sur Goethe" (1898).]

I.

ANTOINETTE let some moments pass, as if to give him time for the enjoyment of this furtive sentiment which nothing yet tarnished. Then she answered, without allowing the softness of her voice to be impaired by the half-severity of her words:—

"We must not exaggerate; love and charity ought not to lead to criminal indulgence. I should not like you to misunderstand me. I do not excuse this unfortunate girl; I pity her; that's all. And if I take an interest in her fate, it is because I think she may be saved."

Had she, then, divined his obscure thoughts—thoughts not yet reduced to form, moving about hither and thither unseen in the deep recesses of his heart and making him already feel compassionate towards the failings of others in order to render him compassionate towards himself? He turned away his eyes without answering Mme. Massod de Bussens, and changed the conversation.

"Your household arrangements are all completed now?" she asked, after a short silence.

Trembloz hastened to enter into some details:—

"Yes, madame, our preparations did not give us much trou-

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ble. Our furniture, which was very modest, is lost in the vast apartments of the parsonage, for we have quite a fine house. And my mother absolutely insists on taking entire charge of the housekeeping. My good mother has certain habits which I should like to see her lose her liking for. But she will listen to no arguments, and I am afraid to oppose her."

"You are very fond of her?"

This question astonished him, for he had never put it to himself.

"Yes, undoubtedly," he replied.

At the same time he suddenly discovered in himself shades of sentiment of which he was ignorant. A little frightened at what he was thinking and at what he was about to say, but hurried on by the irresistible longing for absolute candor which he experienced in her presence, he glided imperceptibly down the slope of secret confidences:—

"Nevertheless, we are so different, she and I. During my childhood, during my boyhood, there was never any intimacy between us. For that matter, it was the same with my brother and sister. Sometimes I said to myself that I was a stranger to them all; I thought they did not love me."

As she was questioning him with her eyes, he continued:—

"You are surprised! But how could it be otherwise? They were toiling in the fields, and I was busy with my studies. In reality they took me for an idler, although I was generally up earlier than they in order to be at my books. They despised my labor, and accused me of despising theirs, and there was some truth in it. Every year my father threatened to put a stop to my studies, saying that I would be more useful on the farm, and I was terribly afraid he would execute his threat. Then my mother took my part; but—but she did so without showing me any affection. She was never satisfied. When I felt worn out, she would bring me books, scolding me as a lazy fellow, just like the others. She did not scold me, though, when I came out first at the examinations. She would have wished me to have all the prizes at once. In all this I could not perceive any tenderness, and I wanted tenderness so much! I read a great deal in a desultory way. My reading developed ideas, feelings, which my own people could not understand, and I was foolish enough to show this sometimes. Hence quarrels, misunderstandings. Ah! parents should never bring up their children to fill a position different from their own!"

While listening to him she was thinking of her own isolated youth, of her great longings for affection, always repressed and never yet satisfied; but she told him nothing of them, for women abandon themselves less willingly than men do to frank disclosures of this kind, which for them would be almost confessions. She was contented to enjoy in her heart these traits of resemblance between their two destinies. Then, feeling her delicacy a little ruffled by his last words, she asked:—

“It is not possible that you regret being what you are?”

“Ah, no!” he quickly exclaimed, “most certainly no! That is not what I mean. At bottom I am really grateful to my mother for what she has done for me. For I love my profession; I am devoted to it heart and soul—although I have had, like so many others, my days of discouragement, my hours of doubt.”

He was going to relate to her that painful crisis when the revolt of his spirit had for a moment dragged his conscience through the horrors of unbelief. A feeling of bashfulness restrained him. He resumed:—

“But I am speaking too much about myself, madame. I am abusing your kindness, and have taken up your attention too long. It is time I took my leave.”

“Already?”

The word had escaped from her. As if to modify it, perhaps also to prolong the pleasure this visit gave her without seeming to do so, she added:—

“Would you not like to become acquainted with our ‘campagne’? You hardly know it yet.”

He accepted. They went together through the old garden divided into beds all blooming with the flowers of spring, among them many of those old-fashioned blossoms now rarely found even in village gardens, but to which Antoinette was very partial. She told him their technical names and related their history. And he observed her as she bent over the plants and took the delicate roses between her white fingers to have them admired, herself like a flower, a human flower, in its full bloom, perfect and fresh.

They left the garden. They strolled through an alley of Persian lilacs whose lingering clusters scented the air. They crossed an orchard planted with trees in flower. They entered a little wood, the beeches of which were scarcely covered with fine tender leaves.

"This is my forest," she said. "You are going to penetrate its mysteries!"

The dead branches that strewed the path crackled under his feet.

"How pretty your 'campagne' is!" exclaimed Tremblaz. "Everything here is delicious, it is a little world in itself. You have a stream——"

"Only we are no longer in our own territory. There is no barrier, but we are in the Bois-Joli, which belongs to the commune. This makes it a little unpleasant for us on Sunday, but on other days it is just as if it belonged to ourselves, we never meet any one. And this is the part of it I prefer, so I must show it to you."

The landscape took on an almost savage appearance; pines succeeded beeches; then, in a sort of clearing, two rocks rose up above them, towering, shading with their strange forms a very old stone bench.

"They are the White Rocks," said Antoinette. As Henri looked at her as if expecting an explanation, she added:—

"You never heard of them?"

"No."

"Well, they have their legend. A legend that dates away far back to the middle ages, to the times when the country was still Catholic, when there were convents."

"Please relate it."

"I will try to."

She collected herself for a moment, and began, with some hesitation:—

"There was once a very noble lord who became a monk through disappointment in love. He entered a convent, the ruins of which you can still see not far from here. You know that at the other side of the town there was also in those times a convent of nuns. Now, one of these nuns was the woman he loved but could not marry. How did they manage to see each other again? The legend does not say—or, at least, I do not know. But it happened that the old love they believed dead awoke in their hearts. And then—then——"

She stopped, appeared to be trying to remember something for a moment, and shook her head.

"No," she said, "I am sure I do not recollect the legend well—I should spoil it. Get some one else to tell it to you."

She was troubled.

"What if we were to go on? A few steps upwards, and you have a beautiful view."

It was beautiful; beyond the trees, the eyes embraced, through the spaces between them, a large part of the lake, and then rested on a corner of the Alps, peaceful and familiar, on the rounded summits which, near Geneva, descend in billowy swells until they are confounded with the plain. The pines and beeches of the Bois-Joli formed with their boughs a fantastic frame for this landscape, which seemed some colossal picture hung in the infinite of the heavens by a sovereign master; yet, in spite of its immensity, not spoiling the familiar aspect of the silent and inclosed scene before them.

"I am very fond of this spot," murmured Mme. Massod de Bussens, stopping.

"Yes," replied Trembloz, almost unconsciously, "there is something of yourself in it."

She turned away her eyes and looked vaguely into space. So slippery already had the declivity which attracted them to each other become that their slightest words assumed a mysterious significance. The silence troubled them still more. They heard their own thoughts in it; thoughts they would not have confessed to, and which yet roamed around them, like the light air, like the odor of the damp earth, the young sap, the plants in flower.

"The air is cool," she said, shivering. "It is not right to remain standing."

They tore themselves from their thoughts. She led him back by another path, which was nearer and descended through the pines. She hurried on, as if to put a speedier end to their conversation. They did not try to speak. As they entered the orchard again, they saw one of the maids, who was searching for them. She announced that M. Leen was waiting for Mme. Massod in the garden. They hastened on, turned into the alley of the lilacs, and soon distinguished the fine profile of M. Leen, who seemed to be studying the new buds with extreme attention. Raising his head, he saw her also, and approached with hat in hand. Trembloz thought him still more the elegant and perfect gentleman than when he saw him for the first time. He experienced a kind of awkwardness and uneasiness near him, and took leave as soon as he could.

"You are not going, surely?" said Antoinette.

"Yes, madame," he replied; "I have already abused your

hospitality. Allow me to ask you to be the bearer of my compliments to M. Massod de Bussens."

He feared he was, perhaps, becoming tiresome to her, and this idea disturbed him so much that he grew pale, as if stricken by an abrupt and strong emotion.

She thanked him. Then, when he was departing after saluting M. Leen, whose clear and penetrating eye inspired him with real terror, she added : —

"I hope, monsieur, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you sometimes — often."

"If you permit me, madame."

"The more so that, as I told you, I shall need your advice in connection with my protégée — and your support, perhaps."

He bowed and turned away. As he was leaving the garden he met Rose, who was playing in the yard with Nestor. Isolated in the house, regarded with distrust by the domestics, she had very quickly made friends with the enormous dog. At this moment she was making him jump, gambol, and crouch before her ; and, with her little foot placed on the iron collar of his neck, she posed like some triumphant stage queen, rippling with bright, careless laughter as if she were the happiest of girls. Trembloz would have liked to address a few words to her, but he was so disconcerted by her levity that he avoided looking at her.

Turning round towards the garden he saw Mme. Massod de Bussens and M. Leen again, strolling arm in arm towards the entrance to the sitting room. As they had their backs to him, and, moreover, appeared to be absorbed in an animated chat, Henri observed them for some seconds ; they were walking slowly on the gravel of the alleys ; then Antoinette paused before a rosebush, selected a bud ready to bloom, and with a charming gesture offered it to her companion, who adorned his buttonhole with it at once. Trembloz felt as if something was stabbing his heart, while, with irresistible suddenness, a whole crop of frightful suspicions and poisonous thoughts sprang up within him. In the twinkling of an eye he had traversed an entire ocean of degrading suppositions ; this woman who a moment ago seemed so pure ; whose presence inspired him only with chaste rapture, in whose presence he believed his soul grew better and his heart nobler, this woman was now sullied with all the suggestions of an exasperated jealousy. Base insults rose to his lips, while a vertigo of madness made him

stagger behind the gateway he had just closed. It was a dreadful crisis, lasting a few seconds or a few minutes ; he awoke from it as from some nightmare spun out of fear and horror, but enlightened as to the storm that was gathering in the depths of his being. Then this cry burst forth from his anguish : —

“Do I love her ! My God ! do I love her !”

And he resumed his walk, crushed by the shock of this discovery, put to shame by the flashes of infamy that had just revealed it to him, stiffening his moral fibers to repel his new-born suspicions and his lax desires, then, little by little, reconquered by a great wave of gentleness that swept away all this foulness, by ideas of devotion, self-denial, and pure tenderness that soothed his wounded imagination.

II.

The evening, although a little cool, was fine, the stars were already lit in a pure, moonless sky. At the horizon the Jura outlined itself in black forms on the growing darkness. On a bench, within the porch, M. Massod de Bussens was smoking his pipe. Although discontented, he had not, however, any intention of keeping up his anger, for he attached too little importance to the words of his wife to be offended by them beyond measure. When she was going by him, he asked her without looking up : —

“Are you coming in, Antoinette?”

“No.”

“Where are you going?”

“For a walk.”

“You’ll catch cold.”

“I am not cold, monsieur.”

To avoid further conversation she went on, in among the flower beds, from which the perfume of the flowers was mounting. The air and motion were doing her good ; why not continue her walk ? She passed into the yard, called Nestor, who began frisking about her, crossed the garden again, followed, mechanically, the lilac alley, and found herself in a little wood. The damp shadows and the silence enfolded her. Although a shiver of delicious fear caressed her, she continued walking on, under the beeches, in which the wind was murmuring. Soon,

without suspecting that she had traveled so far, she found herself before the White Rocks.

The two boulders rose up, all pale, their fantastic forms taking on a mysterious aspect in the darkness, like two real statues that, though worn away by the ages, yet still keep the humanity they once possessed. Antoinette paused to contemplate them; the memory of the legend came to her as an appeal blended of all the confused and dead voices which, in all times, in all languages, have sung of sorrow and of love. But Nestor, who was running some steps in advance, barked. She saw another form rise behind the rocks, a living form this one. Although choking with genuine terror, she was able to call back her dog, and remained rooted to the ground: she had just recognized Trembloz, or guessed that it was he.

A cry escaped her.

"You? You here?"

He drew near her slowly, without answering, and yet for a moment they heard, in the silence, all that was passing within them. Then, one single idea issued from the confusion that mastered both: they wished to justify their presence, to explain their meeting. She said, in a voice the energy of which was scarcely repressed by her emotion:—

"I often take a stroll in the evening with Nestor."

And he:—

"I thought I would go out for a moment this evening; chance drew me hither."

She continued:—

"I was afraid when I saw some one there!"

They remained three paces from each other, listening to their own breathing, the only sound heard in the silence.

Very gently Trembloz asked:—

"You are no longer afraid, now?"

She could hardly stand. She stammered:—

"No—seeing that—it was you. But, all the same—I —I shall never return again!"

As if some inward force was making his words gush out in spite of him, he broke forth hoarsely and like one who was wandering in his mind:—

"I knew—you would come here—I was sure."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Be silent!"

He took a step towards her.

"Yes, I knew — my God! I didn't want to come! But I am alone. No one loves me. The world is a desert around me. And now I love you!"

She repeated, in a voice hoarser even than his: —

"Be silent!"

He continued: —

"Yes, I will be silent. What is the good of anything further, now! You know — you know."

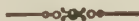
She turned away. He stretched out his hands to her without approaching any nearer.

"Do not fly from me! Pardon me! Oh! I beseech you, do not be angry! What have you to fear? I have no thought of evil. Let me only think of you. Stay! I will never again return to the Tilleuls, if you desire it! I wish only to see you, with the rest, sometimes ——"

She interrupted him: —

"Do not say any more, I beg of you! We must never see each other again! Never! Farewell!"

She turned away hastily. He saw her dark form disappear behind the trees. For a moment yet, he listened to her light footsteps flying along the path. Then he sank down in a heap, stifling the cry that swelled his breast, at the foot of the Rocks, dumb and cold, whatever the nature of the secret they might be keeping.



PILATE AND THE CRUCIFIXION.¹

By DEAN FARRAR.

(From "The Life of Christ.")

[FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR: Dean of Canterbury; born at Bombay, India, August 7, 1831. He was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, taking several prizes during his university courses. He was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1857; taught school at Marlborough and Harrow (1854-1876); was canon of Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster (1876-1895), and archdeacon of Westminster (1883-1895). In 1895 he was made dean of Canterbury. His writings are very numerous, and include: "The Arctic Region" (1852), "Lyrics of Life" (1859), "The Life of Christ" (1874; 12th ed. in the same year), "In the days of thy Youth" (1876), "The Life and Work of St. Paul" (1879), "The Early Days of Christianity" (1882), "The History of

¹ From "The Life of Christ," by Dean Farrar. Price 7s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
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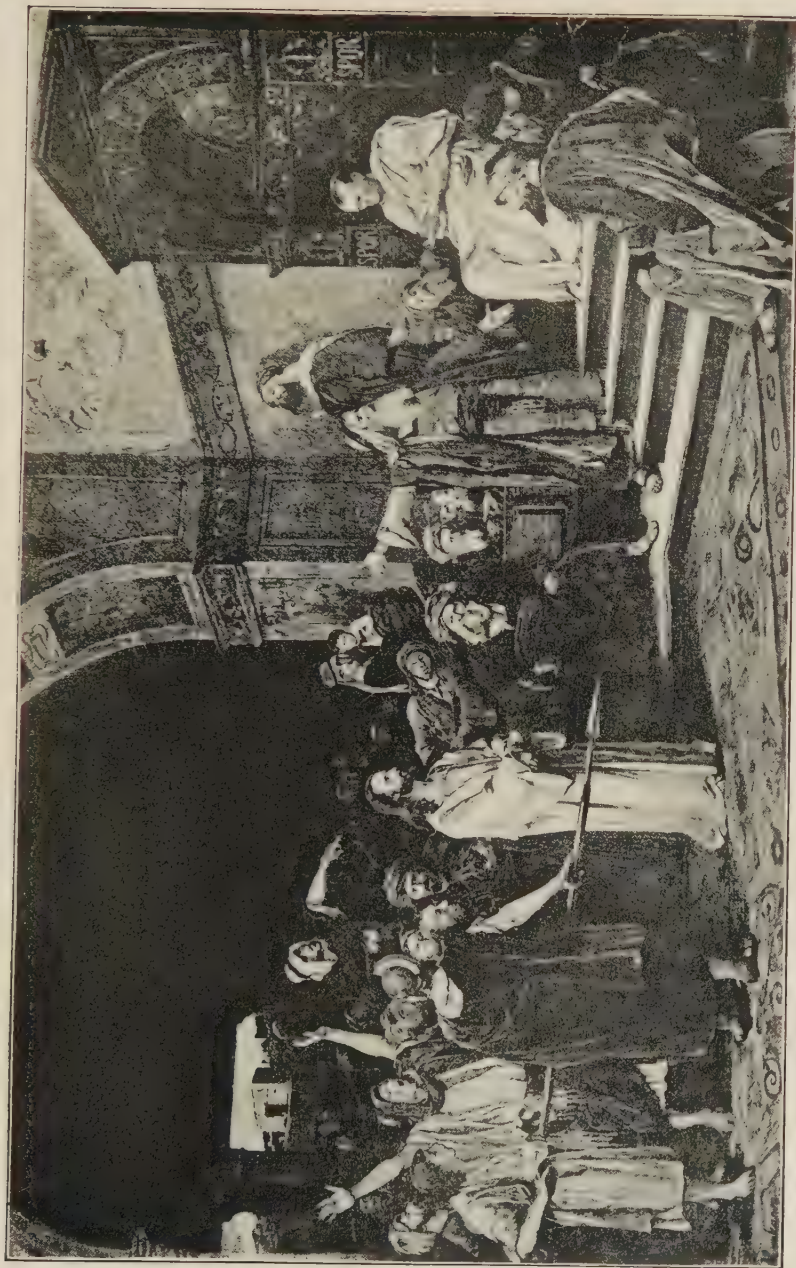
Interpretation" (1886), "The Minor Prophets" (1890), "Darkness and Dawn" (1891), "The Life of Christ as represented in Art" (1894), "Gathering Clouds" (1895), and "Westminster Abbey" (1897).]

PILATE broke forth with that involuntary exclamation which has thrilled with emotion so many million hearts—

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

But his appeal only woke a fierce outbreak of the scream, "Crucify! crucify!" The mere sight of Him, even in this His unspeakable shame and sorrow, seemed to add fresh fuel to their hate. In vain the heathen soldier appeals for humanity to the Jewish priest; no heart throbbed with responsive pity; no voice of compassion broke that monotonous yell of "Crucify!"—the howling refrain of their wild "liturgy of death." The Roman who had shed blood like water, on the field of battle, in open massacre, in secret assassination, might well be supposed to have an icy and a stony heart; but yet icier and stonier was the heart of those scrupulous hypocrites and worldly priests. "Take ye Him, and crucify Him," said Pilate in utter disgust, "for I find no fault in Him." What an admission from a Roman judge! "So far as I can see, He is wholly innocent; yet if you *must* crucify Him, take Him and crucify. I cannot approve of, but I will readily connive at, your violation of the law." But even this wretched guilty subterfuge is not permitted him. Satan will have from his servants the full tale of their crimes, and the sign manual of their own willing assent at last. What the Jews want—what the Jews *will have*—is *not* tacit connivance, but absolute sanction. They see their power. They see that this blood-stained Governor dares not hold out against them; they know that the Roman statecraft is tolerant of concessions to local superstition. Boldly, therefore, they fling to the winds all question of a political offense, and with all their hypocritical pretenses calcined by the heat of their passion, they shout, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself a Son of God."

A Son of God! The notion was far less strange and repulsive to a heathen than to a Jew; and this word, unheard before, startled Pilate with the third omen which made him tremble at the crime into which he was being dragged by guilt and fear. Once more, leaving the yelling multitude without, he takes Jesus with him into the quiet Judgment Hall, and—"*jam pro sua conscientia Christianus,*" as Tertullian so finely ob-



CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

From a painting by M. Munkacsy

serves — asks Him in awe-struck accents, “Whence art Thou?” Alas! it was too late to answer now. Pilate was too deeply committed to his gross cruelty and injustice; for *him* Jesus had spoken enough already; for the wild beasts who raged without, He had no more to say. He did not answer. Then, almost angrily, Pilate broke out with the exclamation, “Dost Thou not speak even *to me*? Dost Thou not know that I have power to set Thee free, and have power to crucify Thee?” Power — how so? Was justice nothing, then? truth nothing? innocence nothing? conscience nothing? In the reality of things Pilate had *no* such power; even in the arbitrary sense of the tyrant it was an idle boast, for at this very moment he was letting “I dare not” wait upon “I would.” And Jesus pitied the hopeless bewilderment of this man, whom guilt had changed from a ruler into a slave. Not taunting, not confuting him — nay, even extenuating rather than aggravating his sin — Jesus gently answered, “Thou hast no power against Me whatever, had it not been given thee from above; therefore he that betrayed Me to thee hath the greater sin.” Thou art indeed committing a great crime — but Judas, Annas, Caiaphas, these priests and Jews, are more to blame than thou. Thus, with infinite dignity, and yet with infinite tenderness, did Jesus judge His judge. In the very depths of his inmost soul Pilate felt the truth of the words — silently acknowledged the superiority of his bound and lacerated victim. All that remained in him of human and of noble —

Felt how awful Goodness is, and Virtue,
In her shape how lovely; felt and mourned
His fall.

All of his soul that was not eaten away by pride and cruelty thrilled back an unwonted echo to these few calm words of the Son of God. Jesus had condemned his sin, and so far from being offended, the judgment only deepened his awe of this mysterious Being, whose utter impotence seemed grander and more awful than the loftiest power. From that time Pilate was even yet more anxious to save Him. With all his conscience in a tumult, for the third and last time he mounted his tribunal, and made one more desperate effort. He led Jesus forth, and looking at Him as He stood silent and in agony, but calm, on that shining Gabbatha, above the brutal agitations of the multitude, he said to those frantic rioters, as with a flash of

genuine conviction, "BEHOLD YOUR KING!" But to the Jews it sounded like shameful scorn to call that beaten insulted Sufferer their King. A darker stream mingled with the passions of the raging, swaying crowd. Among the shouts of "Crucify," ominous threatenings began for the first time to be mingled. It was now nine o'clock, and for nearly three hours had they been raging and waiting there. The name of Cæsar began to be heard in wrathful murmurs. "Shall I crucify your King?" he had asked, venting the rage and soreness of his heart in taunts on *them*. "*We have no king but Cæsar,*" answered the Sadducees and Priests, flinging to the winds every national impulse and every Messianic hope. "If thou let this man go," shouted the mob again and again, "thou art not *Cæsar's* friend. Every one who tries to make himself a king speaketh against *Cæsar.*" And at that dark terrible name of Cæsar, Pilate trembled. It was a name to conjure with. It mastered him. He thought of that terrible implement of tyranny, the accusation of *læsa majestas*, into which all other charges merged, which had made confiscation and torture so common, and had caused blood to flow like water in the streets of Rome. He thought of Tiberius, the aged gloomy Emperor, then hiding at Capræ his ulcerous features, his poisonous suspicions, his sick infamies, his desperate revenge. At this very time he had been maddened into a yet more sanguinary and misanthropic ferocity by the detected falsity and treason of his only friend and minister, Sejanus, and it was to Sejanus himself that Pilate is said to have owed his position. There might be secret delators in that very mob. Panic-stricken, the unjust judge, in obedience to his own terrors, consciously betrayed the innocent victim to the anguish of death. He who had so often prostituted justice, was now unable to achieve the one act of justice which he desired. He who had so often murdered pity, was now forbidden to taste the sweetness of a pity for which he longed. He who had so often abused authority, was now rendered impotent to exercise it, for once, on the side of right. Truly for him, sin had become its own Erinnys, and his pleasant vices had been converted into the instrument of his punishment!

THOUGHTS IN THE CLOISTER AND THE CROWD.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

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THE world will find out that part of your character which concerns it: that which especially concerns yourself, it will leave for you to discover.

The third dimension is best. The professor at first encourages the amateur, then when the amateur proves superior to the professor, he is hated; finally widely acknowledged merit compels the professor to join in the applause.

Men of genius, who possess great sensitiveness as well as imagination, too frequently allow their feelings to override their judgment and so bring disaster to their material affairs. They should above all things beware of this lockjaw of the mind that puts their judgment in a strait-jacket.

The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is not so short as the step from the confused to the sublime in the minds of most people, for the want of a proper standard of comparison. We always believe the clouds to be much higher than they really are, until we see them resting on the shoulders of the mountains.

A friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ridiculous position. Some may deny such a test, saying that if a man have a keen sense of the ridiculous, he cannot help being amused, even though his friend be the subject of ridicule. No, — your friend is one who ought to sympathize with you, and not with the multitude.

You cannot expect that a friend should be like the atmos-

phere, which confers all manner of benefits upon you, and without which indeed it would be impossible to live, but at the same time is never in your way.

It would often be as well to condemn a man unheard as to condemn him upon the reasons which he openly avows for any course of action.

The apparent foolishness of others is but too frequently our own ignorance, or, what is much worse, it is the direct measure of our own tyranny.

When the subtle man fails in deceiving those around him, they are loud in their reproaches ; when he succeeds in deceiving his own conscience, it is silent. The last is not the least misfortune, for it were better to make many enemies than to silence one such friend.

It is quite impossible to understand the character of a person from one action, however striking that action may be.

The youngest mathematician knows that one point is insufficient to determine a straight line, much less anything so curvelike as the character even of the most simple and upright of mankind.

If you are obliged to judge from a single action, let it not be a striking one.

Men rattle their chains—to manifest their freedom.

The failure of many of our greatest men in their early career—a fact on which the ignorant and weak are fond of vainly leaning for support—is a very interesting subject for consideration.

The rebelliousness of great natures is a good phrase, but I fear it will not entirely satisfy all our questionings. It has been said that if we could, with our limited capacities and muffled souls, compare this life and the future, and retain the impression, that our daily duties here would be neglected, and that all below would become “weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable.” Now may not the pursuit of any particular study or worldly aim become to the far-seeing genius disgusting in the same way? May he not be like one on a lofty rock, who can behold and comprehend all the objects in the distance, can thence discover the true path that leadeth to the glad city, but, from his very position, cannot without great pain and danger scrutinize the ground immediately under him? Many fail

from the extent of their views. "Nevertheless," as Bacon says, "I shall yield, that he that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty."

There is another cause of failure that has not often been contemplated. The object may be too eagerly desired ever to be obtained. Its importance, even if it be important, may too often be presented to the mind. The end may always appear so clearly defined that the aspirant, forgetting the means that are necessary, forgetting the distance that must intervene, is forever stretching out his hand to grasp that which is not yet within his power. The calm exercise of his faculties is prevented, the habit of concentrating his attention is destroyed, and one form under a thousand aspects disturbs his diseased imagination. The unhappy sailor thinks upon his home, and the smiling fields, and the village church, until he sees them forever pictured in the deep, and with folded arms he continues to gaze, incapable alike of thought or action. This disease is called the calenture. *There is an intellectual calenture.*

Few have wished for memory so much as they have longed for forgetfulness.

Perhaps it is the secret thought of many, that an ardent love of power and wealth, however culpable in itself, is nevertheless a proof of superior sagacity. But in answer to this, it has been well remarked that even a child can clench its little hand the moment it is born; and if they imagine that the successful at any rate must be sagacious, let them remember the saying of a philosopher, *that the meanest reptiles are found at the summit of the loftiest pillars.*

The Pyramids! What a lesson to those who desire a name in the world does the fate of these restless, brick-piling monarchs afford! Their names are not known, and the only hope for them is that by the labors of some cruelly industrious antiquarian they may at last become more *definite* objects of contempt.

We talk of early prejudices, or the prejudices of religion, of position, of education; but in truth we only mean the prejudices of others. It is by the observation of trivial matters that the wise learn the influence of prejudice over their own minds at all times, and the wonderfully molding power which those

minds possess in making all things around conform to the idea of the moment. Let a man but note how often he has seen likenesses where no resemblance exists; admired ordinary pictures, because he thought they were from the hands of celebrated masters; delighted in the commonplace observations of those who had gained a reputation for wisdom; laughed where no wit was; and he will learn with humility to make allowance for the effect of prejudice in others.

In a quarrel between two friends, if one of them, even the injured one, were, in the retirement of his chamber, to consider himself as the hired advocate of the other at the court of wronged friendship; and were to omit all the facts which told in his own favor, to exaggerate all that could possibly be said against himself, and to conjure up from his imagination a few circumstances of the same tendency; he might with little effort make a good case for his former friend. Let him be assured that whatever the most skillful advocate could say, his poor friend really believes and feels; and then, instead of wondering at the insolence of such a traitor walking about in open day, he will pity his friend's delusion, have some gentle misgivings as to the exact propriety of his own conduct, and perhaps sue for an immediate reconciliation.

There are often two characters of a man — that which is believed in by people in general, and that which he enjoys among his associates. It is supposed, but vainly, that the latter is always a more accurate approximation to the truth, whereas in reality it is often a part which he performs to admiration; while the former is the result of certain minute traits, certain inflections of voice and countenance, which cannot be discussed, but are felt as it were instinctively by his domestics and by the outer world. The impressions arising from these slight circumstances he is able to efface from the minds of his constant companions, or from habit they have ceased to observe them.

We are pleased with one who instantly assents to our opinions; but we love a proselyte.

The accomplished hypocrite does not exercise his skill upon every possible occasion for the sake of acquiring facility in the use of his instruments. In all unimportant matters, who is more just, more upright, more candid, more honorable?

Those who are successfully to lead their fellow-men should

have once possessed the nobler feelings. We have all known individuals whose magnanimity was not likely to be troublesome on any occasion ; but then they betrayed their own interests by unwisely omitting the consideration that such feelings might exist in the breasts of those whom they had to guide and govern : for they themselves cannot even remember the time when in their eyes justice appeared preferable to expediency, the happiness of others to self-interest, or the welfare of a state to the advancement of a party.

The ear is an organ of finer sensibility than the eye, according to the measurement of philosophers.

Remember this, ye diplomatists : there are some imperturbable countenances, but a skillful ear will almost infallibly detect guile.

It is a shallow mind that suspects or rejects an offered kindness because it is unable to discover the motive. It would have been as wise for the Egyptians to have scorned the pure waters of the Nile, because they were not quite certain about the source of that mighty river.

Misery appears to improve the intellect, but this is only because it dismisses fear.

Intellectual powers may dignify, but cannot diminish, our sorrows ; and when the feelings are wounded, and the soul is disquieted within you, to seek comfort from purely intellectual employments is but to rest upon a staff which pierces rather than supports.

When your friend is suffering under great affliction, either be entirely silent, or offer none but the most common topics of consolation. For in the first place they are the best ; and also from their commonness they are easily understood. Extreme grief will not pay attention to any new thing.

When we consider the incidents of former days, and perceive, while reviewing the long line of causes, how the most important events of our lives originated in the most trifling circumstances ; how the beginning of our greatest happiness or greatest misery is to be attributed to a delay, to an accident, to a mistake ; we learn a lesson of profound humility. This is the irony of life.

The irony of a little child and its questions, at times how bitter!

Eccentric people are never loved for their eccentricities.

What is called firmness, is often nothing more than confirmed self-love.

Many know how to please, but know not when they have ceased to give pleasure. The same in arguing : they never lead people to a conclusion and permit them to draw it for themselves ; being unaware that most persons, if they had but placed one brick in a building, are interested in the progress, and boast of the success of a work in which they have been *so materially engaged*.

There is an honesty which is but decided selfishness in disguise. The man who will not refrain from expressing his sentiments and manifesting his feelings, however unfit the time, however inappropriate the place, however painful to others this expression may be, lays claim forsooth to our approbation as an honest man, and sneers at those of finer sensibility as hypocrites.

Do not mistake energy for enthusiasm ; the softest speakers are often the most enthusiastic of men.

The best commentary upon any work of literature is a faithful life of the author. And one reason, among many, why it must always be so advantageous to read the works of the illustrious dead is that their lives are more fairly written, and their characters better understood.

It may appear to an unthinking person that the life, perhaps an obtrusive one, of the man who has devoted himself to abstract and speculative subjects can be of no very considerable importance. But it is far otherwise. For instance, if Locke had never been engaged in the affairs of this world, would his biography have been of no importance if it had only informed us that for many years he devoted himself to the study of medicine? Are there no passages in his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," which such a fact tends to elucidate? Or is it not, in reality, the clew to a right understanding of all his metaphysical writings?

How often does a single anecdote reveal the real motive

which prompted an author to write a particular work, and the influence of which is visible in every page! “When I returned from Spain by Paris (says Lord Clarendon), Mr. Hobbes frequently came to me and told me his book—which he would call ‘Leviathan’—was then printing in England, and that he received every week a sheet to correct, of which he showed me one or two sheets, and thought it would be finished within little more than a month; and showed me the epistle to Mr. Godolphin, which he meant to set before it, and read it to me, and concluded that he knew, when I read his book, I would not like it, and thereupon mentioned some of his conclusions. Upon which I asked him why he would publish such doctrine; to which, after a discourse between jest and earnest upon the subject, he said, ‘*The truth is, I have a mind to go home.*’” Perhaps this anecdote may explain many hard sayings in the “Leviathan.”

It is worthy of remark that “The Prince” is now supposed to have been written solely from a wish to please the ruling powers, as appears in a private letter from Macchiavelli to his friend the Florentine ambassador at the Papal court, which was discovered at Rome, and first published to the world in 1810, by Ridolfi. In this letter Macchiavelli says that his work ought to be agreeable to a prince, and especially to a prince lately raised to power; and that he himself cannot continue to live as he was then living, without becoming contemptible through poverty. And also, in his dedication to Lorenzo de’ Medici, after having said that subjects understand the disposition of princes best, as it is necessary to descend into the plains to consider the nature of the mountains, he thus concludes—“And if your Magnificence from the very point of your highness will sometimes cast your eyes upon those inferior places, you will see how undeservedly I undergo an extreme and continual despite of fortune.”

After this we are not so much astonished at finding the following gentle admonition: “Let a prince therefore take the surest courses he can to maintain his life and state; the means will always be thought honorable, and be commended by every one.”

Some of our law maxims are admirable rules of conduct. If, in spite of the censorious calumny of the world, we considered “a man innocent until he were proved guilty,” or if,

in our daily thoughts, words, and actions, we did but "give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt," what much better Christians we should become.

It is an error to suppose that no man understands his own character. Most persons know even their failings very well, only they persist in giving them names different from those usually assigned by the rest of the world ; and they compensate for this mistake by naming, at first sight, with singular accuracy, these very same failings in others.

Men love to contradict their general character. Thus a man is of a gloomy and suspicious temperament, is deemed by all morose, and ere long finds out the general opinion. He then suddenly deviates into some occasional acts of courtesy. Why? Not because he ought, not because his nature is changed ; but because he dislikes being thoroughly understood. He will not be the *thing* whose behavior on any occasion the most careless prophet can with certainty foretell.

When we see the rapid motions of insects at evening, we exclaim, how happy they must be!—so inseparably are activity and happiness connected in our minds.

The most enthusiastic man in a cause is rarely chosen as the leader.

We have some respect for one who, if he tramples on the feelings of others, tramples on his own with equal apparent indifference.

It is frequently more safe to ridicule a man personally than to decry the order to which he belongs. Every man has made up his mind about his own merits ; but, like the unconvinced believers in religion, he will not listen with patience to any doubts upon a subject which he himself would be most unwilling to investigate.

The opinion which a person gives of any book is frequently not so much a test of his intellect or his taste, as it is of the extent of his reading. An indifferent work may be joyfully welcomed by one who has neither had time nor opportunity to form a literary taste. It is from comparisons between different parts of the same book that you must discover the depth and judgment of an uncultivated mind.

"It is my opinion," says Herodotus, "that the Nile over-

flows in the summer season, because in the winter the sun, driven by the storms from his usual course, ascends into the higher regions of the air above Libya." Many a man will smile at the delightful simplicity of the historian, and still persevere in dogmatizing about subjects upon which he does not even possess information enough to support him in hazarding a conjecture.

It is not in the solar spectrum only that the least warmth is combined with the deepest color.

How often we should stop in the pursuit of folly, if it were not for the difficulties that continually beckon us onwards.

Simple Ignorance has in its time been complimented by the names of most of the vices, and of all the virtues.

No man ever praised two persons *equally* — and pleased them both.

A keen observer of mankind has said that "to aspire is to be alone": he might have extended his aphorism — to think deeply upon any subject is indeed to be alone.

In the world of mind, as in that of matter, we always occupy a position. He who is continually changing his point of view will see more, and that too more clearly, than one who, statue-like, forever stands upon the same pedestal, however lofty and well placed that pedestal may be.

Some people are too foolish to commit follies.

The knowledge of others which experience gives us is of slight value when compared with that which we obtain from having proved the inconstancy of our own desires.

The world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives.

It is a weak thing to tell half your story, and then ask your friend's advice — a still weaker thing to take it.

How to gain the advantages of society, without at the same time losing ourselves, is a question of no slight difficulty. The wise man often follows the crowd at a little distance, in order that he may not come suddenly upon it, nor become entangled with it, and that he may with some means of amusement maintain a clear and quiet pathway.

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Not a few are willing to shelter their folly behind the respectability of downright vice.

We are frequently understood the least by those who have known us the longest.

The reasons which any man offers to you for his own conduct betray his opinion of your character.

If you are very often deceived by those around you, you may be sure that you deserve to be deceived ; and that instead of railing at the general falseness of mankind, you have first to pronounce judgment on your own jealous tyranny, or on your own weak credulity. Those only who can bear the truth will hear it.

The wisest maxims are not those which fortify us against the deceit of others.

Very subtle-minded persons often complain that their friends fall from them ; and these complaints are not altogether unjust. One reason of this is that they display so much dialectic astuteness on every occasion, that their friends feel certain that such men, however unjustifiably they may behave, will always be able to justify themselves to themselves. Now we mortals are strangely averse to loving those who are never in the wrong, and much more those who are always ready to prove themselves in the right.

You cannot insure the gratitude of others for a favor conferred upon them in the way which is most agreeable to yourself.

How singularly mournful it is to observe in the conversation or writings of a very superior man and original thinker, homely, if not commonplace, expressions about the vanity of human wishes, the mutability of this world, the weariness of life. It seems as if he felt that his own bitter experience had taken away the triteness from that which is nevertheless so trite ; as if he thought it were needless to seek fine phrases, and as idle a mockery as it would be to gild an instrument of torture.

It must be a very weary day to the youth, when he first discovers that after all he will only become a man.

It is unwise for a great man to reason as if others were like

him : it is much more unwise to treat them as if they were very different.

Men are ruined by the exceptions to their general rules of action. This may seem a mockery, but it is nevertheless a fact to be observed in the records of history, as well as in the trivial occurrences of daily life. One who is habitually dark and deceptive commits a single act of confidence, and his subtle schemes are destroyed forever. His first act of extravagance ruins the cautious man. The coward is brave for a moment, and dies ; the hero wavers for the first — and the last time.

Some persons are insensible to flattering words ; but who can resist the flattery of modest imitation ?

An inferior demon is not a great man, as some writers would fain persuade us.

The world would be in a more wretched state than it is at present, if riches and honors were distributed according to merit alone. It is the complaint of the wisest of men, that he “ returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill ; but time and chance happeneth to them all.” But if it were otherwise, if bread were indeed the portion of the wise, then the hungry would have something to lament over more severe even than the pangs of hunger. The belief that merit is generally neglected forms the secret consolation of almost every human being, from the mightiest prince to the meanest peasant. Divines have contended that the world would cease to be a place of trial if a system of impartial distribution according to merit were adopted. This is true, for it would then be a place of punishment.

There is no power in the wisdom of the insincere.

Conviction never abides without a welcome from the heart.

It is necessary to be decisive ; not because deliberate counsel would never improve your designs, but because the foolish and the unthinking will certainly act if there be but a moment’s pause.

The practical man — an especial favorite in this age — often takes the field with his single fact against a great principle, in

the reckless spirit of one who would not hesitate to sever the thread on which he is unable to string his own individual pearl — perhaps a false one — even though he should scatter many jewels worthy of a prince's diadem.

Even the meanest are mighty to do evil.

If there is any one quality of the mind in which the really great have conspired, as it were, to surpass other men, it is moral courage. He who possesses this quality may sometimes be made a useful tool or a ready sacrifice in the hands of crafty statesmen; but let him be the chief, and not the subordinate, give him the field, grant him the opportunity, and his name will not deserve to be unwritten in the records of his country. When such a man perceives that if he fail, every one will be able to understand the risk that has been incurred; but that if he succeed, no one will estimate the danger that has silently been overcome; he bows, nevertheless, to the supreme dictates of his own judgment, regardless alike of the honors of his own age, and the praises of posterity.

It requires some moral courage to disobey, and yet there have been occasions when obedience would have been defeat.

But it is not only in the council, in the senate, in the field, that its merits are so preëminent. In private life, what daily deceit would be avoided, what evils would be remedied, if men did but possess more moral courage! — not that false image of it which proceeds from a blind and inconsiderate rashness, from an absence both of forethought and imagination; but that calm reliance on the decisions of reason, that carelessness of the undeserved applause of our neighbor, which will induce the great man to act according to his own informed judgment, and not according to the opinions of those who will not know, and who could never appreciate his motives.

Feeble applause may arise from a keen and fastidious sense of the slightest imperfection; but it is more frequently to be attributed to an inadequate notion of the dangers which have been avoided, and the difficulties which have been overcome.

The trifling of a great man is never trivial.

When two disputants relinquish a discussion, each apparently more convinced by his adversary's arguments of the goodness of his own cause, we imagine that debates of this

kind can produce no beneficial effect. We are mistaken : after a well-fought battle both parties send their herald to claim a victory, but under cover of night the vanquished will find out their defeat and retire in silence to their ships.

It is difficult to discover the estimation in which one man holds another's powers of mind by seeing them together. The soundest intellect and the keenest wit will sometimes shrink at the vivacity, and pay an apparent deference to the energy, of mere cleverness ; as Faust, when overcome by loud sophistry, exclaims, "He who is determined to be right, and has but a tongue, will be right undoubtedly."

You wonder that your friend listens with such patience to your catalogue of his peculiar faults and vices ; while he thinks that you are but enumerating those distinctions which separate him from the multitude, and is somewhat flattered at finding himself an object of your continual attention.

He who, after considering the merits of a system, turns instantly to the attack upon it, does not always pursue the most judicious mode for the discovery of truth or the detection of error ; and moreover, he does not allow his own mind sufficient influence. Perhaps the mind from its manifold stores would have added strength to the system. Perhaps it would have detected the fallacy without having recourse to the arguments advanced against it by others. The most fatal bigotry may certainly be produced by reading only one side of a question, but at the same time it is not altogether wise to treat the intellect as a mere court of justice, and always to bring the accuser and the accused immediately to confront one another.

It is not to be forgotten that two waves of light may interfere in such a manner as to produce total darkness.

Wretched indeed is the mental state of that man who, by a strange fatality, is doomed to perceive the reflection of his own weak and inconclusive nature in all the works of others ; and seeing that, and that only, scatters his censure with lavish profusion, in the vain hope that he is manifesting his own intellectual superiority.

You may be forgiven for an injury which, when made known to the world, will render you alone the object of its ridicule.

When a subtle distinction is drawn between two characters, those who can discern its nature, in their delight at an intellectual triumph, will often neglect to perceive the injustice of its application.

There are many who do not perceive that in the endeavor to remove those ornaments which in their opinion conceal and finally subdue the best qualities of the heart, they are destroying the strongest aids to virtue. Romance, refinement, sensibility, are terms which of themselves will always provoke the idle laughter of the selfish, the coarse, and the hard-hearted. But it is vexatious to behold the real friends of virtue priding themselves on their strength of mind, and joining with the worldly and the hard-hearted to decry that which often immediately proceeds from principles which they themselves would desire to see established, and acting upon which they have undertaken so perilous an enterprise with such unworthy allies. I know it may be said that it is against the excess that their ridicule is directed. But let them feel certain that an intercourse with the world will destroy all that they would wish to be destroyed—and, alas! much more; and that they will never have cause to reproach their consciences with any omission in this matter.

It were certainly charitable, and perhaps just, to suppose that it is in their haste to regain the paths of innocence, that the guilty so often add stupidity to guilt.

If there is any one thing in which wisdom is preëminently conspicuous, it is in the wonderful ease with which its possessor is enabled to set apart the materials from which a correct opinion may be formed. The fool perceives one circumstance, and cannot withhold his facile judgment. The man who suffers under prudence without wisdom, collects a vast body of disorderly facts which only serve to perplex his wearied understanding. That power of giving the best advice on sudden emergencies, and of conjecturing with felicity about future events, which the historian ascribes to Themistocles, and which might have been ascribed to Cæsar, and perhaps to Bonaparte, is mainly to be attributed to their avoiding these opposite errors of foolish prudence and imprudent folly.

Few will at first be pleased with those thoughts which are

entirely new to them, and which, if true, they feel to be truths which they should never have discovered for themselves.

Perhaps if the power of becoming beautiful were granted to the ugliest of mankind, he would only wish to be so changed that, when changed, he might be considered a very handsome likeness of his former self.

BEHIND THE VEIL.¹

(From "In Memoriam," by Alfred Tennyson.)

ON yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

 That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete;

 That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

 Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

 So runs my dream: but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
 And with no language but a cry.

 The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

 Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life;

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That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shrieked against his creed —

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

SCENES FROM "COUSIN PONS."¹

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the greatest of French novelists, was born at Tours in 1799, educated at the Collège de Vendôme, and studied law; then retired to a Paris garret to write novels in the most miserable poverty for years, before he won the least public attention. Ten years later he had become famous, though not prosperous. In 1848 he married a Polish lady whom he had long loved, and just as he was beginning to have an easy life he died, August 18, 1850. His novels are very numerous; most of them were grouped by him as a "Comédie Humaine," which was to comprise all sides of life. Some of the best known are "Eugénie Grandet," "César Birotteau," "Père Goriot," "Lost Illusions," "The Woman of Thirty," "The Poor Relations," "The Last Chouan" (his first success), "La Peau de Chagrin," "The Search for the Absolute," and "The Country Doctor."]

I. THE CONSPIRACY.

THERE was a pause. Pons was too weak to say more. La Cibot took the opportunity and tapped her head significantly. "Do not contradict him," she said to Schmucke; "it would kill him."

Pons gazed into Schmucke's honest face. "And she says that you sent her ——" he continued.

"Yes," Schmucke affirmed heroically. "It had to be. Hush! — let us save your life. It is absurd to work and train your strength if you have a treasure. Get better; we will sell some piece-à-pièce and end our days quietly in a corner somewhere, with kind Montame Zipod."

"She has perverted you," moaned Pons.

Mme. Cibot had taken up her station behind the bed to make signals unobserved. Pons thought that she had left the room. "She is murdering me," he added.

"What is that? I am murdering you, am I?" cried La Cibot, suddenly appearing, hand on hips and eyes aflame. "I am as faithful as a dog, and this is all I get! God Almighty! ——"

She burst into tears and dropped down into the great chair, a tragical movement which wrought a most disastrous revulsion in Pons.

"Very good," she said, rising to her feet. The woman's malignant eyes looked poison and bullets at the two friends. "Very good. Nothing that I can do is right here, and I am tired of slaving my life out. You shall take a nurse."

¹ By permission of J. M. Dent & Co.

Pons and Schmucke exchanged glances in dismay.

"Oh! you may look at each other like actors. I mean it. I shall ask Dr. Poulain to find a nurse for you. And now we will settle accounts. You shall pay me back the money that I have spent on you, and that I would never have asked you for, I that have gone to M. Pillerault to borrow another five hundred francs of him —"

"It ees his illness!" cried Schmucke—he sprang to Mme. Cibot and put an arm round her waist—"haf batiencie."

"As for you, you are an angel, I could kiss the ground you tread upon," said she. "But M. Pons never liked me, he always hated me. Besides, he thinks perhaps that I want to be mentioned in his will —"

"Hush! you vill kill him!" cried Schmucke.

"Good-by, sir," said La Cibot, with a withering look at Pons. "You may keep well for all the harm I wish you. When you can speak to me pleasantly, when you can believe that what I do is done for the best, I will come back again. Till then I shall stay in my own room. You were like my own child to me; did anybody ever see a child revolt against its mother? . . . No, no, M. Schmucke, I do not want to hear more. I will bring you *your* dinner and wait upon *you*, but you must take a nurse. Ask M. Poulain about it."

And out she went, slamming the door after her so violently that the precious, fragile objects in the room trembled. To Pons in his torture, the rattle of china was like the final blow dealt by the executioner to a victim broken on the wheel.

An hour later La Cibot called to Schmucke through the door, telling him that his dinner was waiting for him in the dining room. She would not cross the threshold. Poor Schmucke went out to her with a haggard, tear-stained face.

"Mein boor Bons is vandering," said he; "he says dat you are ein pad voman. It ees his illness," he added hastily, to soften La Cibot and excuse his friend.

"Oh, I have had enough of his illness! Look here, he is neither father, nor husband, nor brother, nor child of mine. He has taken a dislike to me; well and good, that is enough! As for you, you see, I would follow *you* to the end of the world; but when a woman gives her life, her heart, and all her savings, and neglects her husband (for here has Cibot fallen ill), and then hears that she is a bad woman—it is coming it rather too strong, it is."

"Too sthrong?"

"Too strong, yes. Never mind idle words. Let us come to the facts. As to that, you owe me for three months at a hundred and ninety francs — that is five hundred and seventy francs; then there is the rent that I have paid twice (here are the receipts), six hundred more, including rates and the sou in the franc for the porter — something under twelve hundred francs altogether, and with the two thousand francs besides — without interest, mind you — the total amounts to three thousand one hundred and ninety-two francs. And remember that you will want at least two thousand francs before long for the doctor, and the nurse, and the medicine, and the nurse's board. That was why I borrowed a thousand francs of M. Pillerault," and with that she held up Gaudissart's bank note.

It may readily be conceived that Schmucke listened to this reckoning with amazement, for he knew about as much of business as a cat knows of music.

"Montame Zipod," he expostulated, "Bons haf lost his head. Bardon him, und nurse him as pefore, und pe our profidence; I peg it of you on mine knees," and he knelt before La Cibot and kissed the tormentor's hands.

La Cibot raised Schmucke and kissed him on the forehead. "Listen, my lamb," said she; "here is Cibot ill in bed; I have just sent for Dr. Poulain. So I ought to set my affairs in order. And what is more, Cibot saw me crying, and flew into such a passion that he will not have me set foot in here again. It is *he* who wants the money; it is his, you see. We women can do nothing when it comes to that. But if you let him have his money back again — the three thousand two hundred francs — he will be quiet, perhaps. Poor man, it is his all, earned by the sweat of his brow, the savings of twenty-six years of life together. He must have his money to-morrow; there is no getting round him. — You do not know Cibot; when he is angry he would kill a man. Well, I might perhaps get leave of him to look after you both as before. Be easy. I will just let him say anything that comes into his head. I will bear it all for love of you, an angel as you are."

"No, I am ein boor man, dot lof his friend und would gif his life to save him —"

"But the money?" broke in La Cibot. "My good M. Schmucke, let us suppose that you pay me nothing; you will want three thousand francs, and where are they to come from?"

Upon my word, do you know what I should do in your place? I should not think twice, I should just sell seven or eight good-for-nothing pictures, and put up some of those instead that are standing in your closet with their faces to the wall for want of room. One picture or another, what difference does it make?"

"Und vy?"

"He is so cunning. It is his illness, for he is a lamb when he is well. He is capable of getting up and prying about; and if by any chance he went into the salon, he is so weak that he could not go beyond the door; he would see that they were all still there."

"Drue!"

"And when he is quite well, we will tell him about the sale. And if you wish to confess, throw it all upon me, say that you were obliged to pay me. Come! I have a broad back ——"

"I cannot dispose of dings dot are not mine," the good German answered simply.

"Very well. I will summons you, you and M. Pons."

"It would kill him ——"

"Take your choice! Dear me, sell the pictures and tell him about it afterwards . . . you can show him the summons ——"

"Ver' goot. Summons us. Dot shall pe mine egscuse. I shall show him der chudgment."

Mme. Cibot went down to the court, and that very day at seven o'clock she called to Schmucke. Schmucke found himself confronted with M. Tabareau the bailiff, who called upon him to pay. Schmucke made answer, trembling from head to foot, and was forthwith summoned, together with Pons, to appear in the county court to hear judgment against him. The sight of the bailiff and a bit of stamped paper covered with scrawls produced such an effect upon Schmucke, that he held out no longer.

"Sell die bictures," he said with the tears in his eyes.

Next morning, at six o'clock, Élie Magus and Rémonencq took down the paintings of their choice. Two receipts for two thousand five hundred francs were made out in correct form:—

"I, the undersigned, representing M. Pons, acknowledge the receipt of two thousand five hundred francs from M. Élie

Magus for the four pictures sold to him, the said sum being appropriated to the use of M. Pons. The first picture, attributed to Dürer, is a portrait of a woman; the second, likewise a portrait, is of the Italian School; the third, a Dutch landscape by Breughel; and the fourth, a 'Holy Family,' by an unknown master of the Florentine School."

Rémonencq's receipt was worded in precisely the same way; a Greuze, a Claude Lorraine, a Rubens, and a Van Dyck being disguised as pictures of the French and Flemish schools.

"Der monny makes me beleef dot the chimcracks haf som value," said Schmucke, when the five thousand francs were paid over.

"They are worth something," said Rémonencq. "I would willingly give a hundred thousand francs for the lot."

Rémonencq, asked to do a trifling service, hung eight pictures of the proper size in the same frames, taking them from among the less valuable pictures in Schmucke's bedroom.

No sooner was Elie Magus in possession of the four great pictures than he went, taking La Cibot with him, under pretense of settling accounts. But he pleaded poverty, he found fault with the pictures, they needed rebacking, he offered La Cibot thirty thousand francs by way of commission, and finally dazzled her with the sheets of paper on which the Bank of France engraves the words "One thousand francs," in capital letters. Magus thereupon condemned Rémonencq to pay the like sum to La Cibot, by lending him the money on the security of his four pictures, which he took with him as a guarantee. So glorious were they, that Magus could not bring himself to part with them, and next day he bought them of Rémonencq for six thousand francs over and above the original price, and an invoice was duly made out for the four. Mme. Cibot, the richer by sixty-eight thousand francs, once more swore her two accomplices to absolute secrecy. Then she asked the Jew's advice. She wanted to invest the money in such a way that no one should know of it.

"Buy shares in the Orléans Railway," said he; "they are thirty francs below par, you will double your capital in three years. They will give you scraps of paper, which you keep safe in a portfolio."

"Stay here, M. Magus. I will go and fetch the man of business who acts for M. Pons' family. He wants to know

how much you will give for the whole bag of tricks upstairs. I will go for him now."

"If only she were a widow!" said Rémonencq when she was gone. "She would just suit me; she will have plenty of money now ——"

"Especially if she puts her money into the Orléans Railway; she will double her capital in two years' time. I have put all my poor little savings into it," added the Jew, "for my daughter's portion. — Come, let us take a turn on the boulevard until this lawyer arrives."

"Cibot is very bad as it is," continued Rémonencq; "if it should please God to take him to Himself, I should have a famous wife to keep a shop; I could set up on a large scale ——"

"Good day, M. Fraasier," La Cibot began in an ingratiating tone, as she entered her legal adviser's office. "Why, what is this that your porter has been telling me? are you going to move?"

"Yes, my dear Mme. Cibot. I am taking the first floor above Dr. Poulain, and trying to borrow two or three thousand francs so as to furnish the place properly; it is very nice, upon my word, the landlord has just papered and painted it. I am acting, as I told you, in Président de Marville's interests and yours. . . . I am not a solicitor now; I mean to have my name entered on the roll of barristers, and I must be well lodged. A barrister in Paris cannot have his name on the rolls unless he has decent furniture and books and the like. I am a doctor of law, I have kept my terms, and have powerful interest already. . . . Well, how are we getting on?"

"Perhaps you would accept my savings," said La Cibot. "I have put them in the savings bank. I have not much, only three thousand francs, the fruits of twenty-five years of stinting and scraping. You might give me a bill of exchange, as Rémonencq says; for I am ignorant myself, I only know what they tell me."

"No. It is against the rules of the guild for a barrister (*avocat*) to put his name to a bill. I will give you a receipt, bearing interest at five per cent per annum, on the understanding that if I make an income of twelve hundred francs for you out of old Pons' estate you will cancel it."

La Cibot, caught in the trap, uttered not a word.

"Silence gives consent," Fraasier continued. "Let me have it to-morrow morning."

"Oh! I am quite willing to pay fees in advance," said La Cibot; "it is one way of making sure of my money."

Fraasier nodded. "How are we getting on?" he repeated. "I saw Poulain yesterday; you are hurrying your invalid along, it seems. . . . One more scene such as yesterday's, and gallstones will form. Be gentle with him, my dear Mme. Cibot, do not lay up remorse for yourself. Life is not too long."

"Just let me alone with your remorse! Are you going to talk about the guillotine again? M. Pons is a contrairy old thing. You don't know him? It is he that bothers me. There is not a more crossgrained man alive; his relations are in the right of it, he is sly, revengeful, and contrairy. . . . M. Magus has come, as I told you, and is waiting to see you."

"Right! I will be there as soon as you. Your income depends upon the price the collection will fetch. If it brings in eight hundred thousand francs, you shall have fifteen hundred francs a year. It is a fortune."

"Very well. I will tell them to value the things on their consciences."

An hour later, Pons was fast asleep. The doctor had ordered a soothing draught, which Schmucke administered, all unconscious that La Cibot had doubled the dose. Fraasier, Rémonencq, and Magus, three gallows birds, were examining the seventeen hundred different objects which formed the old musician's collection, one by one.

Schmucke had gone to bed. The three kites, drawn by the scent of a corpse, were masters of the field.

"Make no noise," said La Cibot whenever Magus went into ecstasies or explained the value of some work of art to Rémonencq. The dying man slept on in the neighboring room, while greed in four different forms appraised the treasures that he must leave behind, and waited impatiently for him to die—a sight to wring the heart.

Three hours went by before they had finished the salon.

"On an average," said the grimy old Jew, "everything here is worth a thousand francs."

"Seventeen hundred thousand francs!" exclaimed Fraasier, in bewilderment.

"Not to me," Magus answered promptly, and his eyes grew dull. "I would not give more than a hundred thousand francs myself for the collection. You cannot tell how long you may keep a thing on hand. . . . There are masterpieces that wait ten years for a buyer, and meanwhile the purchase money is doubled by compound interest. Still, I should pay cash."

"There is stained glass in the other room, as well as enamels and miniatures and gold and silver snuffboxes," put in Rémonencq.

"Can they be seen?" inquired Fraasier.

"I'll see if he is sound asleep," replied La Cibot. She made a sign, and the three birds of prey came in.

"There are masterpieces yonder!" said Magus, indicating the salon, every bristle of his white beard twitching as he spoke. "But the riches are here! And what riches! Kings have nothing more glorious in royal treasuries."

Rémonencq's eyes lighted up till they glowed like carbuncles at the sight of the gold snuffboxes. Fraasier, cool and calm as a serpent, or some snake creature with the power of rising erect, stood with his viper's head stretched out, in such an attitude as a painter would choose for Mephistopheles. The three covetous beings, thirsting for gold as devils thirst for the dew of heaven, looked simultaneously, as it chanced, at the owner of all this wealth. Some nightmare troubled Pons; he stirred, and suddenly, under the influence of those diabolical glances, he opened his eyes with a shrill cry.

"Thieves! . . . There they are! . . . Help! Murder! Help!"

The nightmare was evidently still upon him, for he sat up in bed, staring before him with blank, wide-open eyes, and had not power to move.

Élie Magus and Rémonencq made for the door, but a word glued them to the spot.

"*Magus* here! . . . I am betrayed!"

Instinctively the sick man had known that his beloved pictures were in danger, a thought that touched him at least as closely as any dread for himself, and he awoke. Fraasier meanwhile did not stir.

"Mme. Cibot! who is that gentleman?" cried Pons, shivering at the sight.

"Goodness me! how could I put him out of the door?"

she inquired, with a wink and gesture for Fraasier's benefit. "This gentleman came just a minute ago, from your family."

Fraasier could not conceal his admiration for La Cibot.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I have come on behalf of Mme. la Présidente de Marville, her husband, and her daughter, to express their regret. They learned quite by accident that you are ill, and they would like to nurse you themselves. They want you to go to Marville and get well there. Mme. la Vicomtesse Popinot, the little Cécile that you love so much, will be your nurse. She took your part with her mother. She convinced Mme. de Marville that she had made a mistake."

"So my next of kin have sent you to me, have they?" Pons exclaimed indignantly, "and sent the best judge and expert in all Paris with you to show you the way? Oh! a nice commission!" he cried, bursting into wild laughter. "You have come to value my pictures and curiosities, my snuffboxes and miniatures! . . . Make your valuation. You have a man there who understands everything, and more—he can buy everything, for he is a millionaire ten times over. . . . My dear relatives will not have long to wait," he added with bitter irony, "they have choked the last breath out of me. . . . Ah! Mme. Cibot, you said you were a mother to me, and you bring dealers into the house, and my competitor and the Camusots, while I am asleep! . . . Get out, all of you! —"

The unhappy man was beside himself with anger and fear; he rose from the bed and stood upright, a gaunt, wasted figure.

"Take my arm, sir," said La Cibot, rushing to the rescue, lest Pons should fall. "Pray calm yourself, the gentlemen are gone."

"I want to see the salon . . ." said the death-stricken man. La Cibot made a sign to the three ravens to take flight. Then she caught up Pons as if he had been a feather, and put him in bed again, in spite of his cries. When she saw that he was quite helpless and exhausted, she went to shut the door on the staircase. The three who had done Pons to death were still on the landing; La Cibot told them to wait. She heard Fraasier say to Magus:—

"Let me have it in writing, and sign it, both of you. Undertake to pay nine hundred thousand francs in cash for M. Pons' collection, and we will see about putting you in the way of making a handsome profit."

With that he said something to La Cibot in a voice so low

that the others could not catch it, and went down after the two dealers to the porter's room.

"Have they gone, Mme. Cibot?" asked the unhappy Pons, when she came back again.

"Gone? . . . who?" asked she.

"Those men."

"What men? There, now! you have seen men," said she. "You have just had a raving fit; if it hadn't been for me you would have gone out of the window, and now you are still talking of men in the room. . . . Is it always to be like this?"

"What! was there not a gentleman here just now, saying that my relatives had sent him?"

"Will you still stand me out?" said she. "Upon my word, do you know where you ought to be sent?—To the asylum at Charenton. You see men——"

"Élie Magus, Rémonencq, and——"

"Oh! as for Rémonencq, you may have seen *him*, for he came up to tell me that my poor Cibot is so bad that I must clear out of this and come down. My Cibot comes first, you see. When my husband is ill, I can think of nobody else. Try to keep quiet and sleep for a couple of hours; I have sent for Dr. Poulain, and I will come up with him. . . . Take a drink and be good——"

"Then was there no one in the room just now, when I waked?"

"No one," said she. "You must have seen M. Rémonencq in one of your looking-glasses."

"You are right, Mme. Cibot," said Pons, meek as a lamb.

"Well, now you are sensible again. . . . Good-by, my cherub; keep quiet, I shall be back again in a minute."

When Pons heard the outer door close upon her, he summoned up all his remaining strength to rise.

"They are cheating me," he muttered to himself, "they are robbing me! Schmucke is a child that would let them tie him up in a sack."

The terrible scene had seemed so real, it could not be a dream, he thought; a desire to throw light upon the puzzle excited him; he managed to reach the door, opened it after many efforts, and stood on the threshold of his salon. There they were—his dear pictures, his statues, his Florentine bronzes, his porcelain; the sight of them revived him. The old collector walked in his dressing gown along the narrow spaces between

the credence tables and the sideboards that lined the wall ; his feet bare, his head on fire. His first glance of ownership told him that everything was there ; he turned to go back to bed again, when he noticed that a Greuze portrait looked out of the frame that had held Sebastian del Piombo's "Templar." Suspicion flashed across his brain, making his dark thoughts apparent to him, as a flash of lightning marks the outlines of the cloud bars on a stormy sky. He looked round for the eight capital pictures of the collection ; each one of them was replaced by another. A dark film suddenly overspread his eyes ; his strength failed him ; he fell fainting upon the polished floor.

So heavy was the swoon that for two hours he lay as he fell, till Schmucke awoke and went to see his friend, and found him lying unconscious in the salon. With endless pains Schmucke raised the half-dead body and laid it on the bed ; but when he came to question the death-stricken man, and saw the look in the dull eyes and heard the vague, inarticulate words, the good German, so far from losing his head, rose to the very heroism of friendship. Man and child as he was, with the pressure of despair came the inspiration of a mother's tenderness, a woman's love. He warmed towels (he found towels !), he wrapped them about Pons' hands, he laid them over the pit of the stomach ; he took the cold, moist forehead in his hands, he summoned back life with a might of will worthy of Apollonius of Tyana, laying kisses on his friend's eyelids like some Mary bending over the dead Christ, in a *pietà* carved in bas-relief by some great Italian sculptor. The divine effort, the outpouring of one life into another, the work of mother and of lover, was crowned with success. In half an hour the warmth revived Pons ; he became himself again, the hues of life returned to his eyes, suspended faculties gradually resumed their play under the influence of artificial heat. Schmucke gave him balm water with a little wine in it ; the spirit of life spread through the body ; intelligence lighted up the forehead so short a while ago insensible as a stone ; and Pons knew that he had been brought back to life, by what sacred devotion, what might of friendship !

"But for you, I should die," he said, and as he spoke he felt the good German's tears falling on his face. Schmucke was laughing and crying at once.

Poor Schmucke ! he had waited for those words with a frenzy of hope as costly as the frenzy of despair ; and now his

strength utterly failed him, he collapsed like a rent balloon. It was his turn to fall ; he sank into the easy-chair, clasped his hands, and thanked God in fervent prayer. For him a miracle had just been wrought. He put no belief in the efficacy of the prayer of his deeds ; the miracle had been wrought by God in direct answer to his cry. And yet that miracle was a natural effect, such as medical science often records.

A sick man, surrounded by those who love him, nursed by those who wish earnestly that he should live will recover (other things being equal), when another patient tended by hirelings will die. Doctors decline to see unconscious magnetism in this phenomenon ; for them it is the result of intelligent nursing, of exact obedience to their orders ; but many a mother knows the virtue of such ardent projection of strong, unceasing prayer.

"My good Schmucke ——"

"Say nodings ; I shall hear you mit mein heart . . . rest, rest !" said Schmucke, smiling at him.

"Poor friend, noble creature, child of God living in God ! . . . The one being that has loved me. . . ." The words came out with pauses between them ; there was a new note, a something never heard before, in Pons' voice. All the soul, so soon to take flight, found utterance in the words that filled Schmucke with happiness almost like a lover's rapture.

"Yes, yes. I shall be shtrong as a lion. I shall vork for two !"

"Listen, my good, my faithful, adorable friend. Let me speak, I have not much time left. I am a dead man. I cannot recover from these repeated shocks."

Schmucke was crying like a child.

"Just listen," continued Pons, "and cry atterwards. As a Christian, you must submit. I have been robbed. It is La Cibot's doing. . . . I ought to open your eyes before I go ; you know nothing of life. . . . Somebody has taken away eight of the pictures, and they were worth a great deal of money."

"Vorgif me — I sold dem."

"*You* sold them?"

"Yes, I," said poor Schmucke. "Dey summoned us to der court ——"

"*Summoned?* . . . Who summoned us?"

"Wait," said Schmucke. He went for the bit of stamped paper left by the bailiff, and gave it to Pons. Pons read the

scrawl through with close attention, then he let the paper drop and lay quite silent for a while. A close observer of the work of men's hands, unheeding so far of the workings of the brain, Pons finally counted out the threads of the plot woven about him by La Cibot. The artist's fire, the intellect that won the Roman scholarship—all his youth, came back to him for a little.

"My good Schmucke," he said at last, "you must do as I tell you, and obey like a soldier. Listen! go downstairs into the lodge and tell that abominable woman that I should like to see the person sent to me by my cousin the President; and that unless he comes, I shall leave my collection to the Musée. Say that a will is in question."

Schmucke went on his errand; but at the first word, La Cibot answered by a smile.

"My good M. Schmucke, our dear invalid has had a delirious fit; he thought that there were men in the room. On my word as an honest woman, no one has come from the family."

Schmucke went back with this answer, which he repeated word for word.

"She is cleverer, more astute and cunning and wily, than I thought," said Pons, with a smile. "She lies even in her room. Imagine it! This morning she brought a Jew here, Élie Magus by name, and Rémonencq, and a third whom I do not know, more terrific than the other two put together. She meant to make a valuation while I was asleep; I happened to wake, and saw them all three, estimating the worth of my snuffboxes. The stranger said, indeed, that the Camusots had sent him here; I spoke to him. . . . That shameless woman stood me out that I was dreaming! . . . My good Schmucke, it was not a dream. I heard the man perfectly plainly; he spoke to me. . . . The two dealers took fright and made for the door. . . . I thought that La Cibot would contradict herself—the experiment failed. . . . I will lay another snare, and trap the wretched woman. . . . Poor Schmucke, you think that La Cibot is an angel; and for this month past she has been killing me by inches to gain her covetous ends. I would not believe that a woman who served us faithfully for years could be so wicked. That doubt has been my ruin. . . . How much did the eight pictures fetch?"

"Vife tausend vranes."

"Good heavens! they were worth twenty times as much!"

cried Pons; "the gems of the collection! I have not time now to institute proceedings; and if I did, you would figure in court as the dupe of those rascals. . . . A lawsuit would be the death of you. You do not know what justice means—a court of justice is a sink of iniquity. . . . At the sight of such horrors, a soul like yours would give way. And besides, you will have enough. The pictures cost me forty thousand francs. I have had them for thirty-six years. . . . Oh, we have been robbed with surprising dexterity. I am on the brink of the grave, I care for nothing now but thee—for thee, the best soul under the sun. . . .

"I will not have you plundered; all that I have is yours. So you must trust nobody, Schmucke, you that have never suspected any one in your life. I know God watches over you, but He may forget for one moment, and you will be seized like a vessel among pirates. . . . La Cibot is a monster! She is killing me; and you think her an angel! You shall see what she is. Go and ask her to give you the name of a notary, and I will show you her with her hand in the bag."

Schmucke listened as if Pons proclaimed an apocalypse. Could so depraved a creature as La Cibot exist? If Pons was right, it seemed to imply that there was no God in the world. He went down again to Mme. Cibot.

"Mein boor vriend Bons feel so ill," he said, "dat he vish to make his will. Go und pring ein nodary."

II. THE STOLEN WILL.

At midnight poor Schmucke sat in his easy-chair, watching with a breaking heart that shrinking of the features that comes with death; Pons looked so worn out with the day's exertions, that death seemed very near.

Presently Pons spoke. "I have just enough strength, I think, to last till to-morrow night," he said philosophically. "To-morrow night the death agony will begin; poor Schmucke! As soon as the notary and your two friends are gone, go for our good Abbé Duplanty, the curate of Saint-François. Good man, he does not know that I am ill, and I wish to take the Holy Sacrament to-morrow at noon."

There was a long pause.

"God so willed it that life has not been as I dreamed," Pons resumed. "I should so have loved wife and children

and home. . . . To be loved by a very few in some corner — that was my whole ambition! Life is hard for every one; I have seen people who had all that I wanted so much and could not have, and yet they were not happy. . . . Then at the end of my life, God put untold comfort in my way, when He gave me such a friend. . . . And one thing I have not to reproach myself with — that I have not known your worth nor appreciated you, my good Schmucke. . . . I have loved you with my whole heart, with all the strength of love that is in me. . . . Do not cry, Schmucke; I shall say no more if you cry, and it is so sweet to me to talk of ourselves to you. . . . If I had listened to you, I should not be dying. I should have left the world and broken off my habits, and then I should not have been wounded to death. And now, I want to think of no one but you at the last — ”

“ You are missdaken — ”

“ Do not contradict me — listen, dear friend. . . . You are as guileless and simple as a six-year-old child that has never left its mother; one honors you for it — it seems to me that God Himself must watch over such as you. But men are so wicked, that I ought to warn you beforehand . . . and then you will lose your generous trust, your saintlike belief in others, the bloom of a purity of soul that only belongs to genius or to hearts like yours. . . . In a little while you will see Mme. Cibot, who left the door ajar and watched us closely while M. Trognon was here — in a little while you will see her come for the will, as she believes it to be. . . . I expect the worthless creature will do her business this morning when she thinks you are asleep. Now, mind what I say, and carry out my instructions to the letter. . . . Are you listening? ” asked the dying man.

But Schmucke was overcome with grief, his heart was throbbing painfully, his head fell back on the chair, he seemed to have lost consciousness.

“ Yes,” he answered, “ I can hear, but it is as if you were doo huntert baces afay from me. . . . It seem to me dat I am going town into der grafe mit you,” said Schmucke, crushed with pain.

He went over to the bed, took one of Pons’ hands in both his own, and within himself put up a fervent prayer.

“ What is that that you are mumbling in German? ”

“ I asked of Gott dat He would take us poth togedders to

Himself!" Schmucke answered simply when he had finished his prayer.

Pons bent over—it was a great effort, for he was suffering intolerable pain; but he managed to reach Schmucke, and kissed him on the forehead, pouring out his soul, as it were, in benediction upon a nature that recalled the lamb that lies at the foot of the Throne of God.

"See here, listen, my good Schmucke, you must do as dying people tell you——"

"I am lisdening."

"The little door in the recess in your bedroom opens into that closet."

"Yes, but it is blocked up mit bictures."

"Clear them away at once, without making too much noise."

"Yes."

"Clear a passage on both sides, so that you can pass from your room into mine.—Now, leave the door ajar.—When La Cibot comes to take your place (and she is capable of coming an hour earlier than usual), you can go away to bed as if nothing had happened, and look very tired. Try to look sleepy. As soon as she settles down into the armchair, go into the closet, draw aside the muslin curtains over the glass door, and watch her. . . . Do you understand?"

"I oondershtand; you belief dat die pad voman is going to purn der vill."

"I do not know what she will do; but I am sure of this—that you will not take her for an angel afterwards.—And now play for me; improvise and make me happy. It will divert your thoughts; your gloomy ideas will vanish, and for me the dark hours will be filled with your dreams. . . ."

Schmucke sat down to the piano. Here he was in his element; and in a few moments, musical inspiration, quickened by the pain with which he was quivering and the consequent irritation that followed, came upon the kindly German, and, after his wont, he was caught up and borne above the world. On one sublime theme after another he executed variations, putting into them sometimes Chopin's sorrow, Chopin's Rafael-like perfection; sometimes the stormy Dante's grandeur of Liszt—the two musicians who most nearly approach Paganini's temperament. When execution reaches this supreme degree, the executant stands beside the poet, as it were; he is to the composer as the actor is to the writer of plays, a

divinely inspired interpreter of things divine. But that night, when Schmucke gave Pons an earnest of diviner symphonies, of that heavenly music for which Saint Cecilia let fall her instruments, he was at once Beethoven and Paganini, creator and interpreter. It was an outpouring of music inexhaustible as the nightingale's song — varied and full of delicate undergrowth as the forest flooded with her trills; sublime as the sky overhead. Schmucke played as he had never played before, and the soul of the old musician listening to him rose to ecstasy such as Rafael once painted in a picture which you may see at Bologna.

A terrific ringing of the doorbell put an end to these visions. The first-floor lodgers sent up the servant with a message. Would Schmucke please to stop the racket overhead. Madame, Monsieur, and Mademoiselle Chapoulot had been wakened, and could not sleep for the noise; they called his attention to the fact that the day was quite long enough for rehearsals of theatrical music, and added that people ought not to "strum" all night in a house in the Marais. — It was then three o'clock in the morning. At half-past three, La Cibot appeared, just as Pons had predicted. He might have actually heard the conference between Fraasier and the portress: "Did I not guess exactly how it would be?" his eyes seemed to say as he glanced at Schmucke, and, turning a little, he seemed to be fast asleep.

Schmucke's guileless simplicity was an article of belief with La Cibot (and be it noted that this faith in simplicity is the great source and secret of the success of all infantile strategy); La Cibot, therefore, could not suspect Schmucke of deceit when he came to say to her, with a face half of distress, half of glad relief: —

"I haf had a derrible night! a derrible dime of it! I vas obliged to blay to keep him kviet, and the first-floor lodgers vas komm up to tell *me* to be kviet! . . . It was frightful, for der life of mein friend vas at shtake. I am so tired mit der blaying all night, dat dis morning I am all knocked up."

"My poor Cibot is very bad, too; one more day like yesterday, and he will have no strength left. . . . One can't help it; it is God's will."

"You haf a heart so honest, a soul so peautiful, dot gif der Zipod die, ve shall lif togedder," said the cunning Schmucke.

The craft of simple, straightforward folk is formidable

indeed ; they are exactly like children, setting their unsuspected snares with the perfect craft of the savage.

"Oh, well, go and sleep, sonny !" returned La Cibot. "Your eyes look tired, they are as big as my fist. But there ! if anything could comfort me for losing Cibot, it would be the thought of ending my days with a good man like you. Be easy. I will give Mme. Chapoulot a dressing down. . . . To think of a retired haberdasher's wife giving herself such airs !"

Schmucke went to his room and took up his post in the closet.

La Cibot had left the door ajar on the landing ; Fraasier came in and closed it noiselessly as soon as he heard Schmucke shut his bedroom door. He had brought with him a lighted taper and a bit of very fine wire to open the seal of the will. La Cibot, meanwhile, looking under the pillow, found the handkerchief with the key of the bureau knotted to one corner ; and this so much the more easily because Pons purposely left the end hanging out over the bolster, and lay with his face to the wall.

La Cibot went straight to the bureau, opened it cautiously so as to make as little noise as possible, found the spring of the secret drawer, and hurried into the salon with the will in her hand. Her flight roused Pons' curiosity to the highest pitch ; and as for Schmucke, he trembled as if he were the guilty person.

"Go back," said Fraasier, when she handed over the will. "He may wake, and he must find you there."

Fraasier opened the seal with a dexterity which proved that his was no 'prentice hand, and read the following curious document, headed "My Will," with ever-deepening astonishment : —

"On this fifteenth day of April, eighteen hundred and forty-five, I, being in my sound mind (as this my Will, drawn up in concert with M. Trognon, will testify), and feeling that I must shortly die of the malady from which I have suffered since the beginning of February last, am anxious to dispose of my property, and have herein recorded my last wishes : —

"I have always been impressed by the untoward circumstances that injure great pictures, and not unfrequently bring about total destruction. I have felt sorry for the beautiful

paintings condemned to travel from land to land, never finding some fixed abode whither admirers of great masterpieces may travel to see them. And I have always thought that the truly deathless work of a great master ought to be national property, put where every one of every nation may see it, even as the Light, God's masterpiece, shines for all His children.

"And as I have spent my life in collecting together and choosing a few pictures, some of the greatest masters' most glorious work, and as these pictures are as the master left them, — genuine examples, neither repainted nor retouched, — it has been a painful thought to me that the paintings which have been the joy of my life may be sold by public auction, and go, some to England, some to Russia, till they are all scattered abroad again as if they had never been gathered together. From this wretched fate I have determined to save both them and the frames in which they are set, all of them the work of skilled craftsmen.

"On these grounds, therefore, I give and bequeath the pictures which compose my collection to the King, for the gallery in the Louvre, subject to the charge (if the legacy is accepted) of a life annuity of two thousand four hundred francs to my friend Wilhelm Schmucke.

"If the King, as usufructuary of the Louvre collection, should refuse the legacy with the charge upon it, the said pictures shall form a part of the estate which I leave to my friend Schmucke, on condition that he shall deliver the 'Monkey's Head,' by Goya, to my cousin, President Camusot; a 'Flower Piece,' the tulips, by Abraham Mignon, to M. Trognon, notary (whom I appoint as my executor); and allow Mme. Cibot, who has acted as my housekeeper for ten years, the sum of two hundred francs per annum.

"Finally, my friend Schmucke is to give the 'Descent from the Cross,' Rubens' sketch for his great picture at Antwerp, to adorn a chapel in the parish church, in grateful acknowledgment of M. Duplanty's kindness to me; for to him I owe it that I can die as a Christian and a Catholic." — So ran the will.

"This is ruin!" mused Fraasier, "the ruin of all my hopes. Ha! I begin to believe all that the Présidente told me about this old artist and his cunning."

"Well?" La Cibot came back to say.

"Your gentleman is a monster. He is leaving everything to

the Crown. Now, you cannot plead against the Crown. . . . The will cannot be disputed. . . . We are robbed, ruined, spoiled, and murdered ! ”

“ What has he left to me ? ”

“ Two hundred francs a year. ”

“ A pretty comedown ! . . . Why, he is a finished scoundrel ! ”

“ Go and see, ” said Fraasier, “ and I will put your scoundrel’s will back again in the envelope. ”

While Mme. Cibot’s back was turned, Fraasier nimbly slipped a sheet of blank paper into the envelope ; the will he put in his pocket. He next proceeded to seal the envelope again so cleverly that he showed the seal to Mme. Cibot when she returned, and asked her if she could see the slightest trace of the operation. La Cibot took up the envelope, felt it over, assured herself that it was not empty, and heaved a deep sigh. She had entertained hopes that Fraasier himself would have burned the unlucky document while she was out of the room.

“ Well, my dear M. Fraasier, what is to be done ? ”

“ Oh ! that is your affair ! I am not one of the next of kin, myself ; but if I had the slightest claim to any of *that* ” (indicating the collection), “ I know very well what I should do. ”

“ That is just what I want to know, ” La Cibot answered, with sufficient simplicity.

“ There is a fire in the grate — ” he said. Then he rose to go.

“ After all, no one will know about it but you and me — ” began La Cibot.

“ It can never be proved that a will existed, ” asserted the man of law.

“ And you ? ”

“ I ? . . . If M. Pons dies intestate, you shall have a hundred thousand francs. ”

“ Oh yes, no doubt, ” returned she. “ People promise you heaps of money, and when they come by their own, and there is talk of paying, they swindle you like — ”

“ Like Élie Magus, ” she was going to say, but she stopped herself just in time.

“ I am going, ” said Fraasier ; “ it is not to your interest that I should be found here ; but I shall see you again downstairs. ”

La Cibot shut the door and returned with the sealed packet in her hand. She had quite made up her mind to burn it ; but

as she went towards the bedroom fireplace, she felt the grasp of a hand on each arm, and saw — Schmucke on one hand, and Pons himself on the other, leaning against the partition wall on either side of the door.

La Cibot cried out, and fell face downwards in a fit; real or feigned, no one ever knew the truth. This sight produced such an impression on Pons that a deadly faintness came upon him, and Schmucke left the woman on the floor to help Pons back to bed. The friends trembled in every limb; they had set themselves a hard task, it was done, but it had been too much for their strength. When Pons lay in bed again, and Schmucke had regained strength to some extent, he heard a sound of sobbing. La Cibot, on her knees, bursting into tears, held out supplicating hands to them in very expressive pantomime.

"It was pure curiosity!" she sobbed, when she saw that Pons and Schmucke were paying any attention to her proceedings. "Pure curiosity; a woman's fault, you know. But I did not know how else to get a sight of your will, and I brought it back again ——"

"Go!" said Schmucke, standing erect, his tall figure gaining in height by the full height of his indignation. "You are a monster! You tried to kill mein goot Bons! He is right. You are worse than a monster, you are a lost soul!"

La Cibot saw the look of abhorrence in the frank German's face; she rose, proud as Tartufe, gave Schmucke a glance which made him quake, and went out, carrying off under her dress an exquisite little picture of Metzu's pointed out by Élie Magus. "A diamond," he had called it. Fraasier downstairs in the porter's lodge was waiting to hear that La Cibot had burned the envelope and the sheet of blank paper inside it. Great was his astonishment when he beheld his fair client's agitation and dismay.

"What has happened?"

"*This* has happened, my dear M. Fraasier. Under pretense of giving me good advice and telling me what to do, you have lost me my annuity and the gentlemen's confidence. . . ."

One of the word tornadoes in which she excelled was in full progress, but Fraasier cut her short.

"This is idle talk. The facts, the facts! and be quick about it."

"Well; it came about in this way," — and she told him of the scene which she had just come through.

"You have lost nothing through me," was Fraasier's comment. "The gentlemen had their doubts, or they would not have set this trap for you. They were lying in wait and spying upon you. . . . You have not told me everything," he added, with a tiger's glance at the woman before him.

"*I* hide anything from you!" cried she — "after all that we have done together!" she added with a shudder.

"My dear madam, *I* have done nothing blameworthy," returned Fraasier. Evidently he meant to deny his nocturnal visit to Pons' rooms.

Every hair on La Cibot's head seemed to scorch her, while a sense of icy cold swept over her from head to foot.

"*What?*" . . . she faltered in bewilderment.

"Here is a criminal charge on the face of it. . . . You may be accused of suppressing the will," Fraasier made answer dryly.

La Cibot started.

"Don't be alarmed; I am your legal adviser. I only wished to show you how easy it is, in one way or another, to do as I once explained to you. Let us see, now; what have you done that this simple German should be hiding in the room?"

"Nothing at all, unless it was that scene the other day when I stood M. Pons out that his eyes dazzled. And ever since, the two gentlemen have been as different as can be. So you have brought all my troubles upon me; I might have lost my influence with M. Pons, but I was sure of the German; just now he was talking of marrying me or of taking me with him — it is all one."

The excuse was so plausible that Fraasier was fain to be satisfied with it. "You need fear nothing," he resumed. "I gave you my word that you shall have your money, and I shall keep my word. The whole matter, so far, was up in the air, but now it is as good as bank notes. . . . You shall have at least twelve hundred francs per annum. . . . But, my good lady, you must act intelligently under my orders."

"Yes, my dear M. Fraasier," said La Cibot, with cringing servility. She was completely subdued.

"Very good. Good-by," and Fraasier went, taking the dangerous document with him. He reached home in great spirits. The will was a terrible weapon.

"Now," thought he, "I have a hold on Mme. la Présidente

de Marville ; she must keep her word with me. If she did not, she would lose the property."

At daybreak, when Rémonencq had taken down his shutters and left his sister in charge of the shop, he came, after his wont of late, to inquire for his good friend Cibot. The portress was contemplating the Metz, privately wondering how a little bit of painted wood could be worth such a lot of money.

"Aha!" said he, looking over her shoulder, "that is the one picture which M. Élie Magus regretted; with that little bit of a thing, he says, his happiness would be complete."

"What would he give for it?" asked La Cibot.

"Why, if you will promise to marry me within a year of widowhood, I will undertake to get twenty thousand francs for it from Élie Magus; and unless you marry me you will never get a thousand francs for the picture."

"Why not?"

"Because you would be obliged to give a receipt for the money, and then you might have a lawsuit with the heirs at law. If you were my wife, I myself should sell the thing to M. Magus, and in the way of business it is enough to make an entry in the daybook, and I should note that M. Schmucke sold it to me. There, leave the panel with me. . . . If your husband were to die you might have a lot of bother over it, but no one would think it odd that I should have a picture in the shop. . . . You know me quite well. Besides, I will give you a receipt if you like."

The covetous portress felt that she had been caught; she agreed to a proposal which was to bind her for the rest of her life to the marine-store dealer.

"You are right," said she, as she locked the picture away in a chest; "bring me the bit of writing."

III. THE DEATH OF COUSIN PONS.

Towards ten o'clock there was a sort of commotion in the street; M. Cibot was taking the Sacrament. All the friends of the pair, all the porters and porters' wives in the Rue de Normandie and neighboring streets, had crowded into the lodge, under the archway, and stood on the pavement outside. Nobody so much as noticed the arrival of M. Léopold Hannequin and a brother lawyer. Schwab and Brunner

reached Pons' rooms unseen by Mme. Cibot. The notary, inquiring for Pons, was shown upstairs by the portress of a neighboring house. Brunner remembered his previous visit to the miser *n*, and went straight in with his friend Schwab.

Pons formally revoked his previous will and constituted Schmucke his universal legatee. This accomplished, he thanked Schwab and Brunner, and earnestly begged M. Léopold Hannequin to protect Schmucke's interests. The demands made upon him by last night's scene with La Cibot, and this final settlement of his worldly affairs, left him so faint and exhausted that Schmucke begged Schwab to go for the Abbé Duplanty; it was Pons' great desire to take the Sacrament, and Schmucke could not bring himself to leave his friend. . . .

A few minutes later, Dr. Poulain stood by Pons' pillow watching the progress made by death, and Schmucke's vain efforts to persuade his friend to consent to the operation. To all the poor German's despairing entreaties Pons only replied by a shake of the head and occasional impatient movements; till, after a while, he summoned up all his fast-failing strength to say, with a heartrending look:—

“Do let me die in peace!”

Schmucke almost died of sorrow, but he took Pons' hand, and softly kissed it, and held it between his own, as if trying a second time to give his own vitality to his friend.

Just at this moment the bell rang, and Dr. Poulain, going to the door, admitted the Abbé Duplanty.

“Our poor patient is struggling in the grasp of death,” he said. “All will be over in a few hours. You will send a priest, no doubt, to watch to-night. But it is time that Mme. Cantinet came, as well as a woman to do the work, for M. Schmucke is quite unfit to think of anything: I am afraid for his reason; and there are valuables here which ought to be in the custody of honest persons.”

The Abbé Duplanty, a kindly, upright priest, guileless and unsuspecting, was struck with the truth of Dr. Poulain's remarks. He had, moreover, a certain belief in the doctor of the quarter. So on the threshold of the death chamber he stopped and beckoned to Schmucke, but Schmucke could not bring himself to loosen the grasp of the hand that grew tighter and tighter. Pons seemed to think that he was slipping over the edge of a precipice and must catch at something to save

himself. But, as many know, the dying are haunted by an hallucination that leads them to snatch at things about them, like men eager to save their most precious possessions from a fire. Presently Pons released Schmucke to clutch at the bedclothes, dragging them and huddling them about himself with a hasty, covetous movement significant and painful to see.

"What will you do, left alone with your dead friend?" asked M. l'Abbé Duplanty when Schmucke came to the door. "You have not Mme. Cibot now ——"

"Ein monster dat haf killed Bons!"

"But you must have somebody with you," began Dr. Poulain. "Some one must sit up with the body to-night."

"I shall sit up; I shall say die prayers to Gott," the innocent German answered.

"But you must eat — and who is to cook for you now?" asked the doctor.

"Grief haf taken afay mein abbetite," Schmucke said simply.

"And some one must give notice to the registrar," said Poulain, "and lay out the body, and order the funeral; and the person who sits up with the body and the priest will want meals. Can you do this all by yourself? A man cannot die like a dog in the capital of the civilized world."

Schmucke opened wide eyes of dismay. A brief fit of madness seized him.

"But Bons shall not tie! . . ." he cried aloud. "I shall safe him!"

"You cannot go without sleep much longer, and who will take your place? Some one must look after M. Pons, and give him drink, and nurse him ——"

"Ah! dat is drue."

"Very well," said the Abbé, "I am thinking of sending you Mme. Cantinet, a good and honest creature ——"

The practical details of the care of the dead bewildered Schmucke, till he was fain to die with his friend.

"He is a child," said the doctor, turning to the Abbé Duplanty.

"Ein child," Schmucke repeated mechanically.

"There, then," said the curate; "I will speak to Mme. Cantinet, and send her to you."

"Do not trouble yourself," said the doctor; "I am going home, and she lives in the next house."

The dying seem to struggle with Death as with an invisible assassin ; in the agony at the last, as the final thrust is made, the act of dying seems to be a conflict, a hand-to-hand fight for life. Pons had reached the supreme moment. At the sound of his groans and cries, the three standing in the doorway hurried to the bedside. Then came the last blow, smiting asunder the bonds between soul and body, striking down to life's sources ; and suddenly Pons regained for a few brief moments the perfect calm that follows the struggle. He came to himself, and with the serenity of death in his face he looked round almost smilingly at them.

"Ah, doctor, I have had a hard time of it ; but you were right, I am doing better. Thank you, my good Abbé ; I was wondering what had become of Schmucke ——"

"Schmucke has had nothing to eat since yesterday evening, and now it is four o'clock ! You have no one with you now, and it would not be wise to send for Mme. Cibot."

"She is capable of anything !" said Pons, without attempting to conceal all his abhorrence at the sound of her name. "It is true, Schmucke ought to have some trustworthy person."

"M. Duplanty and I have been thinking about you both ——"

"Ah ! thank you, I had not thought of that."

"—and M. Duplanty suggests that you should have Mme. Cantinet ——"

"Oh ! Mme. Cantinet who lets the chairs !" exclaimed Pons. "Yes ; she is an excellent creature."

"She has no liking for Mme. Cibot," continued the doctor, "and she would take good care of M. Schmucke ——"

"Send her to me, M. Duplanty . . . send her and her husband too. I shall be easy. Nothing will be stolen here."

Schmucke had taken Pons' hand again, and held it joyously in his own. Pons was almost well again, he thought.

"Let us go, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the doctor. "I will send Mme. Cantinet round at once. I see how it is. She perhaps may not find M. Pons alive."

While the Abbé Duplanty was persuading Pons to engage Mme. Cantinet as his nurse, Fraisier had sent for her. He had plied the beadle's wife with sophistical reasoning and subtlety. It was difficult to resist his corrupting influence. And as for

Mme. Cantinet—a lean, sallow woman, with large teeth and thin lips—her intelligence, as so often happens with women of the people, had been blunted by a hard life, till she had come to look upon the slenderest daily wage as prosperity. She soon consented to take Mme. Sauvage with her as general servant.

Mme. Sauvage had had her instructions already. She had undertaken to weave a web of iron wire about the two musicians, and to watch them as a spider watches a fly caught in the toils; and her reward was to be a tobacconist's license. Fraissier had found a convenient opportunity of getting rid of his so-called foster mother, while he posted her as a detective and policeman to supervise Mme. Cantinet. As there was a servant's bedroom and a little kitchen included in the apartment, La Sauvage could sleep on a truckle-bed and cook for the German. Dr. Poulain came with the two women just as Pons drew his last breath. Schmucke was sitting beside his friend, all unconscious of the crisis, holding the hand that slowly grew colder in his grasp. He signed to Mme. Cantinet to be silent; but Mme. Sauvage's soldierly figure surprised him so much that he started in spite of himself, a kind of homage to which the virago was quite accustomed.

"M. Duplanty answers for this lady," whispered Mme. Cantinet by way of introduction. "She once was cook to a bishop; she is honesty itself; she will do the cooking."

"Oh! you may talk out loud," wheezed the stalwart dame. "The poor gentleman is dead. . . . He has just gone."

A shrill cry broke from Schmucke. He felt Pons' cold hand stiffening in his, and sat staring into his friend's eyes; the look in them would have driven him mad, if Mme. Sauvage, doubtless accustomed to scenes of this sort, had not come to the bedside with a mirror which she held over the lips of the dead. When she saw that there was no mist upon the surface, she briskly snatched Schmucke's hand away.

"Just take away your hand, sir; you may not be able to do it in a little while. You do not know how the bones harden. A corpse grows cold very quickly. If you do not lay out a body while it is warm, you have to break the joints later on. . . ."

And so it was this terrible woman who closed the poor dead musician's eyes.

With a businesslike dexterity acquired in ten years of experience, she stripped and straightened the body, laid the

arms by the sides, and covered the face with the bedclothes, exactly as a shopman wraps a parcel.

"A sheet will be wanted to lay him out. — Where is there a sheet?" she demanded, turning on the terror-stricken Schmucke.

He had watched the religious ritual with its deep reverence for the creature made for such high destinies in heaven; and now he saw his dead friend treated simply as a thing in this packing process — saw with the sharp pain that dissolves the very elements of thought.

"Do as you vill —" he answered mechanically. The innocent creature for the first time in his life had seen a man die, and that man was Pons, his only friend, the one human being who understood him and loved him.

"I will go and ask Mme. Cibot where the sheets are kept," said La Sauvage.

"A truckle-bed will be wanted for the person to sleep upon," Mme. Cantinet came to tell Schmucke.

Schmucke nodded and broke out into weeping. Mme. Cantinet left the unhappy man in peace; but an hour later she came back to say: —

"Have you any money, sir, to pay for the things?"

The look that Schmucke gave Mme. Cantinet would have disarmed the fiercest hate; it was the white, blank, peaked face of death that he turned upon her, as an explanation that met everything.

"Dake it all and leaf me to mein prayers and tears," he said, and knelt.

Mme. Sauvage went to Fraasier with the news of Pons' death. Fraasier took a cab and went to the Présidente. Tomorrow she must give him the power of attorney to enable him to act for the heirs.

Another hour went by, and Mme. Cantinet came again to Schmucke.

"I have been to Mme. Cibot, sir, who knows all about things here," she said. "I asked her to tell me where everything is kept. But she almost jawed me to death with her abuse. . . . Sir, do listen to me. . . ."

Schmucke looked up at the woman, and she went on, innocent of any barbarous intention, for women of her class are accustomed to take the worst of moral suffering passively, as a matter of course.

"We must have linen for the shroud, sir, we must have money to buy a truckle-bed for the person to sleep upon, and some things for the kitchen—plates, and dishes, and glasses, for a priest will be coming to pass the night here, and the person says that there is absolutely nothing in the kitchen."

"And what is more, sir, I must have coal and firing if I am to get the dinner ready," echoed La Sauvage, "and not a thing can I find. Not that there is anything so very surprising in that, as La Cibot used to do everything for you——"

Schmucke lay at the feet of the dead; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing. Mme. Cantinet pointed to him. "My dear woman, you would not believe me," she said. "Whatever you say, he does not answer."

"Very well, child," said La Sauvage; "now I will show you what to do in a case of this kind."

She looked round the room as a thief looks in search of possible hiding places for money; then she went straight to Pons' chest, opened the first drawer, saw the bag in which Schmucke had put the rest of the money after the sale of the pictures, and held it up before him. He nodded mechanically.

"Here is money, child," said La Sauvage, turning to Mme. Cantinet. "I will count it first and take enough to buy everything we want—wine, provisions, wax candles, all sorts of things, in fact, for there is nothing in the house. . . . Just look in the drawers for a sheet to bury him in. I certainly was told that the poor gentleman was simple, but I don't know what he is; he is worse. He is like a newborn child; we shall have to feed him with a funnel."

The women went about their work, and Schmucke looked on precisely as an idiot might have done. Broken down with sorrow, wholly absorbed, in a half-cataleptic state, he could not take his eyes from the face that seemed to fascinate him, Pons' face refined by the absolute repose of Death. Schmucke hoped to die; everything was alike indifferent. If the room had been on fire he would not have stirred.

"There are twelve hundred and fifty francs here," La Sauvage told him.

Schmucke shrugged his shoulders.

But when La Sauvage came near to measure the body by laying the sheet over it, before cutting out the shroud, a horrible struggle ensued between her and the poor German. Schmucke was furious. He behaved like a dog that watches

by his dead master's body, and shows his teeth at all who try to touch it. La Sauvage grew impatient. She grasped him, set him in the armchair, and held him down with herculean strength.

"Go on, child; sew him in his shroud," she said, turning to Mme. Cantinet.

As soon as this operation was completed, La Sauvage set Schmucke back in his place at the foot of the bed.

"Do you understand?" said she. "The poor dead man lying there must be done up, there is no help for it."

THE ESSENCE OF SIN.

By HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IF I have sinned in act, I may repent;
 If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
 My silent error, and yet feel no shame:
 But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
 Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
 Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
 And incapacity of being worse,
 That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
 In keen expectance of a Carnival,
 Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,
 And shed their influence on this passive ball,
 Lives there a power that can my soul absolve?
 Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
 One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

VAIN VIRTUES.¹

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

WHAT is the sorriest thing that enters Hell?
 None of the sins,—but this and that fair deed
 Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.
 These yet are virgins, whom death's timely knell
 Might once have sainted; whom the fiends compel
 Together now, in snake-bound shuddering sheaves
 Of anguish, while the pit's pollution leaves
 Their refuse maidenhood abominable.

¹ By permission of Ellis & Elvey. (Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.)

Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,
 Whose names, half entered in the book of Life,
 Were God's desire at noon. And as their hair
 And eyes sink last, the Torturer designs no whit
 To gaze, but, yearning, waits his destined wife,
 The Sin still blithe on earth that sent them there.

LOST DAYS.¹

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
 "I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"
 "And I — and I — thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"



TRICKED OUT OF HERSELF.

BY ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

(From "The Betrothed.")

[COUNT ALESSANDRO MANZONI, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Milan, March 8, 1784; graduated at the University of Pavia. His mother and grandfather were noted writers. He wrote religious hymns of high rank; but his first famous composition was an ode on the death of Napoleon. He also wrote dramas of great repute; as "Conte di Carmagnola" and "Adelchi"; but his most celebrated work, the classic novel of modern Italy, is "I Promessi Sposi"]

¹ By permission of Ellis & Elvey. (Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.)

(The Betrothed Pair), a historical romance (1827). He was an ardent patriot, deeply interested in the reconstruction of Italy. He died May 22, 1873.]

SHE was the youngest daughter of the Prince——, a Milanese nobleman, who was esteemed one of the richest men of the city. But the unbounded idea he entertained of his title made his property appear scarcely sufficient, nay, even too limited to maintain a proper appearance ; and all his attention was turned towards keeping it, at least, such as it was, in one line, so far as it depended upon himself. How many children he had does not appear from history : it merely records that he had designed all the younger branches of both sexes for the cloister, that he might leave his property entire to the eldest son, destined to perpetuate the family : that is, bring up children that he might torment himself in tormenting them after his father's example. Our unhappy Signora was yet unborn when her condition was irrevocably determined upon. It only remained to decide whether she should be a monk or a nun, a decision, for which, not her assent, but her presence, was required. When she was born, the Prince, her father, wishing to give her a name that would always immediately suggest the idea of a cloister, and which had been born by a saint of high family, called her Gertrude. Dolls dressed like nuns were the first playthings put into her hands ; then images in nuns' habits, accompanying the gift with admonitions to prize them highly, as very precious things, and with that affirmative interrogation, " Beautiful, eh ? " When the Prince, or the Princess, or the young Prince, the only one of the sons brought up at home, would represent the happy prospects of the child, it seemed as if they could find no other way of expressing their ideas than by the words, " What a lady abbess ! " No one, however, directly said to her, " You must become a nun." It was an intention understood and touched upon incidentally in every conversation relating to her future destiny. If at any time the little Gertrude indulged in rebellious or imperious behavior, to which her natural disposition easily inclined her, " You are a naughty little girl," they would say to her : " this behavior is very unbecoming. When you are a lady abbess, you shall then command with the rod : you can then do as you please." On another occasion, the Prince reproving her for her too free and familiar manners, into which she easily fell : " Hey ! hey ! " he cried ; " they are not becoming to one of your rank. If you wish some day to engage the respect that is due to you, learn from henceforth to

be more reserved : remember you ought to be in everything the first in the monastery, because you carry your rank wherever you go."

Such language imbued the mind of the little girl with the implicit idea that she was to be a nun ; but her father's words had more effect upon her than all the others put together. The manners of the Prince were habitually those of an austere master, but when treating of the future prospects of his children, there shone forth in every word and tone an immovability of resolution which inspired the idea of a fatal necessity.

At six years of age, Gertrude was placed for education, and still more as a preparatory step towards the vocation imposed upon her, in the monastery where we have seen her ; and the selection of the place was not without design. The worthy guide of the two women has said that the father of the Signora was the first man in Monza ; and, comparing this testimony, whatever it may be worth, with some other indications which our anonymous author unintentionally suffers to escape here and there, we may very easily assert that he was the feudal head of that country. However it may be, he enjoyed here very great authority, and thought that here, better than elsewhere, his daughter would be treated with that distinction and deference which might induce her to choose this monastery as her perpetual abode. Nor was he deceived : the then abbess and several intriguing nuns — who had the management of affairs, finding themselves entangled in some disputes with another monastery, and with a noble family of the country, were very glad of the acquisition of such a support — received with much gratitude the honor bestowed upon them, and fully entered into the intentions of the Prince concerning the permanent settlement of his daughter ; intentions on every account entirely consonant with their interests. Immediately on Gertrude's entering the monastery, she was called by Antonomasia, the Signorina. A separate place was assigned her at table, and a private sleeping apartment ; her conduct was proposed as an example to others ; indulgences and caresses were bestowed upon her without end, accompanied with that respectful familiarity so attractive to children, when observed in those whom they see treating other children with an habitual air of superiority. Not that all the nuns had conspired to draw the poor child into the snare ; many there were of simple and undesigning minds, who would have shrunk with horror from the

thought of sacrificing a child to interested views ; but all of them being intent on their several individual occupations, some did not notice all these maneuvers, others did not discern how dishonest they were ; some abstained from looking into the matter, and others were silent rather than give useless offense. There was one, too, who, remembering how she had been induced by similar arts to do what she afterwards repented of, felt a deep compassion for the poor little innocent, and showed that compassion by bestowing on her tender and melancholy caresses, which she was far from suspecting were tending towards the same result ; and thus the affair proceeded. Perhaps it might have gone on thus to the end, if Gertrude had been the only little girl in the monastery ; but, among her schoolfellows, there were some who knew they were designed for marriage.

The little Gertrude, brought up with high ideas of her superiority, talked very magnificently of her future destiny as abbess and principal of the monastery ; she wished to be an object of envy to the others on every account, and saw with astonishment and vexation that some of them paid no attention to all her boasting. To the majestic, but circumscribed and cold, images the headship of a monastery could furnish, they opposed the varied and bright pictures of a husband, guests, routs, towns, tournaments, retinues, dress, and equipages. Such glittering visions roused in Gertrude's mind that excitement and ardor which a large basketful of freshly gathered flowers would produce, if placed before a beehive. Her parents and teachers had cultivated and increased her natural vanity, to reconcile her to the cloisters ; but when this passion was excited by ideas so much calculated to stimulate it, she quickly entered into them with a more lively and spontaneous ardor. That she might not be below her companions, and influenced at the same time by her new turn of mind, she replied that, at the time of decision, no one could compel her to take the veil without her consent ; that she, too, could marry, live in a palace, enjoy the world, and that better than any of them ; that she *could* if she wished it ; that she *would* if she wished it ; and that, in fact, she *did* wish it. The idea of the necessity of her consent, which hitherto had been, as it were, unnoticed, and hidden in a corner of her mind, now unfolded and displayed itself in all its importance. On every occasion she called it to her aid, that she might enjoy in tranquillity the

images of a self-chosen future. Together with this idea, however, there invariably appeared another; that the refusal of this consent involved rebellion against her father, who already believed it, or pretended to believe it, a decided thing; and at this remembrance, the child's mind was very far from feeling the confidence which her words proclaimed. She would then compare herself with her companions, whose confidence was of a far different kind, and experienced lamentably that envy of their condition which, at first, she endeavored to awaken in them. From envy she changed to hatred; which she displayed in contempt, rudeness, and sarcastic speeches; while, sometimes, the conformity of her inclinations and hopes with theirs, suppressed her spite, and created in her an apparent and transient friendship. At times, longing to enjoy something real and present, she would feel a complacency in the distinctions accorded to her, and make others sensible of this superiority; and then, again, unable to tolerate the solitude of her fears and desires, she would go in search of her companions, her haughtiness appeased, almost, indeed, imploring of them kindness, counsel, and encouragement. In the midst of such pitiable warfare with herself and others, she passed her childhood, and entered upon that critical age at which an almost mysterious power seems to take possession of the soul, arousing, refreshing, invigorating all the inclinations and ideas, and sometimes transforming them, or turning them into some unlooked-for channel. That which, until now, Gertrude had most distinctly figured in these dreams of the future, was external splendor and pomp; a something soothing and kindly, which, from the first, was lightly, and, as it were, mistily, diffused over her mind, now began to spread itself and predominate in her imagination. It took possession of the most secret recesses of her heart, as of a gorgeous retreat; hither she retired from present objects; here she entertained various personages strangely compounded of the confused remembrances of childhood, the little she had seen of the external world, and what she had gathered in conversations with her companions; she entertained herself with them, talked to them, and replied in their name; here she gave commands, and here she received homage of every kind. At times, the thoughts of religion would come to disturb these brilliant and toilsome revels. But religion, such as it had been taught to this poor girl, and such as she had received it, did not prohibit pride, but rather sancti-

fied it, and proposed it as a means of obtaining earthly felicity. Robbed thus of its essence, it was no longer religion, but a phantom like the rest. In the intervals in which this phantom occupied the first place, and ruled in Gertrude's fancy, the unhappy girl, oppressed by confused terrors, and urged by an indefinite idea of duty, imagined that her repugnance to the cloister, and her resistance to the wishes of her superiors in the choice of her state of life, was a fault; and she resolved in her heart to expiate it, by voluntarily taking the veil.

It was a rule that, before a young person could be received as a nun, she should be examined by an ecclesiastic, called the vicar of the nuns, or by some one deputed by him; that it might be seen whether the lot were her deliberate choice or not; and this examination could not take place for a year after she had, by a written request, signified her desire to the vicar. Those nuns who had taken upon themselves the sad office of inducing Gertrude to bind herself forever with the least possible consciousness of what she was doing, seized one of the moments we have described to persuade her to write and sign such a memorial. And, in order the more easily to persuade her to such a course, they failed not to affirm and impress upon her, what, indeed, was quite true, that, after all, it was a mere formality, which could have no effect, without other and posterior steps, depending entirely upon her own will. Nevertheless the memorial had scarcely reached its destination, before Gertrude repented having written it. Then she repented of these repentances; and thus days and months were spent in an incessant alternation of wishes and regrets. For a long while she concealed this act from her companions; sometimes from fear of exposing her good resolution to opposition and contradiction, at others from shame at revealing her error; but, at last, the desire of unburdening her mind, and of seeking advice and encouragement, conquered.

Another rule was this; that a young girl was not to be admitted to this examination upon the course of life she had chosen, until she had resided for at least a month out of the convent where she had been educated. A year had almost passed since the presentation of this memorial; and it had been signified to Gertrude that she would shortly be taken from the monastery, and sent to her father's house, for this one month, there to take all the necessary steps towards the completion of the work she had really begun. The Prince, and

the rest of the family, considered it an assured thing, as if it had already taken place. Not so, however, his daughter; instead of taking fresh steps, she was engaged in considering how she could withdraw the first. In her perplexity, she resolved to open her mind to one of her companions, the most sincere and always the readiest to give spirited advice. She advised Gertrude to inform her father, by letter, that she had changed her mind; since she had not the courage to pronounce to his face, at the proper time, a bold *I will not*. And as gratuitous advice in this world is very rare, the counselor made Gertrude pay for this by abundance of raillery upon her want of spirit. The letter was agreed upon with three or four confidantes, written in private, and dispatched by means of many deeply studied artifices. Gertrude waited with great anxiety for a reply; but none came; excepting that, a few days afterwards, the Abbess, taking her aside, with an air of mystery, displeasure, and compassion, let fall some obscure hints about the great anger of her father, and a wrong step she must have been taking; leaving her to understand, however, that if she behaved well, she might still hope that all would be forgotten. The poor young girl understood it, and dared not venture to ask any further explanation.

At last, the day so much dreaded, and so ardently wished for, arrived. Although Gertrude knew well enough that she was going to a great struggle, yet to leave the monastery, to pass the bounds of those walls in which she had been for eight years immured, to traverse the open country in a carriage, to see once more the city and her home, filled her with sensations of tumultuous joy. As to the struggle, with the direction of her confidantes, she had already taken her measures, and concerted her plans. Either they will force me, thought she, and then I will be immovable—I will be humble and respectful, but will refuse; the chief point is not to pronounce another “*Yes*,” and I will not pronounce it. Or they will catch me with good words; and I will be better than they; I will weep, I will implore, I will move them to pity; at last, will only entreat that I may not be sacrificed. But, as it often happens in similar cases of foresight, neither one nor the other supposition was realized. Days passed, and neither her father, nor any one else, spoke to her about the petition, or the recantation; and no proposal was made to her, with either coaxing or threatening. Her parents were serious, sad, and morose,

towards her, without ever giving a reason for such behavior. It was only to be understood that they regarded her as faulty and unworthy; a mysterious anathema seemed to hang over her, and divide her from the rest of her family, merely suffering so much intercourse as was necessary to make her feel her subjection. Seldom, and only at certain fixed hours, was she admitted to the company of her parents and elder brother. In the conversations of these three there appeared to reign a great confidence, which rendered the exclusion of Gertrude doubly sensible and painful. No one addressed her; and if she ventured timidly to make a remark, unless very evidently called for, her words were either unnoticed, or were responded to by a careless, contemptuous, or severe look. If unable any longer to endure so bitter and humiliating a distinction, she sought and endeavored to mingle with the family, and implored a little affection; she soon heard some indirect but clear hint thrown out about her choice of a monastic life, and was given to understand that there was one way of regaining the affection of the family; and since she would not accept of it on these conditions, she was obliged to draw back, to refuse the first advances towards the kindness she so much desired, and to continue in her state of excommunication; continue in it, too, with a certain appearance of being to blame.

Such impressions from surrounding objects painfully contradicted the bright visions with which Gertrude had been so much occupied, and which she still secretly indulged in her heart. She had hoped that, in her splendid and much-frequented home, she should have enjoyed at least some real taste of the pleasures she had so long imagined; but she found herself woefully deceived. The confinement was as strict and close at home as in the convent; to walk out for recreation was never even spoken of; and a gallery that led from the house to an adjoining church, obviated the sole necessity there might have been to go into the street. The company was more uninteresting, more scarce, and less varied than in the monastery. At every announcement of a visitor, Gertrude was obliged to go upstairs, and remain with some old woman in the service of the family; and here she dined whenever there was company. The domestic servants concurred in behavior and language with the example and intentions of their master; and Gertrude, who by inclination would have treated them with ladylike unaffected familiarity; and who, in the rank in

which she was placed, would have esteemed it a favor if they had shown her any little mark of kindness as an equal, and even have stooped to ask it, was now humbled and annoyed at being treated with a manifest indifference, although accompanied by a slight obsequiousness of formality. She could not, however, but observe, that one of these servants, a page, appeared to bear her a respect very different to the others, and to feel a peculiar kind of compassion for her. The behavior of this youth approached more nearly than anything she had yet seen to the state of things that Gertrude had pictured to her imagination, and more resembled the doings of her ideal characters. By degrees, a strange transformation was discernible in the manners of the young girl; there appeared a new tranquillity, and at the same time a restlessness, differing from her usual disquietude; her conduct was that of one who had found a treasure which oppresses him, which he incessantly watches, and hides from the view of others. Gertrude kept her eyes on this page more closely than ever; and, however it came to pass, she was surprised one unlucky morning by a chambermaid, while secretly folding up a letter, in which it would have been better had she written nothing. After a brief altercation, the maid got possession of the letter, and carried it to her master. The terror of Gertrude at the sound of his footsteps, may be more easily imagined than described. It was *her* father; he was irritated, and she felt herself guilty. But when he stood before her with that frowning brow, and the ill-fated letter in his hand, she would gladly have been a hundred feet under ground, not to say in a cloister. His words were few, but terrible; the punishment named at the time was only to be confined in her own room under the charge of the maid who had made the discovery; but this was merely a foretaste, a temporary provision; he threatened, and left a vague promise of some other obscure, undefined, and therefore more dreadful punishment.

The page was, of course, immediately dismissed, and was menaced with something terrible, if ever he should breathe a syllable about the past. In giving him this intimation, the Prince seconded it with two solemn blows, to associate in his mind with this adventure a remembrance that would effectually remove every temptation to make a boast of it. Some kind of pretext to account for the dismissal of a page was not difficult to find; as to the young lady, it was reported that she was ill.

She was now left to her fears, her shame, her remorse, and her dread of the future ; with the sole company of this woman, whom she hated as the witness of her guilt, and the cause of her disgrace. She, in her turn, hated Gertrude, by whom she was reduced, she knew not for how long, to the wearisome life of a jailer, and had become forever the guardian of a dangerous secret.

The first confused tumult of these feelings subsided by degrees ; but each remembrance recurring by turns to her mind, was nourished there, and remained to torment her more distinctly, and at leisure. Whatever could the punishment be, so mysteriously threatened ? Many, various, and strange were the ideas that suggested themselves to the ardent and inexperienced imagination of Gertrude. The prospect that appeared most probable was, that she would be taken back to the monastery at Monza, no longer to appear as the Signorina, but as a guilty person, to be shut up there—who knew how long ! who knew with what kind of treatment ! Among the many annoyances of such a course, perhaps the most annoying was the dread of the shame she should feel. The expressions, the words, the very commas of the unfortunate letter, were turned over and over in her memory : she fancied them noticed and weighed by a reader so unexpected, so different from the one to whom they were destined in reply ; she imagined that they might have come under the view of her mother, her brother, or indeed any one else ; and by comparison, all the rest seemed to her a mere nothing. The image of him who had been the primary cause of all this offense failed not also frequently to beset the poor recluse ; and it is impossible to describe the strange contrast this phantasm presented to those around her ; so dissimilar, so serious, reserved, and threatening. But, since she could not separate his image from theirs, nor turn for a moment to those transient gratifications, without her present sorrows, as the consequence of them, suggesting themselves to her mind, she began, by degrees, to recall them less frequently, to repel the remembrance of them, and wean herself from such thoughts. She no longer willingly indulged in the bright and splendid fancies of her earlier days ; they were too much opposed to her real circumstances, and to every probability for the future. The only castle in which Gertrude could conceive a tranquil and honorable retreat, which was not in the air, was the monastery, if she could make up her mind to enter it for-

ever. Such a resolution, she could not doubt, would have repaired everything, atoned for every fault, and changed her condition in a moment. Opposed to this proposal, it is true, rose up the plans and hopes of her whole childhood : but times were changed ; and in the depths to which Gertrude had fallen, and in comparison of what, at times, she so much dreaded, the condition of a nun, respected, revered, and obeyed, appeared to her a bright prospect. Two sentiments of very different character, indeed, contributed, at intervals, to overcome her former aversion : sometimes remorse for a fault, and a capricious sensibility of devotion ; and at other times, her pride embittered and irritated by the manners of her jailer, who (often, it must be confessed, provoked to it) revenged herself now by terrifying her with the prospect of the threatened punishment, or taunting her with the disgrace of her fault. When, however, she chose to be benign, she would assume a tone of protection, still more odious than insult. On these different occasions, the wish that Gertrude felt to escape from her clutches, and to raise herself to a condition above either her anger or pity, became so vivid and urgent that it made everything which could lead to such an end appear pleasant and agreeable.

At the end of four or five long days of confinement, Gertrude, disgusted and exasperated beyond measure by one of these sallies of her guardian, went and sat down in a corner of the room, and covering her face with her hands, remained for some time secretly indulging her rage. She then felt an overbearing longing to see some other faces, to hear some other words, to be treated differently. She thought of her father, of her family ; and the idea made her shrink back in horror. But she remembered that it only depended upon her to make them her friends ; and this remembrance awakened a momentary joy. Then there followed a confused and unusual sorrow for her fault, and an equal desire to expiate it. Not that her will was already determined upon such a resolution, but she had never before approached it so near. She rose from her seat, went to the table, took up the fatal pen, and wrote a letter to her father, full of enthusiasm and humiliation, of affliction and hope, imploring his pardon, and showing herself indefinitely ready to do anything that would please him who alone could grant it.

There are times when the mind, of the young especially, is so disposed that any external influence, however slight, suffices

to call forth whatever has the appearance of virtuous self-sacrifice ; as a scarcely expanded flower abandons itself negligently to its fragile stem, ready to yield its fragrance to the first breath of the zephyrs that float around. These moments, which others should regard with reverential awe, are exactly those which the wily and interested eagerly watch for, and seize with avidity, to fetter an unguarded will.

On the perusal of this letter the Prince — instantly saw a door opened to the fulfillment of his early and still cherished views. He therefore sent to Gertrude to come to him, and prepared to strike the iron while it was hot. Gertrude had no sooner made her appearance, than, without raising her eyes towards her father, she threw herself upon her knees, scarcely able to articulate the word "Pardon." The Prince beckoned to her to rise, and then, in a voice little calculated to reassure her, replied, that it was not sufficient to desire and solicit forgiveness, for that was easy and natural enough to one who had been convicted of a fault, and dreaded its punishment ; that, in short, it was necessary she should deserve it. Gertrude, in a subdued and trembling voice, asked what she must do. To this question the Prince (for we cannot find in our heart at this moment to give him the title of father) made no direct reply, but proceeded to speak at some length on Gertrude's fault, in words which grated upon the feelings of the poor girl like the drawing of a rough hand over a wound. He then went on to say, that even if . . . supposing he ever . . . had had at the first any intention of settling her in the world, she herself had now opposed an insuperable obstacle to such a plan ; since a man of honor, as he was, could never bring himself to give to any gentleman a daughter who had shown such a specimen of her character. His wretched auditor was completely overwhelmed ; and then the Prince, gradually softening his voice and language, proceeded to say that for every fault there was a remedy and a hope of mercy ; that hers was one the remedy for which was very distinctly indicated ; that she ought to see in this sad event a warning, as it were, that a worldly life was too full of danger for her . . .

"Ah, yes !" exclaimed Gertrude, excited by fear, subdued by a sense of shame, and overcome at the instant by a momentary tenderness of spirit.

"Ah ; you see it too," replied the Prince, instantly taking up her words. "Well, let us say no more of what is past : all is

canceled. You have taken the only honorable and suitable course that remained for you ; but, since you have chosen it willingly and cheerfully, it rests with me to make it pleasant to you in every possible way. I have the power of turning it to your advantage, and giving all the merit of the action to yourself, and I'll engage to do it for you." So saying, he rang a little bell that stood on the table, and said to the servant who answered it,—"The Princess and the young Prince immediately." Then turning to Gertrude, he continued: "I wish them to share in my satisfaction at once ; and I wish you immediately to be treated by all as is fit and proper. You have experienced a little of the severe parent, but from henceforth you shall find me an affectionate father."

Gertrude stood thunderstruck at these words. One moment she wondered how that "yes," which had escaped her lips, could be made to mean so much : then she thought, was there no way of retracting—of restricting the sense ; but the Prince's conviction seemed so unshaken, his joy so sensitively jealous, and his benignity so conditional, that Gertrude dared not utter a word to disturb them in the slightest degree.

The parties summoned quickly made their appearance, and, on seeing Gertrude, regarded her with an expression of surprise and uncertainty. But the Prince, with a cheerful and loving countenance, which immediately met with an answering look from them, said,—“Behold the wandering sheep : and I intend this to be the last word that shall awaken sad remembrances. Behold the consolation of the family ! Gertrude no longer needs advisers, for she has voluntarily chosen what we desired for her good. She has determined—she has given me to understand that she has determined . . .” Here Gertrude raised towards her father a look between terror and supplication, as if imploring him to pause, but he continued boldly : “that she has determined to take the veil.”

“*Brava !* well done !” exclaimed the mother and son, turning at the same time to embrace Gertrude, who received these congratulations with tears, which were interpreted as tears of satisfaction. The Prince then expatiated upon what he would do to render the situation of his daughter pleasant, and even splendid. He spoke of the distinction with which she would be regarded in the monastery and the surrounding country : that she would be like a princess, the representative of the family ; that, as soon as ever her age would allow of it, she

would be raised to the first dignity, and in the mean while would be under subjection only in name. The Princess and the young Prince renewed their congratulations and applauses, while poor Gertrude stood as if possessed by a dream.

"We had better fix the day for going to Monza to make our request of the Abbess," said the Prince. "How pleased she will be! I venture to say that all the monastery will know how to estimate the honor which Gertrude does them. Likewise . . . but why not go this very day? Gertrude will be glad to take an airing."

"Let us go, then," said the Princess.

"I will go and give orders," said the young Prince.

"But . . ." suggested Gertrude, submissively.

"Softly, softly," replied the Prince, "let her decide: perhaps she does not feel inclined to-day, and would rather delay till to-morrow. Tell me, would you prefer to-day or to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," answered Gertrude, in a faint voice, thinking it something that she could get a little longer respite.

"To-morrow," pronounced the Prince, solemnly; "she has decided that we go to-morrow. In the mean while I will go and ask the vicar of the nuns to name a day for the examination."

No sooner said than done; the Prince took his departure, and absolutely went himself (no little act of condescension) to the vicar, and obtained a promise that he would attend her the day after to-morrow.

During the remainder of this day Gertrude had not two moments of quiet. She wished to have calmed her mind after so many scenes of excitement, to clear and arrange her thoughts, to render an account to herself of what she had done, and of what she was about to do, determine what she wished, and, for a moment at least, retard that machine, which, once started, was proceeding so precipitously; but there was no opening. Occupations succeeded one another without interruption — one treading, as it were, upon the heels of another. Immediately after this solemn interview, she was conducted to her mother's dressing room, there, under her superintendence, to be dressed and adorned by her own waiting maid. Scarcely was this business completed when dinner was announced. Gertrude was greeted on her way by the bows of the servants, who expressed their congratulations for her recovery; and, on reaching the

dining room, she found a few of their nearest friends, who had been hastily invited to do her honor, and to share in the general joy for the two happy events, — her restored health, and her choice of a vocation.

The young bride — (as the novices were usually distinguished, and Gertrude was saluted on all sides by this title on her first appearance) — the young bride had enough to do to reply to all the compliments that were addressed to her. She was fully sensible that every one of these answers was, as it were, an assent and confirmation; yet how could she reply otherwise? Shortly after dinner came the driving hour, and Gertrude accompanied her mother in a carriage, with two uncles who had been among the guests. After the usual tour, they entered the Strada Marina, which crossed the space now occupied by the public gardens, and was the rendezvous of the gentry who drove out for recreation after the labors of the day. The uncles addressed much of their conversation to Gertrude, as was to be expected on such a day; and one of them, who seemed to be acquainted with everybody, every carriage, every livery, and had every moment something to say about Signor this and Lady that, suddenly checked himself, and turning to his niece — “Ah, you young rogue!” exclaimed he; “you are turning your back on all these follies, — you are one of the saints; we poor worldly fellows are caught in the snare, but you are going to lead a religious life, and go to heaven in your carriage.”

As evening approached they returned home, and the servants, hastily descending to meet them with lights, announced several visitors who were awaiting their return. The rumor had spread, and friends and relations crowded to pay their respects. On entering the drawing-room the young bride became the idol — the sole object of attention — the victim. Every one wished to have her to himself; one promised her pleasures, — another visits; one spoke of *Madre* this, her relation, — another of *Madre* that, an acquaintance; one extolled the climate of Monza, — another enlarged with great eloquence upon the distinctions she would there enjoy. Others, who had not yet succeeded in approaching Gertrude while thus besieged, stood watching their opportunity to address her, and felt a kind of regret until they had discharged their duty in this matter. By degrees the party dispersed, and Gertrude remained alone with the family.

"At last," said the Prince, "I have had the pleasure of seeing my daughter treated as becomes her rank. I must confess that she has conducted herself very well, and has shown that she will not be prevented making the first figure, and maintaining the dignity of the family." They then went to supper, so as to retire early, that they might be ready in good time in the morning.

Gertrude, annoyed, piqued, and at the same time a little puffed up by the compliments and ceremonies of the day, at this moment remembered all she had suffered from her jailer; and, seeing her father so ready to gratify her in everything but one, she resolved to make use of this disposition for the indulgence of at least one of the passions which tormented her. She displayed a great unwillingness again to be left alone with her maid, and complained bitterly of her treatment.

"What!" said the Prince; "did she not treat you with respect? To-morrow I will reward her as she deserves. Leave it to me, and I will get you entire satisfaction. In the mean while, a child with whom I am so well pleased must not be attended by a person she dislikes." So saying, he called another servant, and gave her orders to wait upon Gertrude, who, though certainly enjoying the satisfaction she received, was astonished at finding it so trifling, in comparison with the earnest wishes she had felt beforehand. The thought that, in spite of her unwillingness, predominated in her imagination, was the remembrance of the fearful progress she had this day made towards her cloistral life, and the consciousness that to draw back now would require a far, far greater degree of courage and resolution than would have sufficed a few days before, and which, even *then*, she felt she did not possess.

The woman appointed to attend her was an old servant of the family, who had formerly been the young Prince's governess, having received him from the arms of his nurse, and brought him up until he was almost a young man. In him she had centered all her pleasures, all her hopes, all her pride. She was delighted at this day's decision, as if it had been her own good fortune; and Gertrude, at the close of the day, was obliged to listen to the congratulations, praises, and advice of this old woman. She told her of some of her aunts and near relations who had been very happy as nuns, because, being of so high a family, they had always enjoyed the first honors, and had been able to have a good deal of influence beyond the

walls of the convent ; so that, from their parlor, they had come off victorious in undertakings in which the first ladies of the land had been quite foiled. She talked to her about the visits she would receive ; she would some day be seeing the Signor Prince with his bride, who must certainly be some noble lady ; and then not only the monastery, but the whole country would be in excitement. The old woman talked while undressing Gertrude ; she talked after she had lain down, and even continued talking after Gertrude was asleep. Youth and fatigue had been more powerful than cares. Her sleep was troubled, disturbed, and full of tormenting dreams, but was unbroken, until the shrill voice of the old woman aroused her to prepare for her journey to Monza.

“Up, up, Signora bride ; it is broad daylight, and you will want at least an hour to dress and arrange yourself. The Signora Princess is getting up ; they awoke her four hours earlier than usual. The young Prince has already been down to the stables and come back, and is ready to start whenever you are. The creature is as brisk as a hare ! but he was always so from a child : I have a right to say so who have nursed him in my arms. But when he’s once set a going, it won’t do to oppose him ; for, though he is the best-tempered creature in the world, he sometimes gets impatient and storms. Poor fellow ! one must pity him ; it is all the effect of his temperament ; and besides, this time there is some reason in it, because he is going to all this trouble for you. People must take care how they touch him at such times ! he minds no one except the Signor Prince. But some day he will be the Prince himself ; may it be as long as possible first, however. Quick, quick, Signorina, why do you look at me as if you were bewitched ? You ought to be out of your nest at this hour.”

At the idea of the impatient Prince, all the other thoughts which had crowded into Gertrude’s mind on awaking, vanished before it, like a flock of sparrows on the sudden appearance of a scarecrow. She instantly obeyed, dressed herself in haste, and, after submitting to the decoration of her hair and person, went down to the saloon, where her parents and brother were assembled. She was then led to an armchair, and a cup of chocolate was brought to her, which in those days was a ceremony similar to that formerly in use among the Romans, of presenting the *toga virilis*.

When the carriage was at the door, the Prince drew his

daughter aside, and said : "Come, Gertrude, yesterday you had every attention paid you ; to-day you must overcome yourself. The point is now to make a proper appearance in the monastery and the surrounding country, where you are destined to take the first place. They are expecting you." (It is unnecessary to say that the Prince had dispatched a message the preceding day to the Lady Abbess.) "They are expecting you, and all eyes will be upon you. You must maintain dignity and an easy manner. The Abbess will ask you what you wish, according to the usual form. You must reply that you request to be allowed to take the veil in the monastery where you have been so lovingly educated, and have received so many kindnesses, which is the simple truth. You will pronounce these words with an unembarrassed air ; for I would not have it said that you have been drawn in, and that you don't know how to answer for yourself. These good mothers know nothing of the past : it is a secret which must remain forever buried in the family. Take care you don't put on a sorrowful or dubious countenance, which might excite any suspicion. Show of what blood you are : be courteous and modest ; but remember that there, away from the family, there will be nobody above you."

Without waiting for a reply, the Prince led the way, Gertrude, the Princess, and the young Prince following ; and, going downstairs, they seated themselves in the carriage. The snares and vexations of the world, and the happy, blessed life of the cloister, more especially for young people of noble birth, were the subjects of conversation during the drive. On approaching their destination the Prince renewed his instructions to his daughter, and repeated over to her several times the prescribed form of reply. On entering this neighborhood, Gertrude felt her heart beat violently ; but her attention was suddenly arrested by several gentlemen, who stopped the carriage and addressed numberless compliments to her. Then continuing their way, they drove slowly up to the monastery, amongst the inquisitive gazes of the crowds who had collected upon the road. When the carriage stopped before these well-known walls, and that dreaded door, Gertrude's heart beat still more violently. They alighted between two wings of bystanders, whom the servants were endeavoring to keep back, and the consciousness that the eyes of all were upon her, compelled the unfortunate girl closely to study her behavior ; but, above all, those of her father kept her in awe ; for, spite of the

dread she had of them, she could not help every moment raising her eyes to his, and, like invisible reins, they regulated every movement and expression of her countenance. After traversing the first court, they entered the second, where the door of the interior cloister was held open, and completely blockaded by nuns. In the first row stood the Abbess, surrounded by the eldest of the sisterhood; behind them the younger nuns promiscuously arranged, and some on tiptoe; and, last of all, the lay sisters mounted on stools. Here and there among them were seen the glancing of certain bright eyes and some little faces peeping out from between the cowls: they were the most active and daring of the pupils, who, creeping in and pushing their way between nun and nun, had succeeded in making an opening where *they* might also see something. Many were the acclamations of this crowd, and many the hands held up in token of welcome and exultation. They reached the door, and Gertrude found herself standing before the Lady Abbess. After the first compliments, the superior, with an air between cheerfulness and solemnity, asked her what she wanted in that place, where there was no one who would deny her anything.

"I am here . . ." began Gertrude; but, on the point of pronouncing the words which would almost irrevocably decide her fate, she hesitated a moment, and remained with her eyes fixed on the crowd before her. At this moment she caught the eye of one of her old companions, who looked at her with a mixed air of compassion and malice which seemed to say: ah! the boaster is caught. This sight, awakening more vividly in her mind her old feelings, restored to her also a little of her former courage; and she was on the point of framing a reply far different to the one which had been dictated to her, when, raising her eyes to her father's face, almost, as it were, to try her strength, she encountered there such a deep disquietude, such a threatening impatience, that, urged by fear, she continued with great precipitation, as if flying from some terrible object: "I am here to request permission to take the religious habit in this monastery, where I have been so lovingly educated." The Abbess quickly answered that she was very sorry in this instance that the regulations forbade her giving an immediate reply, which must come from the general votes of the sisters, and for which she must obtain permission from her superiors; **that, nevertheless, Gertrude knew well enough the feelings**

entertained towards her in that place, to foresee what the answer would be ; and that, in the mean while, no regulation prevented the Abbess and the sisterhood from manifesting the great satisfaction they felt in hearing her make such a request. There then burst forth a confused murmur of congratulations and acclamations. Presently, large dishes were brought filled with sweetmeats, and were offered first to the bride, and afterwards to her parents. While some of the nuns approached to greet Gertrude, others complimenting her mother, and others the young Prince, the Abbess requested the Prince to repair to the grate of the parlor of conference, where she would wait upon him. She was accompanied by two elders, and on his appearing, "Signor Prince," said she ; "to obey the regulations . . . to perform an indispensable formality, though in this case . . . nevertheless I must tell you . . . that whenever a young person asks to be admitted to take the veil, . . . the superior, which I am unworthily . . . is obliged to warn the parents . . . that if by any chance . . . they should have constrained the will of their daughter, they are liable to excommunication. You will excuse me . . ."

"Oh ! certainly, certainly, reverend mother. I admire your exactness ; it is only right. . . . But you need not doubt . . ."

"Oh ! think Signor Prince . . . I only spoke from absolute duty . . . for the rest . . ."

"Certainly, certainly, Lady Abbess."

Having exchanged these few words, the two interlocutors reciprocally bowed and departed, as if neither of them felt very willing to prolong the interview, each retiring to his own party, the one outside, the other within the threshold of the cloister. "Now then let us go," said the Prince : "Gertrude will soon have plenty of opportunity of enjoying as much as she pleases the society of these good mothers. For the present, we have put them to enough inconvenience." And, making a low bow, he signified his wish to return : the party broke up, exchanged salutations, and departed.

During the drive home Gertrude felt little inclination to speak. Alarmed at the step she had taken, ashamed at her want of spirit, and vexed with others as well as herself, she tried to enumerate the opportunities which still remained of saying no, and languidly and confusedly resolved in her own mind that in this, or that, or the other instance she *would* be

more open and courageous. Yet, in the midst of these thoughts, her dread of her father's frown still held its full sway ; so that once, when, by a stealthy glance at his face, she was fully assured that not a vestige of anger remained, when she even saw that he was perfectly satisfied with her, she felt quite cheered, and experienced a real but transient joy.

On their arrival, a long toilet, dinner, visits, walks, a *conversazione* and supper, followed each other in rapid succession. After supper the Prince introduced another subject — the choice of a godmother. This was the title of the person who, being solicited by the parents, became the guardian and escort of the young novice, in the interval between the request and the admission; an interval frequently spent in visiting churches, public palaces, *conversazioni*, villas, and temples; in short, everything of note in the city and its environs; so that the young people, before pronouncing the irrevocable vow, might be fully aware of what they were giving up.

"We must think of a godmother," said the Prince; "for to-morrow the vicar of the nuns will be here for the usual formality of an examination, and shortly afterwards Gertrude will be proposed in council for the acceptance of the nuns."

In saying this he turned towards the Princess, and she, thinking he intended it as an invitation to her to make some proposal, was beginning: "There should be . . ." But the Prince interrupted her.

"No, no, Signora Princess; the godmother should be acceptable above all to the bride; and though universal custom gives the selection to the parents, yet Gertrude has so much judgment, and such excellent discernment, that she richly deserves to be made an exception." And here, turning to Gertrude, with the air of one who was bestowing a singular favor, he continued: "Any one of the ladies who were at the *conversazioni* this evening possesses all the necessary qualifications for the office of godmother to a person of your family; and any one of them, I am willing to believe, will think it an honor to be made choice of. Do you choose for yourself."

Gertrude was fully sensible that to make a choice was but to renew her consent; yet the proposition was made with so much dignity that a refusal would have borne the appearance of contempt, and an excuse, of ignorance or fastidiousness. She therefore took this step also, and named a lady who had chiefly taken her fancy that evening; that is to say, one who

had paid her the most attention, who had most applauded her, and who had treated her with those familiar, affectionate, and engaging manners, which, on the first acquaintanceship, counterfeited a friendship of long standing. "An excellent choice," exclaimed the Prince, who had exactly wished and expected it. Whether by art or chance, it happened just as when a card player, holding up to view a pack of cards, bids the spectator think of one, and then will tell him which it is, having previously disposed them in such a way that but one of them can be seen. This lady had been so much with Gertrude all the evening, and had so entirely engaged her attention, that it would have required an effort of imagination to think of another. These attentions, however, had not been paid without a motive; the lady had for some time fixed her eyes upon the young Prince as a desirable son-in-law; hence she regarded everything belonging to the family as her own; and therefore it was natural enough that she should interest herself for her dear Gertrude, no less than for her nearest relatives.

On the morrow, Gertrude awoke with the image of the approaching examination before her eyes; and, while she was considering if and how she could seize this most decisive opportunity to draw back, she was summoned by the Prince. "Courage, my child," said he: "until now you have behaved admirably, and it only remains to-day to crown the work. All that has been done hitherto has been done with your consent. If, in this interval, any doubts had arisen in your mind, any misgivings, or youthful regrets, you ought to have expressed them; but at the point at which we have now arrived, it is no longer the time to play the child. The worthy man who is coming to you this morning, will ask you a hundred questions about your election, and whether you go of your own good will, and why, and how, and what not besides. If you tantalize him in your replies, he will keep you under examination I don't know how long. It would be an annoyance and a weariness to you; and it might produce a still more serious effect. After all the public demonstrations that have been made, every little hesitation you may display will risk my honor, and may make people think that I have taken a momentary fancy of yours for a settled resolution—that I have rushed headlong into the business—that I have . . . what not? In this case, I shall be reduced to the necessity of choosing between two painful alternatives; either to let the world

form a derogatory judgment of my conduct — a course which I absolutely cannot take in justice to myself — or to reveal the true motive of your resolution, and . . .” But here, observing that Gertrude colored crimson, that her eyes became inflamed, and her face contracted like the petals of a flower in the sultry heat that precedes a storm, he broke off this strain, and continued with a serene face: “Come, come, all depends upon yourself — upon your judgment. I know that you are not deficient in it, and that you are not a child, to go spoil a good undertaking just at the conclusion; but I must foresee and provide for all contingencies. Let us say no more about it; only let me feel assured that you will reply with frankness so as not to excite suspicion in the mind of this worthy man. Thus you, also, will be set at liberty the sooner.” Then, after suggesting a few answers to the probable interrogations that would be put, he entered upon the usual topic of the pleasures and enjoyments prepared for Gertrude at the monastery, and contrived to detain her on this subject till a servant announced the arrival of the examiner. After a hasty repetition of the most important hints, he left his daughter alone with him, according to the usual custom.

The good man came with a slight preconceived opinion that Gertrude had a strong desire for a cloistral life, because the Prince had told him so, when he went to request his attendance. It is true that the good priest, who knew well enough that mistrust was one of the most necessary virtues of his office, held as a maxim that he should be very slow in believing such protestations, and should be on his guard against preconceptions; but it seldom happens that the positive affirmations of a person of such authority, in whatever matter, do not give a bias to the mind of those who hear them. After the usual salutations: “Signorina,” said he, “I am coming to act the part of the tempter; I have come to excite doubts where your request expresses certainty, to place difficulties before your eyes, and to assure myself whether you have well considered them. Will you allow me to ask you some questions?”

“Proceed,” replied Gertrude.

The worthy priest then began to question her in the usual prescribed forms. “Do you feel in your heart a free, voluntary resolution to become a nun? Have no threatenings, no flat-teries, been resorted to? Has no authority been made use of to persuade you to this step? Speak without reserve and with

perfect sincerity to a man whose duty it is to ascertain your unbiassed will, that he may prevent your being compelled by any exercise of force to take such a course."

The true answer to such a demand rose up before Gertrude's mind with fearful distinctness. But to make that reply, she must come to an explanation; she must disclose what she had been threatened with, and relate a story. . . . The unhappy girl shrank back in horror from such an idea, and tried to find some other reply, which would more speedily release her from this unpleasant interview. "I wish to take the veil," said she, concealing her agitation — "I wish to take the veil at my own desire, voluntarily."

"How long have you had this desire?" again demanded the good priest.

"I have always felt it," replied Gertrude, rendered after this first step more unscrupulous about speaking the truth.

"But what is the principal motive that induces you to become a nun?"

The good priest little knew what a terrible chord he was touching; and Gertrude had to make a great effort not to betray in her countenance the effect which these words produced on her mind, as she replied: "My motive is to serve God, and to fly the perils of the world."

"May there not have been some disgust? Some . . . excuse me . . . some caprice? There are times when a passing cause may make an impression that seems at the moment sure to be lasting; but afterwards, when the cause is removed, and the mind calmed, then . . ."

"No, no," replied Gertrude, precipitately, "the reason is exactly what I have told you."

The vicar, rather to discharge his duty faithfully than because he thought it necessary, persisted in his inquiries; but Gertrude was resolved to deceive him. Besides the horror she felt at the thought of making him acquainted with her weakness, when he seemed so far from suspecting her of anything of the kind, the poor girl thought that though he could certainly easily prevent her taking the veil, yet that there was the end of his authority over her, or his power of protection. When once he had gone, she would be left alone with the Prince, and of what she would then have to endure in that house, the worthy priest could know nothing; or, even if he did, he could only pity her. The examiner was tired of questioning, before the

unfortunate girl of deceiving him; and, finding her replies invariably consistent, and having no reason to doubt their sincerity, he at last changed his tone, and said all he could to confirm her in her good resolution; and, after congratulating her, he took his leave. Passing through one of the apartments, he met with the Prince, who appeared to fall in with him accidentally, and congratulated him on the good dispositions his daughter had displayed. The Prince had been waiting in a very wearisome state of suspense, but, on receiving this account, he breathed more freely, and, forgetting his usual gravity, he almost ran to Gertrude, and loaded her with commendations, caresses, and promises, with cordial satisfaction, and a tenderness of manner to a great degree sincere. Such a strange medley is the human heart!

We will not follow Gertrude in her continual round of sights and amusements, nor will we describe, either generally or particularly, the feelings of her mind during this period; it would be a history of sorrows and fluctuations too monotonous, and too much resembling what we have already related. The beauty of the surrounding seats, the continual variety of objects, and the pleasant excursions in the open air rendered the idea of the place where she must shortly alight for the last time, more odious to her than ever. Still more painful were the impressions made upon her by the assemblies and amusements of the city. The sight of a bride, in the more obvious and common sense of the word, aroused in her envy and anguish, to a degree almost intolerable; and sometimes the sight of some other individual made her feel as if to hear that title given to herself would be the height of felicity. There were even times when the pomp of palaces, the splendor of ornaments, and the excitement and clamorous festivity of the *conversazione* so infatuated her, and aroused in her such an ardent desire to lead a gay life, that she resolved to recant, and to suffer anything rather than turn to the cold and deathlike shade of the cloister. But all these resolutions vanished into air, on the calmer consideration of the difficulties of such a course, or on merely raising her eyes to the Prince's face. Sometimes, too, the thought that she must forever abandon these enjoyments made even this little taste of them bitter and wearisome to her; as the patient, suffering with thirst, eyes with vexation, and almost refuses with contempt, the spoonful of water the physician unwillingly allows him. In the mean while, the vicar of the nuns had dispatched

the necessary attestation, and permission arrived, to hold the conference for the election of Gertrude. The meeting was called: two thirds of the secret votes, which were required by the regulations, were given, as was to be expected, and Gertrude was accepted. She herself, wearied with this long struggle, begged for immediate admission into the monastery, and no one came forward to oppose such a request. She was therefore gratified in her wish; and, after being pompously conducted to the monastery, she assumed the habit. After twelve months of novitiate, full of alternate regret and repentings, the time of public profession arrived; that is to say, the time when she must either utter a "no," more strange, more unexpected, and more disgraceful than ever; or pronounce a "yes," already so often repeated: she pronounced it, and became a nun forever.



HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward, unto souls afar,
 Along the psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if there any is
 For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith, all undisproved,
 A little dust, to overweep,
 And bitter memories, to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake.
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
 But never doleful dream again



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Shall break the happy slumber, when
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O man, with wailing in your voices!
 O delvèd gold, the wailers' heap!
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap.
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;
 But angels say — and through the word
 I ween their blessed smile is *heard* —
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the jugglers leap,—
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on *His* love repose,
 Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends, dear friends, — when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"



FRIENDSHIP.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the eminent American poet, essayist, and lecturer, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He came of a long line of ministers; and after graduating from Harvard, taught for a few years, and in 1829 was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church. This office, however, he

resigned in 1832, on account of the gradually increasing differences between his own modes of thought and those of his hearers. He then made a brief trip to Europe, during which he became acquainted with Carlyle, and on his return commenced his career as lecturer, meeting with continued success in the United States and England. In 1840, on the establishment of the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, he became a contributor, and from 1842 to 1844 its editor. He died at his home in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. His collected works include: "Nature," "Essays" (two series), "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "Poems."]

WE have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Mauger all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend,—and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are

uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last, and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner,—but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

Pleasant are these jets of affection which make a young world for me again. Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling. How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter and no night: all tragedies, all ennui vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I but the Deity in me and in them both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual

character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are not stark and stiffened persons, but the newborn poetry of God, — poetry without stop, — hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing and not yet caked in dead books with annotation and grammar, but Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to “crush the sweet poison of misused wine” of the affections. A new person is to me always a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend’s accomplishments as if they were mine, — wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his name, his form, his dress, books, and instruments, fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect man as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by facing the fact, by mining

for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations, the instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love.

DEAR FRIEND,—If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise:

my moods are quite attainable: and I respect thy genius: it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

The valiant warrior famed for fight,
After a hundred victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is pro-

tected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards ; but the austere worth ; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves ? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend ! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law ! It is no idle bond, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the firstborn of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.

Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those most undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth à fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored;—he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear,

by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says, "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plowboys and tin peddlers, to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

For perfect friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, so well tempered each and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that

very seldom can its satisfaction be realized. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word

or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight; where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. To be capable that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy. He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We must not be willful, we must not provide. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course if he be a man he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside. Give those merits room. Let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he is almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-consuming pleasure, instead of the pure nectar of God.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I

can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a principedom to thy friend. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial convenience to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. Me it suffices. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb: you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, æquat*. To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent,—so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only money of God is God. He pays never with anything less, or anything else. The only reward of virtue is

virtue : the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us ; why should we intrude ? Late, — very late, — we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, — but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them : then shall we meet as water with water : and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the firstborn of the world, — those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal

us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced: he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come. He is the harbinger of a greater friend. It is the property of the divine to be reproductive.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days presentiments hover before me, far before me, in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid times, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions; not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give me, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly on one side, without due corre-

spondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends instantly the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.



THE COURTIN'.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbl' crooknecks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The old queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
 Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle fires danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, ~~tu~~,
 A raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work
 Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"
 "Wal, no; I come designin'—"
 "To see my Ma? Sh.'s sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
 Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*;"
 The last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' — wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kind o' smily round the lips
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they wuz cried
 In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

ON THE WANE: A SENTIMENTAL CORRESPONDENCE.¹

By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

(From "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.")

[LUCY LANE of Barbadoes married Prof. W. K. Clifford in 1875. She has written also, "Mrs. Keith's Crime" (1885), "Aunt Anne" (1892), "A Flash of Summer" (1895), besides stories for children.]

I.

HE.

ST. JAMES STREET, W.,
Monday, June 23d.

MY DEAR AND PRECIOUS ONE,—This is only a line to tell you that I shall come and dine with you and your mummy this evening, at the usual time. I have been thinking, my sweet, that we had much better be married soon. What is the good of waiting—beyond the winter anyway? We must make arrangements for the mummy, or why could she not come to us? I shall talk to you seriously about it to-night, so be prepared. I feel as if we can't go on living at different ends of London much longer; besides, what is the good of waiting?

No more time, dear, for I must post this at once. You had my long letter this morning. Yours was just like you. I think you are the greatest darling on earth, Gwen,—I have taken it very badly, you see,—and I have got something for you when I come that I think you will like. Till then be good and love me. Meet me down the lane if you can, like an angel—no, like yourself, which will be better.

Your devoted
JIM.

II.

HE.

Tuesday Night, June 24th.

You were so very sweet last night, beloved; I do nothing but think of you. I do trust you, darling, absolutely; and if we must wait till Christmas, why, we must. But you will come to me then, won't you? and we will be the two happiest people on earth. I can't rest till I have seen you again. I have been thinking that if you met me to-morrow at four at the Finchley Road Station we could have a long walk, and drive back in a hansom in the cool of the evening in time for dinner. Shall

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we? If so, come in your big hat and the white dress, for that is how you look prettiest, you gypsy.

Your devoted

JIM.

III.

SHE.

HAMPSTEAD,

Wednesday Morning, June 25th.

Only to say of course I will, darling. I will do anything you like. You looked so handsome last night that I was "shocking" proud of you, as you would say. Mother says the sound of you in the house makes the whole place joyful. It does. I shall love a long walk—dear you, to think of it. I'll be there in the big hat and the white dress, according to the orders of His Majesty the King.

His very loving

GWEN.

IV.

HE.

(A MONTH LATER.)

Wednesday, July 25th.

DEAREST CHILD, — Sorry I could not come yesterday afternoon; it's an awful pull up that hill, and the day was so blazing hot that I confess I shirked it. You understand, don't you, darling? I'll come and dine on Friday anyway. My mother says you must go and stay with her this autumn. She is enjoying her month in town, I think. Good-by, my child, no more time. I'm awfully vexed now I didn't charter a hansom yesterday to go up that blessed hill on the top of which it pleases you to live, or climb it on all fours, for I want to see you badly. I have been very busy, and naturally, while my mother is here, I have less time than usual.

Your loving

JIM.

V.

SHE.

Wednesday Night.

Yes, old darling. I quite understand, and I'll count the hours till Friday. Of course I was disappointed yesterday, but I tried to console myself by thinking that you might have got sunstroke if you had come; and then in the evening, when I

felt very downhearted, I read over a heap of your letters—I mean those you sent me in the winter, when you first loved me. They were so very loving that they made me quite happy again. Am I just the same to you? I don't know why I ask it; something makes me do so. Do you remember that night we walked up and down the garden till nearly twelve o'clock and talked of all manner of serious things? I often think of it. You said that when we were together we would work and read and try to understand the meaning of many things that seemed like lesson books in the wide world's school, and that now, in the holiday time, we did not want to think about. The lesson time would surely come, you said, so that we need not grudge ourselves our laughter and our joy. I remember that you said, too, that work was the most important thing in life, and I have been wondering if that is so. It seems rather a cold gospel. But perhaps you are right. Your love, for instance, will only make my happiness; but your work may help the whole world. Is that what you meant, darling? All this because of that happy night when you took my face between your hands and looked at me almost solemnly and said, "This dear face is my life's history, thank God for that." I love you so—oh, so much when I think of your voice—but I love you always.

GWEN.

VI.

HE.

Thursday Morning.

YOU DEAR SWEET,—You are a most serious person, and a darling and a goose, and I long to kiss you; but look here, Gwennie, I can't come Friday either. Marsden insists on having half a dozen men to dine with him at the Club, and there must I be in the midst of them. Will Saturday do? Nice day Saturday, comes before Sunday, you know: best preparation in the world for it (seeing that I shall be made to go to church next morning and stay till the end of the sermon), will be seeing you the night before. I think I shall have to take a run to Clifton for a little bit next week, if so I shall miss your garden party, I fear; but we'll talk about this on Saturday.

Yours ever and ever as you know, JIM.

Work? Of course we must work. It is one's rent in the world, and honest folk must pay their way. Your work is to love me.

VII.

SHE.

Thursday Night.

Yes, Jim dear, and I will always do it. Come on Saturday. I shall be miserable if you are not at our garden party, and fear I shall hardly have heart to go on with it. I am a selfish thing; but as you say will talk of it on Saturday.

Your loving GWEN.

VIII.

HE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

Saturday, 7:30 P.M.

Awfully sorry. Relations turned up. Insist on my dining. Will come Monday.

JIM.

IX.

SHE.

Sunday, July 29th.

Of course it could not be helped, dearest, yet when your telegram came I sat down and wept as devoutly as if I had been by the waters of Babylon. Relations are *exigents*, I know, and you were quite right to go to them, yet I did so long for you; our little feast was ready, and I was ready; in the blue dress that you said I looked pretty in. I had pinned a rose on my shoulder, and wondered if you would pull it leaf by leaf away, — you did last time, do you remember? I shuddered while I thought of it. It was like — but I will not even write it. Oh, Jim dear, how well we can sometimes make ourselves shiver at the impossibilities! I know you love me, but the little things that have kept you away from me oftener than usual lately make me foolish and nervous; they are like thongs that threaten to become a whip, and would if you stayed away too long. But you won't? You know that I love you, as you do me, and that I am weaker and cannot bear the days apart as you can, you who have many things to fill your life, while I have only you to fill mine — only you, for whom I would die, and think death sweet if it did you even the least little good.

When I was ready last night I went out and walked up and down under the veranda, before the windows. I looked in at the drawing room and thought of how we would sit there on the little low sofa after dinner, watching the shadows that

always seem to come stealing through the fir trees; and of how we would talk, as we always do, or of the days when we wondered and guessed about each other, and were afraid and hoped; or of how we would plan our future life and arrange the things we would some day do together. The dining-room window was open, and I looked in there, too, at our table spread, at the great roses in the bowl, and the candles ready for lighting. I thought of how you would sit at the head, as though you were master already, and of how, when we had nearly come to an end, dear mother would rise, as she always does, and say, "You will not mind if I go, dears? I am very tired;" and you would open the door and she would pass out, giving you a little smile as she went; and then you would come back and stoop and kiss me and say, "My darling," just as you always do, and each time seems like a first time. But you did not come, and did not come — and then there was a telegram. I know the quick, loud sound, the clangingness that only the telegraph boy puts into the bell, as well as I know your footstep. Sometimes my heart bounds to it; it leaps to heaven for a moment, for it means that you are coming, and sometimes it sinks. Oh, my darling, if you only knew how it almost stands still sometimes! — it did last night — for it means that you are not coming.

Jim, dear, I am a fool. I know you could not help it. But I love you dearly, and will all my life. I kiss the paper because your hands will touch it. Good night, my own.

GWEN.

X.

HE.

Monday Morning.

YOU SWEET THING, — Your letter almost makes me ashamed of myself. You do love me, Gwen, and I am not half good enough for you. I wonder how I dared go in for a girl like you, or what I ever did to please God that He should give me a love like yours. I often think that you will be awfully disappointed when you get me every day of your life and find out what a commonplace beggar I am. You are certain to find that out anyhow. And yet, why should you? Does not Browning say: —

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures,
Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

I don't suppose that I am the meanest of His creatures, but I am not as good as you, dear. There is a sort of looking-ahead-ness towards Heaven in you that is wholly lacking in me. I have felt that very keenly lately, and wondered whether any vanity would let me stand being made the subject of your being disillusioned about mankind later on. There is one thing certain: whatever happens to us in the future, we have the memory of good love behind us; for I have loved you, Gwen dear; always remember that.

I will come up this evening, and we will have a happy time together. I think I must go to Clifton, after all. Mrs. Seafield wants me to help them through with Tommy's coming of age. Awfully nice woman, Mrs. Seafield, and one ought to encourage nice people by doing what they wish occasionally. Be good. Don't get low-spirited or entertain ghosts unawares, or do anything but love me till I come, and then I will tell you that I love you, which will be better than saying it here.

I think you ought to go away for a bit; you strike me, from your letters, as being a little strained and run down. It's all my fault, isn't it, dearest? For I prevented you from going to Italy last winter by making you be engaged to me; and then we didn't want to put the big distance between us. Till to-night.

Your loving

JIM.

XI.

HE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

Clifton, August 3d.

No time to write. Garden party, etc., Friday. Letter to-morrow. Staying till Wednesday.

JIM.

XII.

SHE.

Tuesday, August 7th.

DEAREST JIM,—I have been hoping and hoping to hear from you. Is anything the matter, darling? Are you ill? Has a letter miscarried? Are you angry with me? I cannot believe that four whole days have passed without a word, and yet I know that I am foolish to worry myself, for this silence is probably due to some trivial accident. But you are all the

wide world to me — you and my mother ; and in these last days apart you seem to have tightened and tightened round my heart till I cannot even breathe without thinking of you, and the least little bit of fear about you makes me miserable.

I am very foolish, Jim, for on Monday night, after you had gone, I sat up till it was nearly daylight thinking over your words and looks. I fancied they had been different — that you had been different altogether lately. Perhaps it is only a calm setting in, a reaction after the wild love-making of the winter, when you seemed unable to live a single day without me. It could not be always like that ; I knew it even at the time. Perhaps I fancy it all ; write and tell me that I do. But I have felt since Monday as if only the ghost of your love remained to me. You didn't seem so glad to be with me ; you did not look at me so often, and you broke off to talk of outside things just when I thought your heart was full of me and love of me.

Your mother came yesterday. She did not stay long. She did not ask me to go to her in the autumn. She said that she had heard from you, and my heart gave a throb of pain, knowing that I had not had a line. In her manner she seemed to divine that you had changed. I went upstairs after she had gone and prayed that if it were so I might never know it. But for my poor mummy I could have killed myself, so as to die in the midst of uncertainty that was torture, and yet joy compared to the knowledge that might come — the knowledge that your love had gone from me.

But to-night I am ashamed of all my foolishness, all my fears, and reproaching myself for doubting you ; for I know that you love me—I do indeed. I live over all your words and looks. Do you remember that night by the pond — we stole out by the garden gate — when you said nothing could ever part us ; that I was never, never to doubt you, no matter if you yourself had made me do so for the moment ? You made me swear I never would. You looked down and said, “My sweet wife,” and made me say, “Yes, Jim, your wife” after you, because you wanted me to feel that the tie between us could never be broken. It is the memory of those words, of that night, that helps me through the misery and wicked doubting of you now. Come and beat me for the doubting with a thick, thick stick, and I will count each stroke as joy, and love you more and more for every one that falls. It is the memory of that night, too, that makes me send you this — that gives me courage to

pour out all my heart to you. The days have passed for make-believes between us: I cannot pretend to you; I am yours, your own, and very own. Write me one line and make me happy again, and forgive me, or scold me, or do what you will, so that you love me — tell me that, and I shall be once more what I have been all these months, the happiest, most blessed girl in the whole wide world.

GWEN.

XIII.

HE.

Wednesday, August 8th.

DEAREST GWEN, — What a sentimental child you are! I have been busy: tennis, dances, garden party, picnic, Tommy coming of age, and speeches — all sorts of things crowded into a week. No time for letter writing. It is very jolly here, and everything uncommonly well managed. Nice people in the neighborhood; dinner party last night; took in Ethel Bertram — handsome girl, beautiful dark eyes, said to be worth a pile of money.

I think you ought to have more occupation, dear; you seem to be so dependent now on your affections and emotions; you want something more to fill your life. I wish you had a younger companion than your mother — you must try and get one somehow. I am going on to Devonshire, on Thursday, for two or three weeks, and shall, perhaps, stay here again for a day or two on my way back. Don't fidget, dear child. No more time.

JIM.

XIV.

SHE.

Thursday, 9th.

Jim, darling, don't say I am sentimental — it sounds like a reproach; but you know we always write each other foolish, loving letters. I am glad you are having a good time. I suppose it was very foolish of me to be unhappy, but it has been so odd to find morning after morning going by and no sign from you. You spoiled me at first by writing every day.

You didn't say you loved me in your note — tell me that you do next time; but don't write till you want to do so. Be happy, darling, and I will be happy too, in thinking of you.

GWEN.

XV.

HE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

HORRABRIDGE, S. DEVON.

Friday, August 11th.

Had letter yesterday. Will write soon. Here for some days.

JIM.

XVI.

SHE.

Thursday, August 22d.

Jim, dear, do send me a line. It is nearly a fortnight since I heard from you, and for a long time your letters have been different, they have indeed, though I have tried to disguise it from myself. I cannot bear it any longer. Tell me what it all means, for it must mean something. Speak out, I implore you. You are not afraid of me, are you, darling? Your own loving

GWEN.

XVII.

HE.

HORRABRIDGE, August 24th.

It is strange how quickly a woman divines ; and your heart has told you what I have not had the courage to say. Gwen, dear, I want to break it off, not because I do not think you what I have always thought you, or because I care for any one else, but simply because I want to be free. Our engagement no longer gives me the pleasure it did ; I look forward to marriage as a sort of bondage into which I do not want to enter. I am perfectly frank with you because I feel that in an important matter like this it is only right. Then, dear, you know my mother never approved of it ; parents are prudent people, and she thought the whole business unwise. I struggled against her reasoning all I could, for I loved you, and thought of your face, and of how you loved me. But, Gwen dear, there is a good deal in what she says. You see you couldn't leave your mother ; and we should have to be careful about money ; for I am not a frugal beggar, and there are lots of difficulties. I ought to have thought of them before, but you were so sweet and good, a thousand times too good for me, that I could think of nothing but you. Say you forgive me, and believe that I have loved you, for I have, and you won't hold me to it, will

you, Gwen? I know this will cost you a great deal, but you are a brave girl and will bear it; and don't reproach me—I could not bear your reproaches. I am a scoundrel and I know it, a ruffian, or I should love you beyond all things, as I ought.

J.

XVIII.

SHE.

August 25th.

Hold you to it when you want to be free? I would not be so much of a cobweb. Thank God that in your letter you were able at least to say that you had loved me. Reproach you? Why should I? Men are different from women—it is not for women to judge them. Besides, I love you—I say it once more for this last time on earth—so much and so truly that I cannot be angry, much less reproachful. Go, and be happy, my darling. God bless you, and good-by.

GWEN.

XIX.

HE.

(A MONTH LATER.)

September 25th.

I believe I ought to ask you for my letters back. Will you send them, or write and say that you have burned them?—which you prefer. Forgive me for troubling you. J. F.

P.S.—I was so sorry to hear through the Markhams that you had been ill.

XX.

SHE.

HAMPSTEAD, September 27th.

I send back your letters, and your ring, and other things. I ought to have sent them before, but I could not. I am glad you asked for them. Thank you, I am better; and to-morrow we start for Montreux, and stay there through the winter; perhaps much longer.

Yours,

G. W.

XXI.

HE.

(A YEAR LATER.)

LONDON, July 30th.

MY DEAR GWEN, — (Forgive me, but I cannot bring myself to address you any more formally) — I saw your dear mother's

death in the paper, yesterday. You have not been out of my thoughts since. Perhaps I ought not to write to you, but I can't help telling you how grieved I am for all that you must be suffering. It seems so rough that you should be left alone in the world. I heard that your Aunt Mary was with you, and I hope that you may be going to live with her; but probably you are not able yet to think of your future.

Of course I do not know if you are coming back to England soon; but if not, and there is anything I could get or do for you over here, or anything I could do for you at any time, I can't tell you what a privilege I should think it. This is not time to say it, perhaps, but I respect no woman on earth as I do you, and I should think it the greatest honor to be of service to you. I dare not hope that you will send me any reply to this, still less that you ever think of me kindly. But do believe how true is my sympathy. Yours always,

J. F.

XXII.

SHE.

GLION, August 5th.

Thank you for your letter. Yes, my dear mother is gone; it seems so strange and still without her. I sit and stare into an empty world. Thank you; but there is nothing you can do for me. I always think of you kindly. Why should I not do so?

I am going to live with Aunt Mary. My mother arranged it all. We are not coming back to England yet; we stay here a little time, then go down to Montreux again for winter.

Yours,

G. W.

XXIII.

HE.

(SIX MONTHS LATER.)

February 1st.

I don't know how I am going to write to you; I have been longing to do it for months past and not daring.

It will be better to plunge at once. Gwennie, could you forgive me and take me back? I should not be mad enough to think it possible, but that I know you to be the dearest girl on earth, and the most constant. You did love me once, and though perhaps you will only laugh at my audacity, deep down

in my heart something tells me that you care for me a little bit still, or at least that you could care for me again. I remember you saying in one of your last letters that the time had passed for make-believes between us; and if, in spite of all, you have any feeling left for me, I know that you will tell me frankly and truly just as a less noble woman would hide it.

I have often wondered how I could throw away a love like yours. I must have been mad. I know now what it is, having once had it, to be without it. You are far more to me than you were in the old days—far more than any words can tell. I am always thinking of you—you are never out of my thoughts. Oh, my darling, forgive me and take me back! Longing for a word from you, yet hardly daring to hope—I am yours, loving you.

J.

XXIV.

SHE.

February 3d.

Yes, I am just the same. I never loved any one but you, and I have not left off loving you. I think I have known that you would come back to me. It feels like finding my way home, just when all the world was at an end. You do not know what anguish I have suffered and how I have tried to be brave; but without you, without my mother—O God! But now some light seems to be breaking through the darkness.

Yours once more, Jim, dear—my Jim again.

GWEN.

XXV.

HE.

February 5th.

MY SWEET GWEN, MY OWN DEAR GIRL,—I kissed your little letter and longed to kiss you. You are a million times too good for me, but you shall be happy this time if I can make you so. I can't believe that we are all right again. I should like to go down on my knees and ask you to forgive me for all I did, only I am such an impudent beggar that kneeling isn't much in my line.

And when shall we be married, my sweet? You had much better take possession of me as soon as possible—not that there is any fear of my going astray any more, but there's nothing to wait for, is there? When are you coming back from *Montreux*? Shall I come out and fetch you? I should like to—in

fact, I should rush off this very minute just to look at your dear face again, but that I am rather in awe of Aunt Mary — and I am rather in awe of you, too, my darling — and half afraid of seeing you for the first time. It is all too good to be true — at least, it feels so just yet. I could get away for a whole fortnight in March, and I don't think I can go longer than that without seeing you. It is horrible to remember all the months in which we have been apart. Let us be together now, and forever, as soon as it is possible. We will be so happy, the fates won't know us.

Your happy and devoted

JIM.

XXVI.

SHE.

February 12th.

DEAR, — Your letter almost made me laugh — it was just like you.

It is very strange to sit down and write to you again and to know that all is right between us. I don't realize it yet; but I shall soon, I suppose. Now, I feel as if I were inside a dream, groping about, trying to find my way into the waking world and half fearing that there it would be different. But life has become a restful thing again; some of the aching loneliness seems to have been swept out of my heart — not all, for I miss my dear mother terribly, and keep longing to tell her about this; it chokes me to think she cannot hear, that, perhaps, she does not know.

My dear old Jim, how glad I am to come back to you and to be loved again! In my thoughts I listen to the sound of your laughter, and see your face, and hear your quick footstep. I shall laugh, too, presently, but now I am still too much crushed by the remembrance of the past months, as well as overcome by this great happiness to do anything but be very grave and silent. Soon I shall grow used to it, and shake my bells again. For some strange reason I don't want you to come just yet. I am afraid of you, too, and yet I long to see and hear and know, not merely dream, as I half do still that you love me again, and that all the old life is going to begin once more. But come in March; Aunt Mary talks of going back to England in April.

We must not be married just yet, not till the summer is

over, till the year is past—till I am your frivolous Gwennie again, instead of a grave person in a sober black gown. Dear Jim, I begin to think how wonderful it will be to be with you all my life, to do things for you, to fetch and carry and be useful. A woman's hands always long to be busy for those she loves; since mother died mine have been idle—they are waiting for you. If I could only get rid of the tiredness that is still in my heart and soul—but I shall when I am with you. We will read and talk and think, and take long walks together—all this will make me strong again. We will begin when you come here—to this beautiful place. The snow is on the mountains white and thick, and the lake is blue. When the sun shines I wonder if heaven itself can be much better. Good night, dear Jim.

Your

GWEN.

XXVII.

HE.

February 15th.

All right, my darling, I will come in March! I can hardly believe that I am going to see you again so soon; and oh, Gwennie, it is good to feel that you are mine again. You dear wifely thing, to plan how you will take care of me with your two sweet hands. I want you to have your ring back, my precious one; I shall bring it with me and put it on your finger.

I have been considering ways and means. Do you know that I am growing rich, and can give you many more luxuries and pretty frocks and things than I could have managed before? What do you say to a flat to begin with, somewhere on the right side of the park, not too far from the Club? My mother had one last year for a few months, and said it was much better and less trouble than a house.

Have you had a new photograph taken lately? I want to see if your face looks just the same, and what you have done with your dimple. I don't like to think of you in a black gown, my poor darling; you must try and put it off as soon as you can. I want to see you in the old blue one, and I would give anything to walk about with you once again in the garden at Hampstead. I often think of your face as it used to look under the trees, and of how we used to steal out in the dusk by the garden door, and over the heath and round by the pond. It is a thousand times better to think of than your Swiss moun-

tains and blue lake out there. But I shall come and see those too, soon, and then I shan't be jealous of them any more. Tell me in your next letter that you love me, my darling (you didn't in your last), and that I am just the same to you as you are to me, only you are a hundred times more—more and more every day.

Your adoring old

JIM.

XXVIII.

SHE.

February 20th.

MY DEAREST JIM,—I am just the same, darling, and I love you; but I have not your wild spirits; that is all. The past year has sobered me down—only one year, as time is measured, but it has made me many long ones older.

I am glad you are growing rich; it shows that the world likes you. Yes, dear, we will have a flat if you like and where you like. It would be nice if we could get one somewhere away from noise and hurry. I long for a cozy room with bookshelves round it, and a library that will grow and grow, and prove that we have new books very often. I hope we shall do heaps of reading, for I have become quite studious; you will hardly know your frivolous sweetheart. But the walks by the lake or along the upper roads day after day, always alone amid the silences, have set me thinking. The world seems to have stretched out so far and to be so full of things it wants to tell us if we will but listen. I long to talk about them with you. We were young, and so much taken up with ourselves in the old days that we had little time to think of all that is most to us—after love.

You shall not scoff at this lovely place, you dear, bad person. I long to take you up to Les Avants, and over the way to Savoy, and to make you look towards the Rhone Valley—there at the head of the lake with the mountains on either side forming a gateway. I made a dozen romances about the far, far off in which the valley ends almost at the feet of Italy, till the other day, when I was sadly taken down by Uncle Alfred, who was here. I told him of all the mysteries and fairy stories that seemed to be lurking in the valley, and he laughed and said there was none there; it was only very long and very uninteresting, and might be described as Switzerland run to seed. I see it with such different eyes; but then they

are not the eyes that are in my head. People say that Death is a scenesifter ; and so is every new experience. Experience has made all things look different to me ; only those that are in my memory remain the same, all that I actually see and hear have changed.

Are you fond of the world, Jim, and do you think much about it? It seems such an absurd question, and yet it is not. I mean the world in itself. I have learned to see that it is very beautiful, and to feel so reverential when I think of all the human feet that have walked through it, and all the hands that have worked for it. I want to do my share of the work in it, too, if it be possible. I should like to make it something beautiful. A little while ago I read Mazzini ; do you remember that he says we ought to regard the world as a workshop in which we have each to make something good or beautiful with the help of the others? I am not strong enough to do anything by myself, but if you and I together could ever do it, even the least little good, darling, it would be something to remember thankfully. We would count it as our tribute in return for each other's love, which it had given us. Sometimes I have thought that the world is like a great bank into which we put good and evil, joy and sorrow, for all the coming generations to draw upon. We won't leave them any evil or sorrow if we can help it, will we? I should never have done anything by myself save brood and dream ; but now it seems as if a door is opening and we shall go through together to find a hundred things that we must do. I am so ambitious for you, Jim. I want you to do and be so much ; and nothing achieved will ever seem enough or wholly satisfy me. I want you to climb the heavenly heights, my darling, not in the ordinary sense, but in work and deeds. Do you understand? Oh, how I pray that you do !

I am half ashamed to write all this to you. But so many things have crept into my heart and soul in these long months, and between the hours of sorrow and pain, and I do not want you to be a stranger among thoughts and longings I never expected to put into words. I wish I knew of the things that you think about, in the inner life that most of us live silently, and seldom speak of at all. We only can speak of them to the one person we love best, or to some strange being we may not even love, but that our soul seems to recognize as if it had found one it had known centuries before, or in some shadowy

dreamland of which it could not give account. There are many walls of silences to break down between us, and many things on which we must build together before we know each other absolutely. Let us try to begin at once. Oh, Jim, don't laugh at me for writing all this! Remember I have only you in the wide world now. I love my mother still; I ache and long for her, but it is a different love from that which is given to the living—it is more like religion. I cannot hear her voice, or see her face; my hands cannot touch her: I have only you now in my human life. And it is a blessed rest, darling, to have your love again. I think I was dying of tiredness; but now I shall grow very strong—strong to love you, dear.

Always your
GWEN.

XXIX.

HE.

February 25th.

You are a dear, sweet, beloved child; but don't let us discuss heaven and earth and the musical glasses in our love letters—just yet at any rate. No doubt we shall come to it in time and double dummy too; but let us wait our turn. Tell me you love me again. I shall never get tired of hearing that; and in your next letter could you not say, "I send you a kiss, Jim," then I shall know it really is all right. I send you a thousand, just like Mary Jane the cook's young man.

I want to see you so much, you precious thing, that I am going to rush to you next week. Then we can go to Savoy and Les Avants and anywhere else you please. I shan't mind how long the walks are, or how lonely. You can bet we won't talk very big talk, but we'll be happier than any two people have been since Adam and Eve before they let the serpent in. I can't live any longer without seeing your dear face, and I think of starting on Tuesday. Shall I be welcome?—say, you gypsy. You will only just have time to send one more letter before I start; make it a nice one, my sweet.

Your devoted

JIM.

XXX.

SHE.

February 27th.

DEAREST,—You would have been welcome, but all our arrangements are suddenly altered. Aunt Mary has some im-

portant business, and we start for England to-morrow. We arrive on Wednesday morning. Isn't this good news, old dear? I am so glad, that I don't want to talk about anything but happiness now—not even of heaven and earth and the musical glasses. I am afraid of myself—of my two feet that will walk towards you, and my two eyes that will see you, and my ears that will hear you. I love you, and you know it. Good-bye till we meet. I will telegraph from Dover.

Your own

GWEN.

P.S.—Oh, but I can't, I am shy; and it's so long since—

XXXI.

(THREE WEEKS LATER.)

BRYANSTON ST., *March 26th.*

DEAREST JIM,—Don't come this evening; there are so many things to look through; I must begin them indeed.

Thank you for your letter; you are very good to me, dear,

GWEN.

XXXII.

HE.

March 27th.

Very well, my darling, I'll wait till to-morrow. Is anything the matter with you, sweet? It is odd, but since the first rush of meeting you have seemed so grave, and there is a little stately reserve that clings to you and makes me feel out in the cold. I cannot even guess of what you are thinking: before I always knew without your telling me. Don't be like that with me, dear one. Let us be just as we were in the old days. I love you ten times more than I used, and there is something sad in your face that makes me loathe myself for all the pain I once caused you. You have forgiven me, haven't you, my darling? I was a brute, but I know it; and I love you with all my heart.

Your devoted

JIM.

XXXIII.

SHE.

April 2d.

DEAREST JIM,—I am sorry, but I can't go to the National Gallery to-morrow. Aunt Mary wants me to help her a good deal just now. We think of going to Torquay for a little bit. This English wind is very cutting.

Thank you, dearie, for the magazines and the flowers. You are much too good to me ; I often think that.

GWEN.

XXXIV.

HE.

April 4th.

MY DARLING, — What is the matter? You are always making excuses now ; don't you care about seeing me? Have I offended you? Send me one line. My love for you has grown through all the months you were away, but I can't help fearing that yours for me has waned.

JIM.

XXXV.

SHE.

April 6th.

Yes, Jim dear, I care about seeing you, of course ; but I have so many things to think about. Aunt Mary's cough is much worse, and we have decided to go off to Torquay at once. We shall be gone by the time you get this. I am so sorry not to have seen you again, but we shall be back in a fortnight if it is warmer. Oh, Jim dear, once more you are too good to me ! Why have you sent me that packet?

Your grateful

GWEN.

XXXVI.

SHE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

April 8th.

The address is Belle Vue, Torquay. Aunt Mary better : will write to-morrow.

XXXVII.

HE.

LONDON, April 8th.

GWEN, DEAR, — This can't go on. Things are all wrong between us. I felt it even the first evening you came back. What is the matter? Do tell me, my darling. Is it anything that I have said or done? With greater love than words can tell,

Your miserable old

JIM.

XXXVIII.

SHE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

April 10th.

Will write to-morrow. It is very difficult. Have been thinking day and night what to say, but you shall hear without fail to-morrow.

XXXIX.

SHE.

TORQUAY, April 11th.

JIM, — I am miserable too, more miserable than words can say. I want you to do for me what I did for you before — to set me free and let me go. I have struggled against it, tried, reasoned with myself, but all to no purpose. It is no use disguising the truth, cost you or me what it may. I am changed but I cannot tell why nor how, only that it is so. Dear Jim, forgive me, I entreat you, and let me go.

GWEN.

XL.

HE.

LONDON, April 12th.

DEAREST, — But there must be some meaning to this. Write and tell me what it is. You must care for me still, darling; you could not have been true to me all this time if you could change so easily. Write and tell me what has come over you. Perhaps it is something that I can explain away; I cannot bear to let you go. Speak out, I implore you, darling.

JIM.

XLI.

SHE.

TORQUAY, April 13th.

I do not know what has come over me. I do care for you, but I think it is simple affection or friendship that I feel — I am not in love any more. I did not know it at Montreux. Every day since we parted I had lived in the memory of your love. I thought I was just the same, and never dreamed of change till after we came back — then I found it out. All the life, all the reality, all the sunshine, seem to have gone out of my love for you. I used to feel my heart beat quick when you came; now

it does not. I used to hear your footstep with a start of joy ; it is nothing to me now ; I listen to it curiously, or with a little dismay. I am not eager when you come, and cannot make myself so ! I never go forward to meet you. Have you not noticed how I stand still on the hearth rug as you enter ? Something holds me there with a sense of guilty coldness in my heart. Have you not felt the silence fall between us when we try to talk ? We have nothing to say ; and while we sit and stare at each other my soul seems to be far off, living another life. It is almost a relief when you go ; yet I dread the tenderness of your good-by. I used to think of home together as the dearest life ; now I wonder how we should drag through the days. There are places I want to see, things I want to do, plans to think over, books to read, and between all these you seem to stand like a fate. It is my fault — all, all. You are just the same, but I am different ; and I can't marry you, Jim ; I can't indeed. I know the pain I am costing you ; did I not suffer it through long, long months ? But believe that I have tried to be true — tried and tried, dear. I did not dream till we met that only the ghost of the old love remained — the memory of it, the shadow ; that the reality had slipped away ; that pain had quenched it. I would give the wide world to be once again the girl who loved you, who was so merry and so happy, who used to walk about the Hampstead garden counting the minutes till you came. But it is no good. I am a woman, with only a remembrance of the girl, and I am altogether different. Forgive me, dear Jim ; forgive me and let me go.

GWEN.

XLII.

HE.

April 14th.

MY DARLING, — I can't do it ; for God's sake don't throw me over, for I can't face it. It is all fancy, dear. You have been ill and strained and worried ; you have been left too much alone ; you have grown too introspective ; wait, and it will all come right again. I love you more and more every day ; and after all the months in which I loved you, and never dared to make a sign, you won't treat me like this ? Think of the days we spent together long ago, and the plans we made. You are not going to chuck them all away ? I would do anything on earth for you, and you shall have my whole life's devotion.

Write and tell me that you will take it, my darling, and bear with me, and try to love me again. I can't let you go, Gwen. It's no good, I can't face it.

Your adoring and devoted and miserable old JIM.

XLIII.

SHE.

April 15th.

But, Jim dear, you must—you must set me free. I can't go on; it is not that I am strained or morbid or too introspective, or anything of the sort, only this—I can't marry you, and I can't. Sorrow and loneliness have made me think, have opened my eyes wide, and I see that we are strangers inwardly, even while outwardly we are lovers. You loved me at Hampstead for my laughter, my love of you, my big hat, the shady garden, my gladness to be loved—for a hundred things that do not belong to the life that is mine now. So, too, I loved you back, because of your merry voice, your handsomeness, your love of me—because of the holiday time we made of life when we were together. But that time is over forever and ever. You cannot give me back my laughter, my girlhood, the happiness that almost frightened me; they are gone, they will never find their way to me again; and my love for you was bound up with them—it has gone, too. Sometimes my heart cries out, longing for its old feelings again, till I feel like Faust before he conjured Mephistopheles to him, save for his years—the actual years that time doles out; or like a Hindu for whom the time has come to vanish into the forest and dream. Only twenty-three, Jim, but youth has gone; you cannot have back the girl who laughed and loved you so—she does not exist; parting and silence killed her. It sounds like a reproach, but God knows it is not one. And no new feelings have grown up to take the place of the old ones that are dead. We are almost strangers, and I cannot reconcile myself to the thought of our being more than friends. I even shrink from you and shudder. Your laughter does not gladden me; your talk does not hold my senses any longer; and concerning the things of which I think most my lips of themselves refuse to speak.

The very ring on my finger frets and worries me. In the old days I used to kiss it, and wish it hurt me, that it burned or bit, so that I might feel through pain, as through all things, the joy of loving you. But now I turn and twist it round as a

prisoner does his fetter, longing, yet afraid, as he is unable to shake it off, till you shall give me leave and set me free.

You can't marry me, Jim dear, feeling as I do now. It would be madness. It is of no use making our whole lives a failure, or a tragedy, because we have not the courage to face the pain of parting now. If I thought you would be happy with me I would hesitate, but we should neither of us be happy. And it is not as if this were a passing phase; I know that it is not. I live in another world from you now. I do not know if it is better or worse, only that it is different; it seems as if in the past months a hand was stretched out; I took it and went on, almost dazed—on and on while you stood still. I am going farther, and shall never return, but you will be in the world behind me. There may be happiness for me, and life and love once more; I do not know; but it will be far, far off, away from you. Between us all things have finished. I cannot turn and go back into the old year, the old love, the old life; I have passed them all by for good or ill. Oh, Jim, understand and let me go! forgive me all the pain I have cost you, and let me go.

GWEN.

XLIV.

HE.

April 15th.

All right—go. I thought you the most constant girl on earth: that you loved me as I do you. Since it pleases you to play fast and loose with me, let it be so. My feelings, of course, are of no account weighed against your fancies. You have shaken all my faith in women; for I did believe in you, Gwen. Good-by,

JIM.

XLV.

SHE.

(A WEEK LATER.)

April 22d.

I send back your letters and things once more—it is better to get it over. Return mine or burn them as you please. Aunt Mary cannot stand this English climate, and we start almost immediately for Italy; probably to live there altogether. I think it will be a relief to you to know this. I hope with all my heart that you will soon forget the pain I have given you,

that all good things may come to you ; and one day I hope that you will marry some one who will make you happy, and love you as I did long ago in the dear days at Hampstead.

Good-by,

GWEN.



LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.¹

By ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812 ; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1883, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy"), "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "The Ring and the Book," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

I.

WHERE the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles,
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop—
 Was the site once of a city great and gay
 (So they say),
 Of our country's very capital, its prince,
 Ages since,
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

II.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to (else they run
 Into one),
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires

¹ By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.

O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was !
 Such a carpet as, this summer time, o'erspreads
 And imbeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone —
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago ;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame ;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

IV.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks —
 Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

V.

And I know — while thus the quiet-colored eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there

In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

VI.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades,
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and then,
 All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

VII.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force —
 Gold, of course.
 Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
 Love is best.

JEAN AND BETTINA.¹

By LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

(From "The Abbé Constantin.")

[LUDOVIC HALÉVY, French dramatist and novelist, son of Léon Halévy, a distinguished littérateur, was born at Paris, January 1, 1834. He was for many years in the employ of the ministry of state and the colonial office, and then began writing for the stage. His dramatic works, written chiefly in collaboration with Meilhac, include: librettos for Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," "Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse," etc., and for Bizet's "Carmen" (adapted from Méri-

¹ By permission of Mr. J. Macqueen. (Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.)



THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN

mée) ; and several vaudevilles and comedies, of which "Frou-Frou" is the most popular. Among his romances are : "L'Abbé Constantin," which has passed through more than one hundred and fifty editions ; "Deux Mariages" ; "Princesse" ; "Karikari," short stories. Halévy was admitted to the French Academy in 1886, and recently became an officer of the Legion of Honor.]

BETTINA remained alone ; she tried to keep her word ; she endeavored to go to sleep, but only half succeeded. She fell into a half-slumber, that left her floating between dream and reality. She had promised to think of nothing, and yet she thought of him, always of him, of nothing but him, vaguely, confusedly.

How long a time passed thus she could not tell.

All at once it seemed to her that some one was walking in her room ; she half opened her eyes, and thought she recognized her sister. In a very sleepy voice she said to her : —

"You know I love him."

"Hush ! Go to sleep."

"I am asleep ! I am asleep !"

At last she really fell asleep, but slept less soundly than usual, for about four o'clock in the morning she was suddenly awakened by a noise, which the night before would not have disturbed her slumber. The rain was falling in torrents, and beating against her window.

"Oh, it is raining !" she thought ; "he will get wet !"

That was her first thought. She rose, crossed the room barefooted, half opened the shutters. The day had broken gray and lowering ; the clouds were heavy with rain, the wind blew tempestuously, and drove the rain in gusts before it.

Bettina did not go back to bed ; she felt it would be quite impossible to sleep any more. She put on a dressing gown, and remained at the window ; she watched the falling rain. Since he positively must go, she would have liked the weather to be fine ; she would have liked bright sunshine to cheer his first day's march.

When she came to Longueval a month before, Bettina did not know what *une étape* or day's march meant. But she knew now. A day's march for the artillery is twenty or thirty miles, with an hour's halt for luncheon. The Abbé Constantin had taught her that ; when going their rounds in the morning among the poor, Bettina overwhelmed the Curé with questions about military affairs, and particularly about the artillery service.

Twenty or thirty miles in this pouring rain ! Poor Jean ! Bettina thought of young Turner, young Norton, of Paul de Lavardens, who would sleep calmly till ten in the morning, while Jean was exposed to this deluge.

Paul de Lavardens !

This name awoke in her a painful memory, the memory of that waltz the evening before. To have danced like that, while Jean was so obviously in distress ! That waltz took the proportions of a crime in her eyes ; it was a horrible thing that she had done.

And then, had she not been wanting in courage and frankness in that last interview with Jean ? He neither could nor dared say anything ; but she might have shown more tenderness, more expansiveness. Sad and suffering as he was, she should never have allowed him to go back on foot. She ought to have detained him at any price. Her imagination tormented and excited her ; Jean must have carried away with him the impression that she was a bad little creature, heartless and pitiless. And in half an hour he was going away,—away for three weeks. Ah ! if she could by any means—but there is a way ! The regiment is to pass along by the park wall below the terrace.

Bettina was seized with a wild desire to see Jean pass ; he would understand well, if he saw her at such an hour, that she had come to beg his pardon for her cruelty of the previous evening. Yes, she would go ! But she had promised Suzie that she would be as good as an angel, and to do what she was going to do, was that being as good as an angel ? She would make up for it by acknowledging all to Suzie when she came in again, and Suzie would forgive her.

She would go ! She had made up her mind. Only how should she dress ? She had nothing at hand but a ball dress, a muslin dressing gown, little high-heeled slippers, and blue satin shoes. She might wake her maid. Oh ! never would she dare to do that, and time pressing ; a quarter to five ! the regiment could start at five o'clock.

She might, perhaps, manage with the muslin dressing gown and the satin slippers ; in the hall she might find her hat, her little boots which she wore in the garden, and the large tartan cloak for driving in wet weather. She half opened her door with infinite precautions. Everything was asleep in the house ; she crept along the corridor, she descended the staircase.



"Bettina has lost one of her little boots"

If only the little boots are there in their place; that is her great anxiety. There they are! She slips them on over her satin shoes, she wraps herself in the great mantle.

She hears that the rain has redoubled in violence. She notices one of those large umbrellas which the footmen use on the box in wet weather; she seizes it; she is ready; but when she is ready to go she sees that the hall door is fastened by a great iron bar. She tries to raise it; but the bolt holds fast, resists all her efforts, and the great clock in the hall slowly strikes five. He is starting at that moment.

She will see him! she will see him! Her will is excited by these obstacles. She makes a great effort; the bar yields, slips back in the groove. But Bettina has made a long scratch on her hand, from which issues a slender stream of blood. Bettina twists her handkerchief round her hand, takes her great umbrella, turns the key in the lock, and opens the door.

At last she is out of the house!

The weather is frightful. The wind and the rain rage together. It takes five or six minutes to reach the terrace which looks over the road. Bettina darts forward courageously; her head bent, hidden under her immense umbrella. She has already taken a few steps when all at once, furious, mad, blinding, a squall bursts upon Bettina, blows open her mantle, drives her along, lifts her almost from the ground, turns the umbrella violently inside out; that is nothing, the disaster is not yet complete.

Bettina has lost one of her little boots; they were not practical sabots, they were only pretty little things for fine weather; and at this moment, when Bettina is desperately struggling against the tempest, with her blue satin shoe half buried in the wet gravel, at this moment the wind bears to her the distant echo of a trumpet call. It is the regiment starting.

Bettina makes a desperate effort, abandons her umbrella, finds her little boot, fastens it on as well as she can, and starts off running, with a deluge descending on her head.

At last she is in the wood; the trees protect her a little. Another call, nearer this time. Bettina fancies she hears the rolling of the gun carriages. She makes a last effort; here is the terrace, she is there just in time.

Twenty yards off she perceived the white horses of the trumpeters, and along the road she caught glimpses of the long line of guns and wagons vaguely rolling through the fog.

She sheltered herself under one of the old limes which bordered the terrace. She watched, she waited. He is there among that confused mass of riders. Will she be able to recognize him? And he, will he see her? Will any chance make him turn his head that way?

Bettina knows that he is lieutenant in the second battery of his regiment; she knows that a battery is composed of six guns and six ammunition wagons. Of course the Abbé Constantin taught her that. Thus she must allow the first battery to pass, that is to say, count six guns, six wagons, and then — he will be there.

There he is at last, wrapped in his great cloak, and it is he who sees, who recognizes her first. A few moments before he had been recalling to his mind a long walk which he had taken with her one evening on that terrace, when night was falling. He raised his eyes, and the very spot where he remembered having seen her was the spot where he found her again. He bowed, and, bareheaded in the rain, turning round in his saddle, as long as he could see her he looked at her. He said again to himself what he had said the previous evening: —

“It is for the last time.”

With a charming gesture of both hands she returned his farewell, and this gesture, repeated many times, brought her hands so near her lips, that one might have fancied —

“Ah!” she thought, “if after that he does not understand that I love him, and does not forgive me my money.”

It is the tenth of August, the day which is to bring Jean back to Longueval.

Bettina wakes very early, rises, and runs immediately to the window. The evening before the sky had looked threatening, heavy with clouds. Bettina slept but little, and all night prayed that it might not rain the next day.

In the early morning a dense fog envelops the park of Longueval, the trees of which are hidden from view as by a curtain. But gradually the rays of the sun dissipate the mist, the trees become vaguely discernible through the vapor; then, suddenly, the sun shines out brilliantly, flooding with light the park, and the fields beyond; and the lake, where the black swans are disporting themselves in the radiant light, appears as bright as a sheet of polished metal.

The weather is going to be beautiful. Bettina is a little

superstitious. The sunshine gives her good hope and good courage. "The day begins well, so it will finish well."

The regiment is entering the village, and suddenly a burst of music, martial and joyous, sweeps across the space. All three remain silent; it is the regiment; it was Jean passing; the sound becomes fainter, dies away.

The regiment broke into a trot along the highroad, after leaving the village. There is the terrace where Bettina had been the other morning. Jean says to himself: —

"Supposing she should be there."

He dreads and hopes it at the same time. He raises his head, he looks, she is not there.

He has not seen her again, he will not see her again, for a long time at least. He will start that very evening at six o'clock for Paris; one of the head men in the War Office is interested in him; he will try to get exchanged into another regiment.

Alone at Cercottes, Jean has had time to reflect deeply, and this is the result of his reflections. He cannot, he must not, be Bettina Percival's husband.

The men dismount at the barracks, Jean takes leave of his colonel, his comrades; all is over. He is free, he can go.

But he does not go yet; he looks around him. . . . How happy he was three months ago, when he rode out of that great yard amidst the noise of the cannon rolling over the pavement of Souvigny, but how sadly he would ride away to-day! Formerly his life was there; where would it be now?

He goes home, he goes up to his own room, he writes to Mrs. Scott; he tells her that his duties oblige him to leave immediately; he cannot dine at the castle, and begs Mrs. Scott to remember him to Miss Bettina. Bettina, ah! what trouble it cost him to write that name; he closes his letter; he will send it directly.

He makes his preparations for departure; then he will go to wish his godfather farewell. That is what costs him most; he will only speak to him of a short absence.

He opens one of the drawers of his bureau to take out some money. The first thing that meets his eyes is a little note on bluish paper; it is the only note which he has ever received from her.

"Will you have the kindness to give to the servant the book of which you spoke yesterday evening? Perhaps it will

be a little heavy for me, but yet I should like to try to read it. We shall see you to-night; come as early as possible." It is signed "BETTINA."

Jean reads and re-reads these few lines, but soon he can read them no longer, his eyes are dim.

"It is all that is left me of her," he thinks.

It was three o'clock when Jean arrived at the vicarage, and the Curé said immediately: —

"You told me that you wanted to speak to me; what is it about?"

"About something, my dear godfather, which will surprise you, will grieve you —"

"Grieve me!"

"Yes, and which grieves me too — I have come to bid you farewell."

"Farewell! You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

"When?"

"To-day, in two hours."

"In two hours? But, my dear boy, we were going to dine at the castle to-night."

"I have just written to Mrs. Scott to excuse me. I am positively obliged to go."

"Directly?"

"Directly."

"And where are you going?"

"To Paris."

"To Paris! Why this sudden determination?"

"Not so very sudden. I have thought about it for a long time."

"And you have said nothing about it to me! Jean, something has happened. You are a man, and I have no longer the right to treat you as a child; but you know how much I love you; if you have vexations, troubles, why not tell them to me? I could perhaps advise you. Jean, why go to Paris?"

"I did not wish to tell you; it will give you pain; but you have the right to know. I am going to Paris to ask to be exchanged into another regiment."

"Into another regiment! To leave Souvigny!"

"Yes, that is just it. I must leave Souvigny for a short time, for a little while only; but to leave Souvigny is necessary; it is what I wish above all things."

"And what about me, Jean; do you not think of me? A little while! A little while! But that is all that remains to me of life, — a little while. And during these last days that I owe to the grace of God, it was my happiness, yes, Jean, my happiness, to feel you here, near me, and now you are going away! Jean, wait a little patiently, it cannot be for very long now. Wait until the good God has called me to Himself; wait till I shall be gone, to meet there, at His side, your father and your mother. Do not go, Jean, do not go!"

"If you love me, I love you too, and you know it well."

"Yes, I know it."

"I have just the same affection for you now that I had when I was quite little, when you took me to yourself, when you brought me up. My heart has not changed, will never change. But if duty — if honor — oblige me to go?"

"Ah! if it is duty, if it is honor, I say nothing more, Jean; that stands before all! — all! — all! I have always known you a good judge of your duty, your honor. Go, my boy, go; I ask you nothing more, I wish to know no more."

"But I wish to tell you all," cried Jean, vanquished by his emotion, "and it is better that you should know all. You will stay here, you will return to the castle, you will see her again — her!"

"See her! Who?"

"Bettina!"

"Bettina?"

"I adore her, I adore her!"

"Oh, my poor boy!"

"Pardon me for speaking to you of these things; but I tell you as I would have told my father. And then, I have not been able to speak of it to any one, and it stifled me; yes, it is a madness which has seized me, which has grown upon me little by little against my will, for you know very well — My God! It was here that I began to love her. You know, when she came here with her sister — the little rouleaux of a thousand francs — her hair fell down — and then the evening, the month of Mary. Then I was permitted to see her freely, familiarly, and you yourself spoke to me constantly of her. You praised her sweetness, her goodness. How often have you told me that there was no one in the world better than she is!"

"And I thought so, and I think so still. And no one here knows her better than I do, for I alone have seen her with the

poor. If you only knew how tender and how good she is! Neither wretchedness nor suffering are repulsive to her. But, my dear boy, I am wrong to tell you all this."

"No, no, I shall see her no more, but I like to hear you speak of her."

"In your whole life, Jean, you will never meet a better woman, nor one who has more elevated sentiments. To such a point, that one day — she had taken me with her in an open carriage, full of toys — she was taking these toys to a poor little sick girl, and when she gave them to her, to make the poor little thing laugh, to amuse her, she talked so prettily to her that I thought of you, and I said to myself, I remember it now, 'Ah, if she were poor!'"

"Ah, if she were poor! but she is not."

"Oh, no! But what can you do, my poor boy? If it gives you pain to see her, to live near her, above all, if it will prevent you suffering — go away, go — and yet, and yet —"

The old priest became thoughtful, let his head fall between his hands, and remained silent for some moments; then he continued: —

"And yet, Jean, do you know what I think? I have seen a great deal of Mademoiselle Bettina since she came to Longueval. Well — when I reflect — it did not astonish me then that any one should be interested in you, for it seemed so natural — but she talked always, yes, always of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you, and of your father and mother; she was curious to know how you lived. She begged me to explain to her what a soldier's life was, the life of a true soldier who loved his profession, and performed his duties conscientiously. . . . It is extraordinary, since you have told me this, recollections crowd upon me, a thousand little things collect and group themselves together. . . . She returned from Havre day before yesterday at three o'clock. Well, an hour after her arrival she was here. And it was of you of whom she spoke directly. She asked if you had written to me, if you had not been ill, when you would arrive, at what hour, if the regiment would pass through the village."

"It is useless at this moment, my dear godfather," said Jean, "to recall all these memories."

"No, it is not useless. . . . She seemed so pleased, so happy even, at the thought of seeing you again! She would make

quite a *fête* of the dinner this evening. She would introduce you to her brother-in-law, who has come back. There is no one else at the château at this moment, not a single visitor. She insisted strongly on this point, and I remember her last words — she was there, on the threshold of the door —

“‘There will only be five of us,’ she said, ‘you and Monsieur Jean, my sister, my brother-in-law, and myself.’

“And then she added, laughing, ‘Quite a family party.’

“With these words she went, she almost ran away. Quite a family party! Do you know what I think, Jean? Do you know?”

“You must not think that, you must not.”

“Jean, I believe that she loves you!”

“And I believe it too.”

“You too!”

“When I left her, three weeks ago, she was so agitated, so moved! She saw me sad and unhappy, she would not let me go. It was at the door of the château. I was obliged to tear myself, yes, literally tear myself, away. I should have spoken, burst out, told her all. After having gone a few steps, I stopped and turned. She could no longer see me, I was lost in the darkness; but I could see her. She stood there motionless, her shoulders and arms bare, in the rain, her eyes fixed on the way by which I had gone. Perhaps I am mad to think that. Perhaps it was only a feeling of pity. But no, it was something more than pity, for do you know what she did the next morning? She came at five o’clock in the most frightful weather to see me pass with the regiment — and then — the way she bade me adieu — oh, my friend, my dear old friend!”

“But then,” said the poor Curé, completely bewildered, completely at a loss, “but then I do not understand you at all. If you love her, Jean, and if she loves you.”

“But that is, above all, the reason why I must go. If it were only I, if I were certain that she had not perceived my love, certain that she had not been touched by it, I would stay, I would stay — for nothing but for the sweet joy of seeing her; and I would love her from afar, without any hope, for nothing but the happiness of loving her. But no, she has understood too well, and far from discouraging me — that is what forces me to go.”

“No, I do not understand it! I know well, my poor boy, we are speaking of things in which I am no great scholar, but

you are both good, young, and charming; you love her, she would love you, and you will not!"

"And her money! her money!"

"What matters her money! If it is only that, is it because of her money that you have loved her? It is rather in spite of her money. Your conscience, my son, would be quite at peace with regard to that, and that would suffice."

"No, that would not suffice. To have a good opinion of one's self is not enough; that opinion must be shared by others."

"Oh, Jean! Among all who know you, who can doubt you?"

"Who knows? And then there is another thing besides this question of money, another thing more serious and more grave. I am not the husband suited to her."

"And who could be more worthy than you?"

"The question to be considered is not my worth; we have to consider what she is and what I am, to ask what ought to be her life and what ought to be my life. . . . One day, Paul—you know he has rather a blunt way of saying things, but that very bluntness often places thoughts much more clearly before us—we were speaking of her; Paul did not suspect anything; if he had, he is good-natured, he would not have spoken thus—well, he said to me:—

"What she needs is a husband who would be entirely devoted to her, to her alone; a husband who would have no other care than to make her existence a perpetual holiday; a husband who would give himself, his whole life, in return for her money."

"You know me; such a husband I cannot, I must not be. I am a soldier, and will remain one. If the chances of my career sent me some day to a garrison in the depths of the Alps, or in some almost unknown village in Algeria, could I ask her to follow me? Could I condemn her to the life of a soldier's wife, which is in some degree the life of a soldier himself? Think of the life which she leads now, of all that luxury, of all those pleasures!"

"Yes," said the Abbé, "that is more serious than the question of money."

"So serious that there is no hesitation possible. During the three weeks that I passed alone in the camp I have well considered all that; I have thought of nothing else, and loving her as I do love, the reason must indeed be strong which shows me clearly my duty. I must go. I must go far, very far away,

as far as possible. I shall suffer much, but I must not see her again! I must not see her again!"

Jean sank on a chair near the fireplace. He remained there quite overpowered with his emotion. The old priest looked at him.

"To see you suffer, my poor boy! That such suffering should fall upon you! It is too cruel, too unjust!"

At that moment some one knocked gently at the door.

"Ah!" said the Curé, "do not be afraid, Jean. I will send them away."

The Abbé went to the door, opened it, and recoiled as if before an unexpected apparition.

It was Bettina. In a moment she had seen Jean, and going direct to him —

"You!" cried she. "Oh, how glad I am!"

He rose. She took both his hands in hers, and addressing the Curé, she said: —

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Curé, for going to him first. I saw you yesterday, but I have not seen him for three whole weeks, not since a certain night when he left our house sad and suffering."

She still held Jean's hands. He had neither power to make a movement nor to utter a sound.

"And now," continued Bettina, "are you better? No, not yet, I can see; still sad. Ah, I have done well to come! It was an inspiration! However, it embarrassed me much to find you here. You will understand why when you know what I have come to ask of your godfather."

She relinquished his hands, and, turning towards the Abbé, said: —

"I have come to beg you to listen to my confession — yes, my confession. But do not go away, Monsieur Jean; I will make my confession publicly. I am quite willing to speak before you, and now I think of it, it will be better thus. Let us sit down, shall we?"

She felt herself full of confidence and daring. She burnt with fever, but with that fever which on the field of battle gives to a soldier ardor, heroism, and disdain of danger. The emotion which made Bettina's heart beat quicker than usual was a high and generous emotion. She said to herself: —

"I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy! I wish to make him happy! And since he cannot have the

courage to do it, I must have it for both. I must march alone, my head high and my heart at ease, to the conquest of our love, to the conquest of our happiness !”

From her first words Bettina had gained over the Abbé and Jean a complete ascendancy. They let her say what she liked, they let her do as she liked, they felt that the hour was supreme ; they understood that what was happening would be decisive, irrevocable, but neither was in a position to foresee.

They sat down obediently, almost automatically ; they waited, they listened. Alone of the three, Bettina retained her composure. It was in a calm and even voice that she began.

“ I must tell you first, Monsieur le Curé, to set your conscience quite at rest, — I must tell you that I am here with the consent of my sister and my brother-in-law. They know why I have come ; they know what I am going to do. They not only know, but they approve. That is settled, is it not ? Well, what brings me here is your letter, Monsieur Jean, — that letter in which you tell my sister that you cannot dine with us this evening, and that you are positively obliged to leave here. This letter has unsettled all my plans. I had intended this evening — of course with the permission of my sister and brother-in-law — I had intended after dinner to take you into the park, Monsieur Jean, to seat myself with you on a bench ; I was childish enough to choose the place beforehand. There I should have delivered a little speech, well prepared, well studied, almost learnt by heart, for since your departure I have scarcely thought of anything else ; I repeat it to myself from morning to night. That is what I had proposed to do, and you understand that your letter caused me much embarrassment. I reflected a little, and thought that if I addressed my little speech to your godfather it would be almost the same as if I addressed it to you. So I have come, Monsieur le Curé, to beg you to listen to me.”

“ I will listen to you, Miss Percival,” stammered the Abbé.

“ I am rich, Monsieur le Curé, I am very rich, and, to speak frankly, I love my wealth very much — yes, very much. To it I owe the luxury which surrounds me, luxury which, I acknowledge, — this is a confession, — is by no means disagreeable to me. My excuse is that I am still very young ; it will perhaps pass as I grow older, but of that I am not very sure. I have another excuse : it is, that if I love money a little for the

pleasure it procures me, I love it still more for the good which it allows me to do. I love it — selfishly, if you like — for the joy of giving ; but I think that my fortune is not very badly placed in my hands. Well, Monsieur le Curé, in the same way that you have the care of souls, it seems that I have the care of money. I have always thought, ‘I wish, above all things, that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune. I wish to be very sure that he will make a good use of it with me while I am here, and after me if I must leave this world first.’ I thought of another thing ; I thought, ‘He who will be my husband must be some one I can love !’ And now, Monsieur le Curé, this is where my confession really begins. There is a man who for the last two months has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that this man loves me. . . . You do love me, Jean?”

“Yes,” said Jean, in a low voice, his eyes cast down, looking like a criminal, “I do love you !”

“I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it ; and now, I entreat you, do not utter a single word. Any words of yours would be useless, would disturb me, would prevent me from going straight to my aim, and telling you what I positively intend to say. Promise me to stay there, sitting still, without moving, without speaking. You promise me?”

“I promise you.”

Bettina, as she went on speaking, began to lose a little of her confidence ; her voice trembled slightly. She continued, however, with a gayety that was a little forced.

“Monsieur le Curé, I do not blame you for what has happened, yet all this is a little your fault.”

“My fault !”

“Ah ! do not speak, not even you. Yes, I repeat it, your fault. . . . I am certain that you have spoken well of me to Jean, much too well. Perhaps without that he would not have thought — And at the same time, you have spoken very well of him to me. Not too well — no, no — but yet very well ! Then I had so much confidence in you that I began to look at him, and examine him with a little more attention. I began to compare him with those who, during the last year, had asked my hand. It seemed to me that he was in every respect superior to them.

“At last it happened on a certain day, or rather on a certain evening — three weeks ago, the evening before you left here,

Jean — I discovered that I loved you. . . . Yes, Jean, I love you ! . . . I entreat you, do not speak ; stay where you are ; do not come near me.

“ Before I came here I thought I had supplied myself with a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my fine composure of a minute ago. But I have still something to tell you, and the most important of all. Jean, listen to me carefully ; I do not wish for a reply torn from you in your emotion ; I know that you love me. If you marry me, I do not wish it to be only for love : I wish it to be also for reasons. During the fortnight before you left here, you took so much pains to avoid me, to escape any conversation, that I have not been able to show myself to you as I am. Perhaps there are in me certain qualities which you do not suspect. . . .

“ Jean, I know what you are, I know to what I should bind myself in marrying you, and I would be for you not only the loving and tender woman, but the courageous and constant wife. I know your entire life ; your godfather has related it to me. I know why you became a soldier, I know what duties, what sacrifices, the future may demand from you. Jean, do not suppose that I will turn you from any of these duties, from any of these sacrifices. If I could be disappointed with you for anything, it would be, perhaps, for this thought, — oh ! you must have had it, — that I should wish you free, and quite my own, that I should ask you to abandon your career. Never ! never ! Understand well, I will never ask such a thing of you. . . .

“ A young girl whom I know did that when she married, and she did wrong. I love you, and I wish you to be just what you are. It is because you live differently from, and better than, those who have before desired me for a wife, that I desire you for a husband. I should love you less — perhaps I should not love you at all, though that would be very difficult — if you were to begin to live as all those live whom I would not have. When I can follow you, I will follow you ; wherever you are will be my duty, wherever you are will be my happiness. And if the day comes when you cannot take me, the day when you must go alone, — well, Jean, on that day I promise you to be brave, and not take your courage from you.

“ And now, Monsieur le Curé, it is not to him, it is to you that I am speaking : I want *you* to answer me, not him. Tell

me, . . . if he loves me, and feels me worthy of his love, would it be just to make me expiate so severely the fortune that I possess ! Tell me, should he not agree to be my husband ? ”

“ Jean,” said the old priest, gravely, “ marry her. It is your duty, and it will be your happiness ! ”

Jean approached Bettina, took her in his arms, and pressed upon her brow the first kiss.

Bettina gently freed herself, and addressing the Abbé said : —

“ And now, Monsieur l’Abbé, I have still one thing to ask you. I wish — I wish —— ”

“ You wish ? ”

“ Pray, Monsieur le Curé, kiss me too. ”

The old priest kissed her paternally on both cheeks, and then Bettina continued : —

“ You have often told me, Monsieur le Curé, that Jean was almost like your own son, and I shall be almost like your own daughter, shall I not ? So you will have two children, that is all. ”

* * * * *

A month after, on the 12th of September, at midday, Bettina, in the simplest of wedding dresses, entered the church of Longueval, while, placed behind the altar, the trumpets of the 9th Artillery rang joyously through the arches of the old church.

Nancy Turner had begged for the honor of playing the organ on this solemn occasion, for the poor little harmonium had disappeared ; an organ with resplendent pipes rose in the gallery of the church — it was Miss Percival’s wedding present to the Abbé Constantin.

The old Curé said mass, Jean and Bettina knelt before him, he pronounced the Benediction, and then remained for some moments in prayer, his arms extended, calling down with his whole soul the blessing of Heaven on his two children.

Then floated from the organ the same reverie of Chopin’s which Bettina had played the first time that she had entered that village church, where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

BEAUTY.¹

A COMBINATION FROM SAPPHO.

TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

I.

LIKE the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
Atop on the topmost twig, — which the pluckers forgot, somehow, —
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

II.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds forever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.



JULIA.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!



BEAUTY AND DRESS.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

MY Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

¹ By permission of Ellis & Elvey. (Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.)



DOVER BEACH

From a painting by J. M. W. Turner

DOVER BEACH.¹

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; — on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

¹ By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen — Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — and a withered gentlewoman whose name was the widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years and his health and substance in the pursuit of sinful pleasures which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame — or, at least, had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day, but for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen — Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — were early lovers of the widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding farther I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the



OLD MANSE, SALEM, MASS., NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S HOME

lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned : it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic, and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear !"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains and fell directly across this vase ; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables—to my shame be it spoken—might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his inmates. But without waiting for a reply Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh—"this same withered and crumbling flower—blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber, the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green, and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends — carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the Fountain of Youth?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger. — "And all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties, and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth.

Think what a sin and shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age ! ”

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh, so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely Repentance treads behind the steps of Error, they should ever go astray again.

“ Drink, then,” said the doctor, bowing ; “ I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.”

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly, there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party — not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine — together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpselike. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

“ Give us more of this wondrous water,” cried they, eagerly. “ We are younger, but we are still too old. Quick ! give us more ! ”

“ Patience, patience ! ” quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. “ You have been a long time growing old ; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service.” Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren.

While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and

swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks: they sat around the table three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face while the shadows of age were fitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew of old that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities — unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs. As for the widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world besides. She thrust her face close to the glass to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished; she examined whether the

snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass."

"Certainly, my dear madam — certainly," replied the complaisant doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds.

It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage. But the next moment the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire — the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of

Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room.

The widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me ;" and then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no ! I will be her partner," shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago," exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp, another threw his arm about her waist, the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiess of the chamber and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandma. But they were young : their burning passions proved them so.

Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen ! Come, Madam Wycherly !" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats—the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose !" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. "It appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head and fell upon the floor. His guests shivered again. A strange chillness—whether of the body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine; the delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes, they were old again. With a shuddering impulse that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and, lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me."



MARCO BOZZARIS

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.



MARCO BOZZARIS.

By FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, American poet, was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; became a mercantile accountant, devoting his leisure to poetry. In 1811 he removed to New York, remaining till 1849, when he retired to his native town on a small annuity left him by John Jacob Astor; and died there November 19, 1867. He wrote the "Croaker" papers with Joseph Rodman Drake from 1819 on; "Fanny," a social satire, 1819; "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," after a visit to Europe in 1821; and "Marco Bozzaris" about the same time.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
 That bright dream was his last.
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike — for your altars and your fires;
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
 God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels
 For the first time her firstborn's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine;—
 And thou art terrible — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come with her laurel leaf, blood-bought—

Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh,
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved and for a season gone;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch and cottage bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears,
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

WILLIAM WILSON.

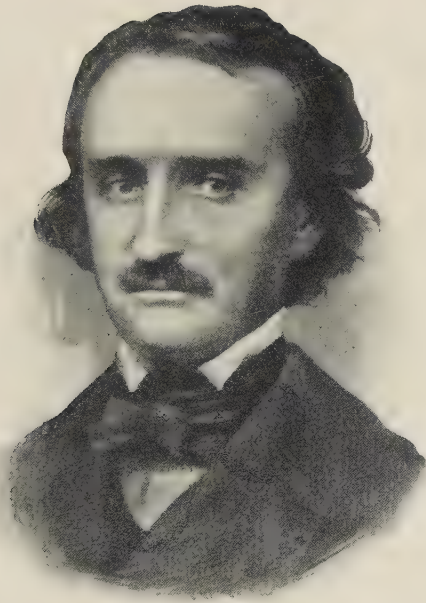
By EDGAR A. POE.

[**EDGAR ALLAN POE:** An American poet and author; born at Boston, Mass., 1809. Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826); enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers. Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond; was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal* in New York. He died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery.]

LET me call myself, for the present, William Wilson. The fair page now lying before me need not be sullied with my real appellation. This has been already too much an object for the scorn, for the horror, for the detestation of my race. To the uttermost regions of the globe have not the indignant winds bruited its unparalleled infamy? O outcast of all outcasts most abandoned! to the earth art thou not forever dead? to its honors, to its flowers, to its golden aspirations?—and a cloud, dense, dismal, and limitless, does it not hang eternally between thy hopes and heaven?

I would not, if I could, here or to-day, embody a record of my later years of unspeakable misery and unpardonable crime.

This epoch—these later years—took unto themselves a sudden elevation in turpitude, whose origin alone it is my present purpose to assign. Men usually grow base by degrees. From me in an instant all virtue dropped bodily as a mantle. From comparatively trivial wickedness I passed, with the stride of a giant, into more than the enormities of an Elagabalus. What chance—what one event brought this evil thing to pass, bear with me while I relate. Death approaches, and the shadow which foreruns him has thrown a softening influence over my spirit. I long in passing through the dim valley for the sympathy, I had nearly said for the pity, of my fellow-men. I would fain have them believe that I have been in some measure the slave of circumstances beyond human control. I would wish them to seek out for me, in the details I am about



EDGAR ALLAN POE

to give, some little oasis of *fatality* amid a wilderness of error. I would have them allow, what they cannot refrain from allowing, that although temptation may have erewhile existed as great, man was never *thus* at least tempted before, certainly never *thus* fell. And is it therefore that he has never thus suffered? Have I not indeed been living in a dream? And am I not now dying a victim to the horror and the mystery of the wildest of all sublunary visions?

I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and in my earliest infancy I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed, becoming for many reasons a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me. Some feeble and ill-directed efforts resulted in complete failure on their part, and of course in total triumph on mine. Thenceforward my voice was a household law, and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became in all but name the master of my own actions.

My earliest recollections of a school life are connected with a large rambling Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dreamlike and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with indefinable delight at the deep hollow note of the church bell, breaking each hour with sullen and sudden roar upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep.

It gives me perhaps as much of pleasure as I can now in any manner experience to dwell upon minute recollections of the school and its concerns. Steeped in misery as I am—misery, alas! only too real—I shall be pardoned for seeking relief, however slight and temporary, in the weakness of a few

rambling details. These, moreover, utterly trivial, and even ridiculous in themselves, assume to my fancy adventitious importance, as connected with a period and a locality when and where I recognize the first ambiguous monitions of the destiny which afterwards so fully overshadowed me. Let me then remember.

The house, I have said, was old and irregular. The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prisonlike rampart formed the limit of our domain : beyond it we saw but thrice a week, once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields ; and twice during Sunday, when we paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as with step solemn and slow he ascended the pulpit ! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast — could this be he who, of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy ? O gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution !

At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. What impressions of deep awe did it inspire ! It was never opened save for the three periodical egressions and ingressions already mentioned ; then in every creak of its mighty hinges we find a plenitude of mystery, a world of matter for solemn remark, or for more solemn meditation.

The extensive inclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the playground. It was level, and covered with fine hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees nor benches, nor anything similar within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs, but through this sacred division we passed only upon rare occasions indeed, such as a first advent to school or final departure thence, or perhaps, when a parent or friend

having called for us, we joyfully took our way home for the Christmas or Midsummer holidays.

But the house ! — how quaint an old building was this ! to me how veritably a palace of enchantment ! There was really no end to its windings, to its incomprehensible subdivisions. It was difficult, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable, inconceivable, and so returning in upon themselves that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years of my residence here I was never able to ascertain with precision in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars.

The schoolroom was the largest in the house, — I could not help thinking, in the world. It was very long, narrow, and dismally low, with pointed Gothic windows and a ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square inclosure of eight or ten feet, comprising the *sanctum*, “during hours,” of our principal, the Reverend Dr. Bransby. It was a solid structure, with massy door, sooner than open which in the absence of the “dominie” we would all have willingly perished by the *peine forte et dure*. In other angles were two other similar boxes, far less revered, indeed, but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of the “classical” usher, one of the “English and mathematical.” Interspersed about the room, crossing and recrossing in endless irregularity, were innumerable benches and desks, black, ancient, and time-worn, piled desperately with much-bethumbed books, and so beseamed with initial letters, names at full length, grotesque figures, and other multiplied efforts of the knife, as to have entirely lost what little of original form might have been their portion in days long departed. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other.

Encompassed by the massy walls of this venerable academy, I passed, yet not in a tedium or disgust, the years of the third lustrum of my life. The teeming brain of childhood requires no external world of incident to occupy or amuse it ; and the apparently dismal monotony of a school was replete with more

intense excitement than my riper youth has derived from luxury, or my full manhood from crime. Yet I must believe that my first mental development had in it much of the uncommon—even much of the *outré*. Upon mankind at large the events of very early existence rarely leave in mature age any definite impression. All is gray shadow—a weak and irregular remembrance—an indistinct regathering of feeble pleasures and phantasmagoric pains. With me this is not so. In childhood I must have felt with the energy of a man what I now find stamped upon memory in lines as vivid, as deep, and as durable as the *exergues* of the Carthaginian medals.

Yet in fact—in the fact of the world's view—how little was there to remember! The morning's awakening, the nightly summons to bed; the connings, the recitations; the periodical half-holidays, and perambulations; the playground, with its broils, its pastimes, its intrigues;—these, by a mental sorcery long forgotten, were made to involve a wilderness of sensation, a world of rich incident, a universe of varied emotion, of excitement the most passionate and spirit-stirring. “*O le bon temps, que ce siècle de fer!*”

In truth, the ardor, the enthusiasm, and the imperiousness of my disposition, soon rendered me a marked character among my schoolmates, and by slow but natural gradations gave me an ascendancy over all not greatly older than myself—over all with a single exception. This exception was found in the person of a scholar who, although no relation, bore the same Christian and surname as myself,—a circumstance, in fact, little remarkable; for notwithstanding a noble descent, mine was one of those everyday appellations which seem, by prescriptive right, to have been, time out of mind, the common property of the mob. In this narrative I have therefore designated myself as William Wilson—a fictitious title not very dissimilar to the real. My namesake alone, of those who in school phraseology constituted “our set,” presumed to compete with me in the studies of the class—in the sports and broils of the playground—to refuse implicit belief in my assertions, and submission to my will—indeed, to interfere with my arbitrary dictation in any respect whatsoever. If there is on earth a supreme and unqualified despotism, it is the despotism of the master mind in boyhood over the less energetic spirits of his companions.

Wilson's rebellion was to me a source of the greatest embarrassment: the more so as, in spite of the bravado with which in

public I made a point of treating him and his pretensions, I secretly felt that I feared him, and could not help thinking the equality which he maintained so easily with myself a proof of his true superiority, since not to be overcome cost me a perpetual struggle. Yet this superiority — even this equality — was in truth acknowledged by no one but myself; our associates, by some unaccountable blindness, seemed not even to suspect it. Indeed, his competition, his resistance, and especially his impertinent and dogged interference with my purposes, were not more pointed than private. He appeared to be destitute alike of the ambition which urged, and of the passionate energy of mind which enabled me to excel. In this rivalry he might have been supposed actuated solely by a whimsical desire to thwart, astonish, or mortify myself; although there were times when I could not help observing, with a feeling made up of wonder, abasement, and pique, that he mingled with his injuries, his insults, or his contradictions a certain most inappropriate, and assuredly most unwelcome, *affectionateness* of manner. I could only conceive this singular behavior to arise from a consummate self-conceit assuming the vulgar airs of patronage and protection.

Perhaps it was this latter trait in Wilson's conduct, conjoined with our identity of name, and the mere accident of our having entered the school upon the same day, which set afloat the notion that we were brothers, among the senior classes in the academy. These do not usually inquire with much strictness into the affairs of their juniors. I have before said, or should have said, that Wilson was not, in the most remote degree, connected with my family. But assuredly if we *had* been brothers we must have been twins; for, after leaving Dr. Bransby's, I casually learned that my namesake was born on the nineteenth of January, 1813 — and this is a somewhat remarkable coincidence, for the day is precisely that of my own nativity.

It may seem strange that in spite of the continual anxiety occasioned me by the rivalry of Wilson, and his intolerable spirit of contradiction, I could not bring myself to hate him altogether. We had, to be sure, nearly every day a quarrel, in which, yielding me publicly the palm of victory, he in some manner contrived to make me feel that it was he who had deserved it; yet a sense of pride on my part and a veritable dignity on his own kept us always upon what are called "speaking terms," while there were many points of strong congeniality in our tempers, operating to awake in me a sentiment which our

position alone, perhaps, prevented from ripening into friendship. It is difficult indeed to define or even to describe my real feelings towards him. They formed a motley and heterogeneous admixture; some petulant animosity, which was not yet hatred, some esteem, more respect, much fear, with a world of uneasy curiosity. To the moralist it will be unnecessary to say in addition that Wilson and myself were the most inseparable of companions.

It was no doubt the anomalous state of affairs existing between us which turned all my attacks upon him (and they were many, either open or covert) into the channel of banter or practical joke (giving pain while assuming the aspect of mere fun), rather than into a more serious and determined hostility. But my endeavors on this head were by no means uniformly successful, even when my plans were the most wittily concocted; for my namesake had much about him in character of that unassuming and quiet austerity which, while enjoying the poignancy of its own jokes, has no heel of Achilles in itself, and absolutely refuses to be laughed at. I could find indeed but one vulnerable point, and that lying in a personal peculiarity, arising perhaps from constitutional disease, would have been spared by any antagonist less at his wit's end than myself: my rival had a weakness in the faucial or guttural organs which precluded him from raising his voice at any time *above a very low whisper*. Of this defect I did not fail to take what poor advantage lay in my power.

Wilson's retaliations in kind were many; and there was one form of his practical wit that disturbed me beyond measure. How his sagacity first discovered at all that so petty a thing would vex me is a question I never could solve, but having discovered, he habitually practiced the annoyance. I had always felt aversion to my uncourtly patronymic and its very common, if not plebeian, prænomen. The words were venom in my ears; and when, upon the day of my arrival, a second William Wilson came also to the academy, I felt angry with him for bearing the **name**, and doubly disgusted with the name because a stranger bore it, who would be the cause of its twofold repetition, who would be constantly in my presence, and whose concerns, in the ordinary routine of the school business, must inevitably, on account of the detestable coincidence, be often confounded with my own.

The feeling of vexation thus engendered grew stronger with

every circumstance tending to show resemblance, moral or physical, between my rival and myself. I had not then discovered the remarkable fact that we were of the same age ; but I saw that we were of the same height, and I perceived that we were even singularly alike in general contour of person and outline of feature. I was galled, too, by the rumor touching a relationship, which had grown current in the upper forms. In a word, nothing could more seriously disturb me (although I scrupulously concealed such disturbance) than any allusion to a similarity of mind, person, or condition existing between us. But, in truth, I had no reason to believe that (with the exception of the matter of relationship, and in the case of Wilson himself) this similarity had ever been made a subject of comment, or even observed at all, by our schoolfellows. That *he* observed it in all its bearings, and as fixedly as I, was apparent ; but that he could discover in such circumstances so fruitful a field of annoyance can only be attributed, as I said before, to his more than ordinary penetration.

His cue, which was to perfect an imitation of myself, lay both in words and in actions, and most admirably did he play his part. My dress it was an easy matter to copy ; my gait and general manner were without difficulty appropriated ; in spite of his constitutional defect, even my voice did not escape him. My louder tones were of course unattempted, but then the key, it was identical ; *and his singular whisper, it grew the very echo of my own.*

How greatly this most exquisite portraiture harassed me (for it could not justly be termed a caricature), I will not now venture to describe. I had but one consolation—in the fact that the imitation, apparently, was noticed by myself alone, and that I had to endure only the knowing and strangely sarcastic smiles of my namesake himself. Satisfied with having produced in my bosom the intended effect, he seemed to chuckle in secret over the sting he had inflicted, and was characteristically disregarding of the public applause which the success of his witty endeavors might have so easily elicited. That the school, indeed, did not feel his design, perceive its accomplishment, and participate in his sneer, was for many anxious months a riddle I could not resolve. Perhaps the *gradation* of his copy rendered it not so readily perceptible, or more possibly I owed my security to the masterly air of the copyist, who, disdaining the letter (which in a painting is all the obtuse can

see), gave but the full spirit of his original for my individual contemplation and chagrin.

I have already more than once spoken of the disgusting air of patronage which he assumed toward me, and of his frequent officious interference with my will. This interference often took the ungracious character of advice—advice not openly given, but hinted or insinuated. I received it with a repugnance which gained strength as I grew in years. Yet at this distant day, let me do him the simple justice to acknowledge that I can recall no occasion when the suggestions of my rival were on the side of those errors or follies so usual to his immature age and seeming inexperience; that his moral sense, at least, if not his general talents and worldly wisdom, was far keener than my own; and that I might to-day have been a better, and thus a happier man, had I less frequently rejected the counsels embodied in those meaning whispers which I then but too cordially hated and too bitterly despised.

As it was, I at length grew restive in the extreme under his distasteful supervision, and daily resented more and more openly what I considered his intolerable arrogance. I have said that in the first years of our connection as schoolmates, my feelings in regard to him might have been easily ripened into friendship; but, in the latter months of my residence at the academy, although the intrusion of his ordinary manner had, beyond doubt, in some measure abated, my sentiments in nearly similar proportion partook very much of positive hatred. Upon one occasion he saw this, I think, and afterwards avoided, or made a show of avoiding me.

It was about the same period, if I remember aright, that, in an altercation of violence with him, in which he was more than usually thrown off his guard, and spoke and acted with an openness of demeanor rather foreign to his nature, I discovered, or fancied I discovered, in his accent, his air, and general appearance, a something which first startled, and then deeply interested me, by bringing to mind dim visions of my earliest infancy—wild, confused, and thronging memories of a time when memory herself was yet unborn. I cannot better describe the sensation which oppressed me than by saying that I could with difficulty shake off the belief of my having been acquainted with the being who stood before me at some epoch very long ago, some point of the past even infinitely remote. The delusion, however, faded rapidly as it came, and I mention

it at all but to define the day of the last conversation I there held with my singular namesake.

The huge old house, with its countless subdivisions, had several large chambers communicating with each other, where slept the greater number of the students. There were, however (as must necessarily happen in a building so awkwardly planned), many little nooks or recesses, the odds and ends of the structure, and these the economic ingenuity of Dr. Bransby had also fitted up as dormitories, although, being the merest closets, they were capable of accommodating but a single individual. One of these small apartments was occupied by Wilson.

One night, about the close of my fifth year at the school, and immediately after the altercation just mentioned, finding every one wrapped in sleep, I arose from bed, and, lamp in hand, stole through a wilderness of narrow passages from my own bedroom to that of my rival. I had long been plotting one of those ill-natured pieces of practical wit at his expense in which I had hitherto been so uniformly unsuccessful. It was my intention now to put my scheme in operation, and I resolved to make him feel the whole extent of the malice with which I was imbued. Having reached his closet, I noiselessly entered, leaving the lamp, with a shade over it, on the outside. I advanced a step, and listened to the sound of his tranquil breathing. Assured of his being asleep, I returned, took the light, and with it again approached the bed. Close curtains were around it, which, in the prosecution of my plan, I slowly and quietly withdrew, when the bright rays fell vividly upon the sleeper, and my eyes, at the same moment, upon his countenance. I looked, and a numbness, an iciness of feeling, instantly pervaded my frame. My breast heaved, my knees tottered, my whole spirit became possessed with an objectless yet intolerable horror. Gasping for breath, I lowered the lamp in still nearer proximity to the face. Were these—*these* the lineaments of William Wilson? I saw, indeed, that they were his, but I shook as if with a fit of the ague in fancying they were not. What *was* there about them to confound me in this manner? I gazed, while my brain reeled with a multitude of incoherent thoughts. Not thus he appeared, assuredly not *thus*, in the vivacity of his waking hours. The same name, the same contour of person, the same day of arrival at the academy; and then his dogged and meaningless imitation of my gait, my voice, my habits, and my manner. Was it, in truth, within the bounds of human

possibility that *what I now saw* was the result merely of the habitual practice of this sarcastic imitation? Awe-stricken, and with a creeping shudder, I extinguished the lamp, passed silently from the chamber, and left at once the halls of that old academy, never to enter them again.

After a lapse of some months, spent at home in mere idleness, I found myself a student at Eton. The brief interval had been sufficient to enfeeble my remembrance of the events at Dr. Bransby's, or at least to effect a material change in the nature of the feelings with which I remembered them. The truth, the tragedy, of the drama was no more. I could now find room to doubt the evidence of my senses, and seldom called up the subject at all but with wonder at the extent of human credulity, and a smile at the vivid force of the imagination which I hereditarily possessed. Neither was this species of skepticism likely to be diminished by the character of the life I led at Eton. The vortex of thoughtless folly into which I there so immediately and so recklessly plunged washed away all but the froth of my past hours, engulfed at once every solid or serious impression, and left to memory only the veriest levities of a former existence.

I do not wish, however, to trace the course of my miserable profligacy here—a profligacy which set at defiance the laws, while it eluded the vigilance of the institution. Three years of folly, passed without profit, had but given me rooted habits of vice, and added, in a somewhat unusual degree, to my bodily stature, when, after a week of soulless dissipation, I invited a small party of the most dissolute students to a secret carousal in my chambers. We met at a late hour of the night, for our debaucheries were to be faithfully protracted until morning. The wine flowed freely, and there were not wanting other and perhaps more dangerous seductions, so that the gray dawn had already faintly appeared in the east, while our delirious extravagance was at its height. Madly flushed with cards and intoxication, I was in the act of insisting upon a toast of more than wonted profanity, when my attention was suddenly diverted by the violent, although partial, unclosing of the door of the apartment, and by the eager voice of a servant from without. He said that some person, apparently in great haste, demanded to speak with me in the hall.

Wildly excited with wine, the unexpected interruption rather delighted than surprised me. I staggered forward at

once, and a few steps brought me to the vestibule of the building. In this low and small room there hung no lamp, and now no light at all was admitted, save that of the exceedingly feeble dawn which made its way through the semicircular window. As I put my foot over the threshold I became aware of the figure of a youth about my own height, and habited in a white kerseymere morning frock, cut in the novel fashion of the one I myself wore at the moment. This the faint light enabled me to perceive, but the features of his face I could not distinguish. Upon my entering he strode hurriedly up to me, and seizing me by the arm with a gesture of petulant impatience, whispered the words "William Wilson!" in my ear.

I grew perfectly sober in an instant.

There was that in the manner of the stranger, and in the tremulous shake of his uplifted finger, as he held it between my eyes and the light, which filled me with unqualified amazement; but it was not this which had so violently moved me. It was the pregnancy of solemn admonition in the singular, low, hissing utterance, and, above all, it was the character, the tone, *the key*, of those few, simple, and familiar, yet *whispered* syllables, which came with a thousand thronging memories of bygone days, and struck upon my soul with the shock of a galvanic battery. Ere I could recover the use of my senses he was gone.

Although this event failed not of a vivid effect upon my disordered imagination, yet was it evanescent as vivid. For some weeks, indeed, I busied myself in earnest inquiry, or was wrapped in a cloud of morbid speculation. I did not pretend to disguise from my perception the identity of the singular individual who thus perseveringly interfered with my affairs, and harassed me with his insinuated counsel. But who and what was this Wilson?—and whence came he?—and what were his purposes? Upon neither of these points could I be satisfied—merely ascertaining in regard to him that a sudden accident in his family had caused his removal from Dr. Bransby's academy on the afternoon of the day in which I myself had eloped. But in a brief period I ceased to think upon the subject, my attention being all absorbed in a contemplated departure for Oxford. Thither I soon went, the uncalculating vanity of my parents furnishing me with an outfit and annual establishment which would enable me to indulge at will in the luxury already so dear to my heart—to vie in profuseness of

expenditure with the haughtiest heirs of the wealthiest earldoms in Great Britain.

Excited by such appliances to vice, my constitutional temperament broke forth with redoubled ardor, and I spurned even the common restraints of decency in the mad infatuation of my revels. But it were absurd to pause in the detail of my extravagance. Let it suffice that among spendthrifts I out-Heroded Herod, and that giving name to a multitude of novel follies, I added no brief appendix to the long catalogue of vices then usual in the most dissolute university of Europe.

It could hardly be credited, however, that I had, even here, so utterly fallen from the gentlemanly estate as to seek acquaintance with the vilest arts of the gambler by profession, and having become an adept in his despicable science, to practice it habitually as a means of increasing my already enormous income at the expense of the weak-minded among my fellow-collegians. Such, nevertheless, was the fact; and the very enormity of this offense against all manly and honorable sentiment proved, beyond doubt, the main, if not the sole reason of the impunity with which it was committed. Who, indeed, among my most abandoned associates would not rather have disputed the clearest evidence of his senses than have suspected of such courses the gay, the frank, the generous William Wilson — the noblest and most liberal commoner at Oxford — him whose follies (said his parasites) were but the follies of youth and unbridled fancy — whose errors but inimitable whim — whose darkest vice but a careless and dashing extravagance?

I had been now two years successfully busied in this way when there came to the university a young *parvenu* nobleman, Glendinning — rich, said report, as Herodes Atticus — his riches, too, as easily acquired. I soon found him of weak intellect and of course marked him as a fitting subject for my skill. I frequently engaged him in play, and contrived with the gambler's usual art to let him win considerable sums, the more effectually to entangle him in my snares. At length, my schemes being ripe, I met him (with the full intention that this meeting should be final and decisive) at the chambers of a fellow-commoner (Mr. Preston) equally intimate with both, but who, to do him justice, entertained not even a remote suspicion of my design. To give to this a better coloring I had contrived to have assembled a party of some eight or ten, and was solicitously careful that the introduction of cards should appear accidental.

and originate in the proposal of my contemplated dupe himself. To be brief upon a vile topic, none of the low finesse was omitted, so customary upon similar occasions that it is a just matter for wonder how any are still found so besotted as to fall its victim.

We had protracted our sitting far into the night, and I had at length effected the maneuver of getting Glendinning as my sole antagonist. The game, too, was my favorite *écarté*. The rest of the company, interested in the extent of our play, had abandoned their own cards, and were standing around us as spectators. The *parvenu*, who had been induced by my artifices in the early part of the evening to drink deeply, now shuffled, dealt, or played with a wild nervousness of manner for which his intoxication, I thought, might partially but could not altogether account. In a very short period he had become my debtor to a large amount, when, having taken a long draught of port, he did precisely what I had been coolly anticipating — he proposed to double our already extravagant stakes. With a well-feigned show of reluctance, and not until after my repeated refusal had seduced him into some angry words which gave a color of *pique* to my compliance, did I finally comply. The result of course did but prove how entirely the prey was in my toils: in less than an hour he had quadrupled his debt. For some time his countenance had been losing the florid tinge lent it by the wine, but now, to my astonishment, I perceived that it had grown to a pallor truly fearful. I say to my astonishment. Glendinning had been represented to my eager inquiries as immeasurably wealthy; and the sums which he had as yet lost, although in themselves vast, could not, I supposed, very seriously annoy, much less so violently affect him. That he was overcome by the wine just swallowed was the idea which most readily presented itself; and, rather with a view to the preservation of my own character in the eyes of my associates, than from any less interested motive, I was about to insist peremptorily upon a discontinuance of the play, when some expressions at my elbow from among the company, and an ejaculation evincing utter despair on the part of Glendinning, gave me to understand that I had effected his total ruin under circumstances which, rendering him an object for the pity of all, should have protected him from the ill offices even of a fiend.

What now might have been my conduct it is difficult to say. The pitiable condition of my dupe had thrown an air of embar-

rapped gloom over all, and for some moments a profound silence was maintained, during which I could not help feeling my cheeks tingle with the many burning glances of scorn or reproach cast upon me by the less abandoned of the party. I will even own that an intolerable weight of anxiety was a brief instant lifted from my bosom by the sudden and extraordinary interruption which ensued. The wide heavy folding doors of the apartment were all at once thrown open to their full extent, with a vigorous and rushing impetuosity that extinguished, as if by magic, every candle in the room. Their light, in dying, enabled us just to perceive that a stranger had entered, about my own height, and closely muffled in a cloak. The darkness, however, was now total, and we could only *feel* that he was standing in our midst. Before any one of us could recover from the extreme astonishment into which this rudeness had thrown all, we heard the voice of the intruder.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low, distinct, and never-to-be-forgotten *whisper* which thrilled to the very marrow of my bones, "Gentlemen, I make no apology for this behavior, because in thus behaving, I am but fulfilling my duty. You are, beyond doubt, uninformed of the true character of the person who has to-night won at *écarté* a large sum of money from Lord Glen-dinning. I will therefore put you upon an expeditious and decisive plan of obtaining this very necessary information. Please to examine at your leisure the inner linings of the cuff of his left sleeve, and the several little packages which may be found in the somewhat capacious pockets of his embroidered morning wrapper."

While he spoke, so profound was the stillness that one might have heard a pin drop upon the floor. In ceasing, he departed at once, and as abruptly as he had entered. Can I — shall I describe my sensations? Must I say that I felt all the horrors of the damned? Most assuredly I had little time for reflection. Many hands roughly seized me upon the spot, and lights were immediately procured. A search ensued. In the lining of my sleeve were found all the court cards essential in *écarté*, and in the pockets of my wrapper a number of packs, facsimiles of those used at our sittings, with the single exception that mine were of the species called, technically, *arrondées*, — the honors being slightly convex at the ends, the lower cards slightly convex at the sides. In this disposition, the dupe who cuts, as customary, at the length of the pack, will invariably find that

he cuts his antagonist an honor ; while the gambler, cutting at the breadth, will as certainly cut nothing for his victim which may count in the records of the game.

Any burst of indignation upon this discovery would have affected me less than the silent contempt, or the sarcastic composure, with which it was received.

“Mr. Wilson,” said our host, stooping to remove from beneath his feet an exceedingly luxurious cloak of rare furs, “Mr. Wilson, this is your property.” (The weather was cold ; and, upon quitting my own room, I had thrown a cloak over my dressing wrapper, putting it off upon reaching the scene of play.) “I presume it is supererogatory to seek here” (eying the folds of the garment with a bitter smile) “for any further evidence of your skill. Indeed, we have had enough. You will see the necessity, I hope, of quitting Oxford — at all events, of quitting instantly my chambers.”

Abased, humbled to the dust as I then was, it is probable that I should have resented this galling language by immediate personal violence, had not my whole attention been at the moment arrested by a fact of the most startling character. The cloak which I had worn was of a rare description of fur ; how rare, how extravagantly costly, I shall not venture to say. Its fashion, too, was of my own fantastic invention, for I was fastidious to an absurd degree of coxcombry in matters of this frivolous nature. When, therefore, Mr. Preston reached me that which he had picked up upon the floor, and near the folding doors of the apartment, it was with an astonishment nearly bordering upon terror that I perceived my own already hanging on my arm (where I had no doubt unwittingly placed it), and that the one presented me was but its exact counterpart in every, in even the minutest possible particular. The singular being who had so disastrously exposed me had been muffled, I remembered, in a cloak, and none had been worn at all by any of the members of our party with the exception of myself. Retaining some presence of mind, I took the one offered me by Preston, placed it unnoticed over my own, left the apartment with a resolute scowl of defiance, and next morning, ere dawn of day, commenced a hurried journey from Oxford to the Continent in a perfect agony of horror and of shame.

I fled in vain. My evil destiny pursued me as if in exultation, and proved indeed that the exercise of its mysterious dominion had as yet only begun. Scarcely had I set foot in Paris

ere I had fresh evidence of the detestable interest taken by this Wilson in my concerns. Years flew while I experienced no relief. Villain! — at Rome, with how untimely, yet with how spectral an officiousness, stepped he in between me and my ambition! At Vienna, too — at Berlin — and at Moscow! Where, in truth, had I *not* bitter cause to curse him within my heart? From his inscrutable tyranny did I at length flee, panic-stricken, as from a pestilence; and to the very ends of the earth *I fled in vain*.

And again and again, in secret communion with my own spirit, would I demand the questions, "Who is he? — whence came he? — and what are his objects?" But no answer was there found. And now I scrutinized, with a minute scrutiny, the forms, and the methods, and the leading traits of his impertinent supervision. But even here there was very little upon which to base a conjecture. It was noticeable, indeed, that in no one of the multiplied instances in which he had of late crossed my path had he so crossed it except to frustrate those schemes, or to disturb those actions, which, if fully carried out, might have resulted in bitter mischief. Poor justification this, in truth, for an authority so imperiously assumed! Poor indemnity for natural rights of self-agency so pertinaciously, so insultingly, denied!

I had also been forced to notice that my tormentor for a very long period of time (while scrupulously and with miraculous dexterity maintaining his whim of an identity of apparel with myself) had so contrived it, in the execution of his varied interference with my will, that I saw not at any moment the features of his face. Be Wilson what he might, *this* at least was but the veriest of affectation or of folly. Could he for an instant have supposed that in my admonisher at Eton — in the destroyer of my honor at Oxford — in him who thwarted my ambition at Rome, my revenge at Paris, my passionate love at Naples, or what he falsely termed my avarice in Egypt, — that in this, my archenemy and evil genius, I could fail to recognize the William Wilson of my schoolboy days, — the namesake, the companion, the rival, — the hated and dreaded rival at Dr. Bransby's? Impossible! — But let me hasten to the last eventful scene of the drama.

Thus far had I succumbed supinely to this imperious domination. The sentiment of deep awe with which I habitually regarded the elevated character, the majestic wisdom, the appar-

ent omnipresence and omnipotence of Wilson, added to a feeling of even terror, with which certain other traits in his nature and assumptions inspired me, had operated hitherto to impress me with an idea of my own utter weakness and helplessness, and to suggest an implicit, although bitterly reluctant submission to his arbitrary will. But of late days I had given myself up entirely to wine, and its maddening influence upon my hereditary temper rendered me more and more impatient of control. I began to murmur, — to hesitate, — to resist. And was it only fancy which induced me to believe that, with the increase of my own firmness, that of my tormentor underwent a proportional diminution? Be this as it may, I now began to feel the inspiration of a burning hope, and at length nurtured in my secret thoughts a stern and desperate resolution that I would submit no longer to be enslaved.

It was at Rome, during the Carnival of 18—, that I attended a masquerade in the palazzo of the Neapolitan Duke Di Broglio. I had indulged more freely than usual in the excesses of the wine table, and now the suffocating atmosphere of the crowded rooms irritated me beyond endurance. The difficulty, too, of forcing my way through the mazes of the company contributed not a little to the ruffling of my temper; for I was anxiously seeking (let me not say with what unworthy motive) the young, the gay, the beautiful wife of the aged and doting Di Broglio. With a too unscrupulous confidence she had previously communicated to me the secret of the costume in which she would be habited, and now, having caught a glimpse of her person, I was hurrying to make my way into her presence. At this moment I felt a light hand placed upon my shoulder, and that ever-remembered, low, damnable *whisper* within my ear.

In an absolute frenzy of wrath I turned at once upon him who had thus interrupted me, and seized him violently by the collar. He was attired, as I had expected, in a costume altogether similar to my own; wearing a Spanish cloak of blue velvet, begirt about the waist with a crimson belt sustaining a rapier. A mask of black silk entirely covered his face.

“Scoundrel!” I said, in a voice husky with rage, while every syllable I uttered seemed as new fuel to my fury; “scoundrel! impostor! accursed villain! you shall not — you *shall not* dog me unto death! Follow me, or I will stab you where you stand!” — and I broke my way from the ballroom into a small

antechamber adjoining, dragging him unresistingly with me as I went.

Upon entering, I thrust him furiously from me. He staggered against the wall, while I closed the door with an oath, and commanded him to draw. He hesitated but for an instant; then, with a slight sigh, drew in silence, and put himself upon his defence.

The contest was brief indeed. I was frantic with every species of wild excitement, and felt within my single arm the energy and power of a multitude. In a few seconds I forced him by sheer strength against the wainscoting, and thus, getting him at mercy, plunged my sword, with brute ferocity, repeatedly through and through his bosom.

At that instant some person tried the latch of the door. I hastened to prevent an intrusion, and then immediately returned to my dying antagonist. But what human language can adequately portray *that* astonishment, *that* horror, which possessed me at the spectacle then presented to view? The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce apparently a material change in the arrangements at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror—so at first it seemed to me in my confusion—now stood where none had been perceptible before; and, as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced to meet me with a feeble and tottering gait.

Thus it appeared, I say, but was not. It was my antagonist—it was Wilson who then stood before me in the agonies of his dissolution. His mask and cloak lay where he had thrown them upon the floor. Not a thread in all his raiment—not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of his face which was not, even in the most absolute identity, *mine own!*

It was Wilson; but he spoke no longer in a whisper, and I could have fancied that I myself was speaking while he said:—

“You have conquered and I yield. Yet, henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the World, to Heaven, and to Hope! In me didst thou exist—and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself.”

SONG FROM "MAUD."¹

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Ænëas," 1892.]

I.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.

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When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

v.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"Forever and ever, mine."

vi.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood.
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

vii.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

viii.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk bloom on the tree;
The white lake blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

ix.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls
Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

X.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear:
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.¹

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

[OLIVE SCHREINER, South African novelist, was born in the early sixties, the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman of South Africa. Her first work, "The Story of an African Farm," published in 1884 under the pseudonym of "Ralph Iron," had an extraordinary success, and has since been followed by "Dreams," "Dream Life and Real Life," and "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland," an attack on Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his policy. In 1894 Olive Schreiner became the wife of Mr. Cronwright, a young colonist.]

SHADOWS FROM CHILD LIFE.

THE WATCH.

THE full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low

¹ By permission of Hutchinson & Co.

hills that skirted the plain, the milk bushes with their long fingerlike leaves, all were touched by a weird and almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the center a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon the other, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones, and on the very summit a clump of prickly pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled "sheep kraals" and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling house—a square red-brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty, and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which inclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great open wagon house, on the roofs of the out-buildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farmhouse, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes, and the night was warm and the room close, and she dreamed bad dreams. Not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich camps, nor of her first, the young Boer; but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side, and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a face of freckles; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfinlike beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed; but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow, and pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.

Only in one of the outbuildings that jutted from the wagon house there was some one who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy gray and black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible, not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table, on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool box was, and where the fireplace. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick — tick — tick! one, two, three, four! He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick — tick — tick — tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorably; and every time it ticked *a man died!* He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down? A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly, and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening — "*For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*"

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"*Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*"

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past — how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters, you may do what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"Oh, God, God! save them!" he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only for each moment I am praying here one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!"

He groveled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! Oh, God! the long, long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

THE SACRIFICE.

The farm by daylight was not as the farm by moonlight. The plain was a weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered

by dry karroo bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder, and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and there a milk bush lifted its pale-colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about in the blazing sand. The red walls of the farmhouse, the zinc roofs of the out-buildings, the stone walls of the "kraals," all reflected the fierce sunlight, till the eye ached and blenched. No tree or shrub was to be seen far or near. The two sunflowers that stood before the door, outstared by the sun, drooped their brazen faces to the sand; and the little cicadalike insects cried aloud among the stones of the "kopje."

The Boer woman, seen by daylight, was even less lovely than when, in bed, she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stove, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her apron, and drank coffee, and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was damned. Less lovely, too, by daylight was the dead Englishman's child, her little stepdaughter, upon whose freckles and low, wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.

"Lyndall," the child said to her little orphan cousin, who sat with her on the floor threading beads, "how is it your beads never fall off your needle?"

"I try," said the little one, gravely, moistening her tiny finger. "That is why."

The overseer, seen by daylight, was a huge German, wearing a shabby suit, and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything. He stood out at the "kraals" in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys the approaching end of the world. The boys, as they cut the cakes of dung, winked at each other, and worked as slowly as they possibly could; but the German never saw it.

Away, beyond the "kopje," Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs — a small and dusty herd — powdered all over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat and shoes of undressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too large, and had sunk down to his eyes, concealing completely the silky black curls. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far; they gathered round every little milk bush as though they hoped to find shade, and stood there motionless in clumps. He himself crept under a shelving rock

that lay at the foot of the "kopje," stretched himself on his stomach, and waved his dilapidated little shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he kept his dinner, he produced a fragment of slate, an arithmetic, and a pencil. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he began to add it up aloud: "Six and two is eight—and four is twelve—and two is fourteen—and four is eighteen." Here he paused. "And four is eighteen—and—four—is—eighteen." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped from his fingers, and the slate followed it into the sand. For a while he lay motionless, then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them, and might have been asleep, but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from him. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him; but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked at the far-off hills with his heavy eyes.

"Ye shall receive—ye shall receive—*shall, shall, shall*," he muttered.

He sat up then. Slowly the dullness and heaviness melted from his face; it became radiant. Midday had come now, and the sun's rays were poured down vertically; the earth throbbed before the eye.

The boy stood up quickly, and cleared a small space from the bushes which covered it. Looking carefully, he found twelve small stones of somewhat the same size; kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept; in it was a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away and walked to the altar with the meat, and laid it down on the stones. Close by in the red sand he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands. He prayed aloud.

"Oh, God, my Father, I have made Thee a sacrifice. I have only twopence, so I cannot buy a lamb. If the lambs were mine I would give Thee one; but now I have only this meat; it is my dinner meat. Please, my Father, send fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou hast said, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, noth-

ing doubting, it shall be done. I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

He knelt down with his face upon the ground, and he folded his hands upon his curls. The fierce sun poured down its heat upon his head and upon his altar. When he looked up he knew what he should see—the glory of God! For fear his very heart stood still, his breath came heavily; he was half suffocated. He dared not look up. Then at last he raised himself. Above him was the quiet blue sky, about him the red earth; there were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar—that was all.

He looked up—nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. He looked round in astonishment, then he bowed again, and this time longer than before.

When he raised himself the second time all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton chop, and it ran down upon the stones.

Then, the third time he bowed himself. When at last he looked up, some ants had come to the meat on the altar. He stood up and drove them away. Then he put his hat on his hot curls, and sat in the shade. He clasped his hands about his knees. He sat to watch what would come to pass. The glory of the Lord God Almighty! He knew he should see it.

"My dear God is trying me," he said; and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and waited when the sun began to slope; and when it neared the horizon, and the sheep began to cast long shadows across the karroo, he still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills till the sun dipped behind them and was gone. Then he called his ewes together, and broke down the altar, and threw the meat far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: "God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain—I am not His. He will not hear my prayer. God hates me."

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the "kraal" gate the two girls met him.

"Come," said the yellow-haired Em, "let us play 'coop.' There is still time before it gets quite dark. You, Waldo, go and hide on the 'kopje'; Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will not look."

The girls hid their faces in the stone wall of the sheep

kraal, and the boy clambered halfway up the "kopje." He crouched down between two stones and gave the call. Just then the milkherd came walking out of the cow kraal with two pails. He was an ill-looking Kaffir.

"Ah!" thought the boy, "perhaps he will die to-night, and go to hell! I must pray for him, I must pray!"

Then he thought—"Where am *I* going to?" and he prayed desperately.

"Ah! this is not right at all," little Em said, peeping between the stones, and finding him in a very curious posture. "What *are* you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"I—I will play nicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepishly before them; "I—I only forgot; I will play now."

"He has been to sleep," said freckled Em.

"No," said beautiful little Lyndall, looking curiously at him; "he has been crying."

She never made a mistake.

THE CONFESSION.

One night, two years after, the boy sat alone on the "kopje." He had crept softly from his father's room and come there. He often did, because, when he prayed or cried aloud, his father might awake and hear him; and none knew his great sorrow, and none knew his grief, but he himself, and he buried them deep in his heart.

He turned up the brim of his great hat and looked at the moon, but most at the leaves of the prickly pear that grew just before him. They glinted, and glinted, and glinted, just like his own heart—cold, so hard, and very wicked. His physical heart had pain also; it seemed full of little bits of glass, that hurt. He had sat there for half an hour, and he dared not go back to the close house.

He felt horribly lonely. There was not one thing so wicked as he in all the world, and he knew it. He folded his arms and began to cry—not aloud; he sobbed without making any sound, and his tears left scorched marks where they fell. He could not pray; he had prayed night and day for so many months; and to-night he could not pray. When he left off

crying, he held his aching head with his brown hands. If one might have gone up to him and touched him kindly; poor, ugly little thing! Perhaps his heart was almost broken.

With his swollen eyes he sat there on a flat stone at the very top of the "kopje," and the tree, with every one of its wicked leaves, blinked, and blinked, and blinked at him. Presently he began to cry again, and then stopped his crying to look at it. He was quiet for a long while, then he knelt up slowly and bent forward. There was a secret he had carried in his heart for a year. He had not dared to look at it; he had not whispered it to himself; but for a year he had carried it. "I hate God!" he said. The wind took the words and ran away with them, among the stones, and through the leaves of the prickly pear. He thought it died away half down the "kopje." He had told it now!

"I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God."

The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first. Then he got up and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now; he did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy any more. Better so — better to know certainly. It was ended now. Better so.

He began scrambling down the sides of the "kopje" to go home.

Better so! — But oh, the loneliness, the agonized pain! for that night, and for nights on nights to come! The anguish that sleeps all day on the heart like a heavy worm, and wakes up at night to feed!

There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, "Now deal us your hardest blow, give us what you will; but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children."

The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this: its intense loneliness, its intense ignorance.

GREGORY ROSE FINDS HIS AFFINITY.

The new man, Gregory Rose, sat at the door of his dwelling, his arms folded, his legs crossed, and a profound melancholy seeming to rest over his soul. His house was a little square daub-and-wattle building, far out in the karroo, two miles from the homestead. It was covered outside with a somber coating of brown mud, two little panes being let into the walls

for windows. Behind it were the sheep kraals, and to the right a large dam, now principally containing baked mud. Far off the little "kopje" concealed the homestead, and was not itself an object conspicuous enough to relieve the dreary monotony of the landscape.

Before the door sat Gregory Rose in his shirt sleeves, on a camp stool, and ever and anon he sighed deeply. There was that in his countenance for which even his depressing circumstances failed to account. Again and again he looked at the little "kopje," at the milk pail at his side, and at the brown pony, who a short way off cropped the dry bushes — and sighed.

Presently he rose and went into his house. It was one tiny room, the whitewashed walls profusely covered with prints cut from the *Illustrated London News*, and in which there was a noticeable preponderance of female faces and figures. A stretcher filled one end of the hut, and a rack for a gun and a little hanging looking-glass diversified the gable opposite, while in the center stood a chair and table. All was scrupulously neat and clean, for Gregory kept a little duster folded in the corner of his table drawer, just as he had seen his mother do, and every morning before he went out he said his prayers, and made his bed, and dusted the table and the legs of the chairs, and even the pictures on the wall and the gun rack.

On this hot afternoon he took from beneath his pillow a watch bag made by his sister Jemima, and took out the watch. Only half-past four! With a suppressed groan he dropped it back and sat down beside the table. Half-past four! Presently he roused himself. He would write to his sister Jemima. He always wrote to her when he was miserable. She was his safety valve. He forgot her when he was happy; but he used her when he was wretched.

He took out ink and paper. There was a family crest and motto on the latter, for the Roses since coming to the colony had discovered that they were of distinguished lineage. Old Rose himself, an honest English farmer, knew nothing of his noble descent; but his wife and daughter knew — especially his daughter. There were Roses in England who kept a Park and dated from the Conquest. So the colonial "Rose Farm" became "Rose Manor" in remembrance of the ancestral domain, and the claim of the Roses to noble blood was established — in their own minds at least.

Gregory took up one of the white, crested sheets; but on

deeper reflection he determined to take a pink one, as more suitable to the state of his feelings. He began:—

KOPJE ALONE,
Monday Afternoon.

MY DEAR JEMIMA—

Then he looked up into the little glass opposite. It was a youthful face reflected there, with curling brown beard and hair; but in the dark blue eyes there was a look of languid longing that touched him. He re-dipped his pen and wrote:—

When I look up into the little glass that hangs opposite me, I wonder if that changed and sad face——

Here he sat still and reflected. It sounded almost as if he might be conceited or unmanly to be looking at his own face in the glass. No, that would not do. So he looked for another pink sheet and began again.

KOPJE ALONE,
Monday Afternoon.

DEAR SISTER,—It is hardly six months since I left you to come to this spot, yet could you now see me I know what you would say, I know what mother would say—"Can that be our Greg—that thing with the strange look in his eyes?"

Yes, Jemima, it is your Greg, and the change has been coming over me ever since I came here; but it is greatest since yesterday. You know what sorrows I have passed through, Jemima: how unjustly I was always treated at school, the masters keeping me back and calling me a blockhead, though, as they themselves allowed, I had the best memory of any boy in the school, and could repeat whole books from beginning to end. You know how cruelly father always used me, calling me a noodle and a milksop, just because he couldn't understand my fine nature. You know how he has made a farmer of me instead of a minister, as I ought to have been; you know it all, Jemima; and how I have borne it all, not as a woman, who whines for every touch, but as a man should—in silence.

But there are things, there is a thing, which the soul longs to pour forth into a kindred ear.

Dear sister, have you ever known what it is to keep wanting and wanting and wanting to kiss some one's mouth, and you may not; to touch some one's hand, and you cannot? I am in love, Jemima.

The old Dutch woman from whom I hire this place has a little stepdaughter, and her name begins with *E*.

She is English. I do not know how her father came to marry a Boer woman. It makes me feel so strange to put down that letter, that I can hardly go on writing—*E*. I've loved her ever since I

came here. For weeks I have not been able to eat or drink; my very tobacco when I smoke has no taste; and I can remain for no more than five minutes in one place, and sometimes feel as though I were really going mad.

Every evening I go there to fetch my milk. Yesterday she gave me some coffee. The spoon fell on the ground. She picked it up; when she gave it me her finger touched mine. Jemima, I do not know if I fancied it—I shivered hot, and she shivered too! I thought, "It is all right; she will be mine; she loves me!" Just then, Jemima, in came a fellow, a great, coarse fellow, a German—a ridiculous fellow, with curls right down to his shoulders; it makes one *sick* to look at him. He's only a servant of the Boer woman's, and a low, vulgar, uneducated thing, that's never been to boarding school in his life. He had been to the next farm seeking sheep. When he came in she said, "Good evening, Waldo. Have some coffee!" *and she kissed him.*

All last night I heard nothing else but "Have some coffee; have some coffee." If I went to sleep for a moment I dreamed that her finger was pressing mine; but when I woke with a start I heard her say, "Good evening, Waldo. Have some coffee!"

Is this madness?

I have not eaten a mouthful to-day. This evening I go and propose to her. If she refuses me I shall go and kill myself to-morrow. There is a dam of water close by. The sheep have drunk most of it up, but there is still enough if I tie a stone to my neck.

It is a choice between death and madness. I can endure no more. If this should be the last letter you ever get from me, think of me tenderly, and forgive me. Without her, life would be a howling wilderness, a long tribulation. She is my affinity; the one love of my life, of my youth, of my manhood; my sunshine; my God-given blossom.

They never loved who dreamed that they loved once,
And who saith, "I loved once"? —
Not angels, whose deep eyes look down through realms of light!

Your disconsolate brother, on what is, in all probability, the last and distracted night of his life,

GREGORY NAZIANZEN ROSE.

P. S.—Tell mother to take care of my pearl studs. I left them in the wash-hand-stand drawer. Don't let the children get hold of them.

P. P. S.—I shall take this letter with me to the farm. If I turn down one corner you may know I have been accepted; if not you may know it is all up with your heart-broken brother.

G. N. R.

Gregory, having finished this letter, read it over with much approval, put it in an envelope, addressed it, and sat contemplating the ink pot, somewhat relieved in mind.

The evening turned out chilly and very windy after the day's heat. From afar off, as Gregory neared the homestead on the brown pony, he could distinguish a little figure in a little red cloak at the door of the cow kraal. Em leaned over the poles that barred the gate, and watched the frothing milk run through the black fingers of the herdsman, while the unwilling cows stood with tethered heads by the milking poles. She had thrown the red cloak over her own head, and held it under her chin with a little hand to keep from her ears the wind, that playfully shook it, and tossed the little fringe of yellow hair into her eyes.

"Is it not too cold for you to be standing here?" said Gregory, coming softly close to her.

"Oh, no; it is so nice. I always come to watch the milking. That red cow with the short horns is bringing up the calf of the white cow that died. She loves it so — just as if it were her own. It is so nice to see her lick its little ears. Just look!"

"The clouds are black. I think it is going to rain to-night," said Gregory.

"Yes," answered Em, looking up as well as she could for the little yellow fringe.

"But I'm sure you must be cold," said Gregory, and put his hand under the cloak, and found there a small fist doubled up, soft and very warm. He held it fast in his hand.

"Oh, Em, I love you better than all the world besides! Tell me, *do* you love me a little?"

"Yes, I do," said Em, hesitating, and trying softly to free her hand.

"Better than everything; better than all the world, darling?" he asked, bending down so low that the yellow hair was blown into his eyes.

"I don't know," said Em, gravely. "I do love you very much; but I love my cousin who is at school, and Waldo, very much. You see I have known them so long!"

"Oh, Em, do not talk to me so coldly," Gregory cried, seizing the little arm that rested on the gate, and pressing it till she was half afraid. The herdsman had moved away to the other end of the kraal now, and the cows, busy with their calves, took no notice of the little human farce.

"Em, if you talk so to me I will go mad ! You must love me, love me better than all ! You must give yourself to me. I have loved you since that first moment when I saw you walking by the stone wall with the jug in your hands. You were made for me, created for me ! I will love you till I die ! Oh, Em, do not be so cold, so cruel to me !"

He held her arm so tightly that her fingers relaxed their hold, and the cloak fluttered down on to the ground, and the wind played more roughly than ever with the little yellow head.

"I do love you very much," she said ; "but I do not know if I want to marry you. I love you better than Waldo, but I can't tell if I love you better than Lyndall. If you would let me wait for a week, I think perhaps I could tell you."

Gregory picked up the cloak and wrapped it round her.

"If you could but love me as I love you," he said ; "but no woman *can* love as a man can. I will wait till next Saturday. I will not once come near you till then. Good-by ! Oh, Em," he said, turning again, and twining his arm about her, and kissing her surprised little mouth, "if you are not my wife I cannot live. I have never loved another woman, and I never shall ! — never, never !"

"You make me afraid," said Em. "Come, let us go, and I will fill your pail."

"I want no milk. — Good-by ! You will not see me again till Saturday."

Late that night, when every one else had gone to bed, the yellow-haired little woman stood alone in the kitchen. She had come to fill the kettle for the next morning's coffee, and now stood before the fire. The warm reflection lit the grave old-womanish little face, that was so unusually thoughtful this evening.

"Better than all the world ; better than everything ; he loves me better than everything !" She said the words aloud, as if they were more easy to believe if she spoke them so. She had given out so much love in her little life, and had got none of it back with interest. Now one said, "I love you better than all the world." One loved her better than she loved him. How suddenly rich she was. She kept clasping and unclasping her hands. So a beggar feels who falls asleep on the pavement wet and hungry, and who wakes in a palace hall with servants and lights, and a feast before him. Of course the beggar's is only a dream, and he wakes from it ; and this was real.

Gregory had said to her, "I will love you as long as I live." She said the words over and over to herself like a song.

"I will send for him to-morrow, and I will tell him how I love him back," she said.

But Em needed not to send for him. Gregory discovered on reaching home that Jemima's letter was still in his pocket. And, therefore, much as he disliked the appearance of vacillation and weakness, he was obliged to be at the farmhouse before sunrise to post it.

"If I see her," Gregory said, "I shall only bow to her. She shall see that I am a man, one who keeps his word."

As to Jemima's letter, he had turned down one corner of the page, and then turned it back, leaving a deep crease. That would show that he was neither accepted nor rejected, but that matters were in an intermediate condition. It was a more poetical way than putting it in plain words.

Gregory was barely in time with his letter, for Waldo was starting when he reached the homestead, and Em was on the doorstep to see him off. When he had given the letter, and Waldo had gone, Gregory bowed stiffly and prepared to remount his own pony, but somewhat slowly. It was still early; none of the servants were about. Em came up close to him and put her little hand softly on his arm as he stood by his horse.

"I do love you best of all," she said. She was not frightened now, however much he kissed her. "I wish I was beautiful and nice," she added, looking up into his eyes as he held her against his breast.

"My darling, to me you are more beautiful than all the women in the world; dearer to me than everything it holds. If you were in hell I would go after you to find you there! If you were dead, though my body moved, my soul would be under the ground with you. All life as I pass it with you in my arms will be perfect to me. It will pass, pass like a ray of sunshine."

Em thought how beautiful and grand his face was as she looked up into it. She raised her hand gently and put it on his forehead.

"You are so silent, so cold, my Em," he cried. "Have you nothing to say to me?"

A little shade of wonder filled her eyes.

"I will do everything you tell me," she said.

What else could she say? Her idea of love was only service.

"Then, my own precious one, promise never to kiss that fellow again. I cannot bear that you should love any one but me. You must not! I will not have it! If every relation I had in the world were to die to-morrow, I would be quite happy if I still only had you! My darling, my love, why are you so cold? Promise me not to love him any more. If you ask me to do anything for *you*, I would do it, though it cost my life."

Em put her hand very gravely round his neck.

"I will never kiss him," she said, "and I will try not to love any one else. But I do not know if I will be able."

"Oh, my darling, I think of *you* all night, all day. I think of nothing else, love nothing else," he said, folding his arms about her.

Em was a little conscience-stricken; even that morning she had found time to remember that in six months her cousin would come back from school, and she had thought to remind Waldo of the lozenges for his cough, even when she saw Gregory coming.

"I do not know how it is," she said humbly, nestling to him, "but I cannot love you so much as you love me. Perhaps it is because I am only a woman; but I *do* love you as much as I can."

Now the Kaffir maids were coming from the huts. He kissed her again, eyes and mouth and hands, and left her.

Tant' Sannie was well satisfied when told of the betrothment. She herself contemplated marriage within the year with one or other of her numerous "vrijers," and she suggested that the weddings might take place together.

Em set to work busily to prepare her own household linen and wedding garments. Gregory was with her daily, almost hourly, and the six months which elapsed before Lyndall's return passed, as he felicitously phrased it, "like a summer night, when you are dreaming of some one you love."

Late one evening, Gregory sat by his little love, turning the handle of her machine as she drew her work through it, and they talked of the changes they would make when the Boer woman was gone, and the farm belonged to them alone. There should be a new room here, and a kraal there. So they chatted on. Suddenly Gregory dropped the handle, and impressed a fervent kiss on the fat hand that guided the linen.

"You are so beautiful, Em," said the lover. "It comes over me in a flood suddenly, how I love you."

Em smiled.

"Tant' Sannie says when I am her age no one will look at me; and it is true. My hands are as short and broad as a duck's foot, and my forehead is so low, and I haven't any nose. I *can't* be pretty."

She laughed softly. It was so nice to think he should be so blind.

"When my cousin comes to-morrow you will see a beautiful woman, Gregory," she added presently. "She is like a little queen: her shoulders are so upright, and her head looks as though it ought to have a little crown upon it. You must come to see her to-morrow as soon as she comes. I am sure you will love her."

"Of course I shall come to see her, since she is your cousin; but do you think I could *ever* think any woman as lovely as I think you?"

He fixed his seething eyes upon her.

"You could not help seeing that she is prettier," said Em, slipping her right hand into his; "but you will never be able to like any one so much as you like me."

Afterward, when she wished her lover good night, she stood upon the doorstep to call a greeting after him; and she waited, as she always did, till the brown pony's hoofs became inaudible behind the "kopje."

Then she passed through the room where Tant' Sannie lay snoring, and through the little room that was all draped in white, waiting for her cousin's return, on to her own room.

She went to the chest of drawers to put away the work she had finished, and sat down on the floor before the lowest drawer. In it were the things she was preparing for her marriage. Piles of white linen, and some aprons and quilts; and in the little box in the corner a spray of orange blossom which she had brought from a smouse. There, too, was a ring Gregory had given her, and a veil his sister had sent, and there was a little roll of fine embroidered work which Trana had given her. It was too fine and good even for Gregory's wife—just right for something very small and soft. She would keep it. And she touched it gently with her forefinger, smiling; and then she blushed and hid it far behind the other things. She knew so well all that was in that drawer, and yet she turned them all over as though she saw them for the first time, packed

them all out, and packed them all in, without one fold or crumple; and then sat down and looked at them.

To-morrow evening when Lyndall came she would bring her here, and show it her all. Lyndall would so like to see it—the little wreath, and the ring, and the white veil! It would be so nice! Then Em fell to seeing pictures. Lyndall should live with them till she herself got married some day.

Every day when Gregory came home, tired from his work, he would look about and say, "Where is my wife? Has no one seen my wife? Wife, some coffee!" and she would give him some.

Em's little face grew very grave at last, and she knelt up and extended her hands over the drawer of linen.

"Oh, God!" she said, "I am so glad! I do not know what I have done that I should be so glad. Thank you!"

WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the karroo with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chinks of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken sod walls of the old pigsty chickweeds flourished, and ice plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane, he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger, who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat hand as it expected a fresh shower of curls; till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in its mouth and roll the little Kaffir over in the sawdust, much to that small animal's contentment. It was too lazy an afternoon to be really ill-natured, so Doss satisfied himself with snapping at the little nigger's fingers, and sitting on him till he laughed. Waldo, as he worked, glanced down at them now and then, and smiled; but he never looked out across the plain. He was conscious without looking of that broad green earth; it made his work pleasant to him. Near

the shadow at the gable the mother of the little nigger stood churning. Slowly she raised and let fall the stick in her hands, murmuring to herself a sleepy chant such as her people love; it sounded like the humming of far-off bees.

A different life showed itself in the front of the house, where Tant' Sannie's cart stood ready inspanned, and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby — a pudding-faced, weak-eyed child.

"You take it and get into the cart with it," said Tant' Sannie. "What do you want here, listening to our woman's talk?"

The young man arose, and meekly went out with the baby.

"I'm very glad you are going to be married, my child," said Tant' Sannie, as she drained the last drop from her coffee cup. "I wouldn't say so while that boy was here, it would make him too conceited; but marriage is the finest thing in the world. I've been at it three times, and if it pleased God to take this husband from me I should have another. There's nothing like it, my child; nothing."

"Perhaps it might not suit all people, at all times, as well as it suits you, Tant' Sannie," said Em. There was a little shade of weariness in the voice.

"Not suit every one!" said Tant' Sannie. "If the beloved Redeemer didn't mean men to have wives what did He make women for? that's what I say. If a woman's old enough to marry, and doesn't, she's sinning against the Lord — it's a wanting to know better than Him. What, does she think the Lord took all that trouble in making her for nothing? It's evident He wants babies, otherwise why does He send them? Not that I've done much in that way myself," said Tant' Sannie, sorrowfully; "but I've done my best."

She rose with some difficulty from her chair, and began moving slowly toward the door.

"It's a strange thing," she said, "but you can't love a man till you've had a baby by him. Now there's that boy there, — when we were first married, if he only sneezed in the night I boxed his ears; now if he lets his pipe ash come on my milk cloths I don't think of laying a finger on him. There's nothing like being married," said Tant' Sannie, as she puffed toward

the door. "If a woman's got a baby and a husband she's got the best things the Lord can give her; if only the baby doesn't have convulsions. As for a husband, it's very much the same who one has. Some men are fat, and some men are thin; some drink brandy, and some men drink gin; but it all comes to the same thing in the end; it's all one. A man's a man, you know."

Here they came upon Gregory, who was sitting in the shade before the house. Tant' Sannie shook hands with him.

"I'm glad you're going to get married," she said. "I hope you'll have as many children in five years as a cow has calves, and more too. I think I'll just go and have a look at your soap pot before I start," she said, turning to Em. "Not that I believe in this new plan of putting soda in the pot. If the dear Father had meant soda to be put into soap, what would He have made milk bushes for, and stuck them all over the 'veld' as thick as lambs in the lambing season?"

She waddled off after Em in the direction of the built-in soap pot, leaving Gregory as they found him, with his dead pipe lying on the bench beside him, and his blue eyes gazing out far across the flat, like one who sits on the seashore watching that which is fading, fading from him. Against his breast was a letter found in a desk addressed to himself, but never posted. It held only four words: "You must marry Em." He wore it in a black bag round his neck. It was the only letter she had ever written to him.

"You see if the sheep don't have the scab this year!" said Tant' Sannie as she waddled after Em. "It's with all these new inventions that the wrath of God *must* fall on us. What were the children of Israel punished for, if it wasn't for making the golden calf? I may have my sins, but I do remember the tenth commandment: 'Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayst live long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!' It's all very well to say we honor them, and then to be finding out things that they never knew, and doing things in a way they never did them! *My* mother boiled soap with bushes, and I will boil soap with bushes. If the wrath of God is to fall upon this land," said Tant' Sannie, with the serenity of conscious virtue, "it shall not be through me. Let them make their steam wagons and their fire carriages; let them go on as though the dear Lord didn't know what He was about when He gave horses

and oxen legs—the destruction of the Lord will follow them. I don't know how such people read their Bibles. When do we hear of Moses or Noah riding in a railway? The Lord sent fire carriages out of heaven in those days; there's no chance of His sending them for us if we go on in this way," said Tant' Sannie, sorrowfully, thinking of the splendid chance which this generation had lost.

Arrived at the soap pot, she looked over into it thoughtfully.

"Depend upon it you'll get the itch, or some other disease; the blessing of the Lord'll never rest upon it," said the Boer woman. Then suddenly she broke forth. "And she eighty-two, and goats, and rams, and eight thousand morgen, and the rams real angora, and two thousand sheep, and a short-horned bull," said Tant' Sannie, standing upright and planting a hand on each hip.

Em looked at her in silent wonder. Had connubial bliss and the joys of motherhood really turned the old Boer woman's head?

"Yes," said Tant' Sannie; "I had almost forgotten to tell you. By the Lord, if I had him here! We were walking to church last Sacrament Sunday, Piet and I. Close in front of us was old Tant' Trana, with dropsy and cancer, and can't live eight months. Walking by her was something with its hands under its coat tails, flap, flap, flap; and its chin in the air, and a stick-up collar, and the black hat on the very back of the head. I knew him! 'Who's that?' I asked. 'The rich Englishman that Tant' Trana married last week.' 'Rich Englishman! I'll rich Englishman him,' I said; 'I'll tell Tant' Trana a thing or two.' My fingers were just in his little white curls. If it hadn't been the blessed Sacrament, he wouldn't have walked so 'sourka sourka, courka,' any more. But I thought, Wait till I've had it, and then—— But he, sly fox, son of Satan, seed of the Amalekite, he saw me looking at him in the church. The blessed Sacrament wasn't half over when he takes Tant' Trana by the arm, and out they go. I clap my baby down to its father, and I go after them. But," said Tant' Sannie, regretfully, "I couldn't get up to them; I am too fat. When I got to the corner he was pulling Tant' Trana up into the cart. 'Tant' Trana,' I said, 'you've married a Kaffir's dog, a Hottentot's "brakje."' I hadn't any more breath. He winked at me; he winked at *me*," said Tant' Sannie, her sides shaking with indignation, "first with one eye, and then with

the other, and then drove away. Child of the Amalekite!" said Tant' Sannie, "if it hadn't been the blessed Sacrament. Lord, Lord, Lord!"

Here the little Bush girl came running to say that the horses would stand no longer, and still breathing out vengeance against her old adversary she labored toward the cart. Shaking hands and affectionately kissing Em, she was with some difficulty drawn up. Then slowly the cart rolled away, the good Boer woman putting her head out between the sails to smile and nod. Em stood watching it for a time, then as the sun dazzled her eyes she turned away. There was no use in going to sit with Gregory: he liked best sitting there alone, staring across the green karroo: and till the maid had done churning there was nothing to do; so Em walked away to the wagon house, and climbed on to the end of Waldo's table, and sat there, swinging one little foot slowly to and fro, while the wooden curls from the plane heaped themselves up against her black print dress.

"Waldo," she said at last, "Gregory has given me the money he got for the wagon and oxen, and I have fifty pounds besides that once belonged to some one. I know what they would have liked to have done with it. You must take it and go to some place and study for a year or two."

"No, little one, I will not take it," he said, as he planed slowly away; "the time was when I would have been very grateful to any one who would have given me a little money, a little help, a little power of gaining knowledge. But now, I have gone so far alone I may go on to the end. I don't want it, little one."

She did not seem pained at his refusal, but swung her foot to and fro, the little old wrinkled forehead more wrinkled up than ever.

"Why is it always so, Waldo, always so?" she said; "we long for things, and long for them, and pray for them; we would give all we have to come near to them, but we never reach them. Then at last, too late, just when we don't want them any more, when all the sweetness is taken out of them, then they come. We don't want them then," she said, folding her hands resignedly on her little apron. After a while she added, "I remember once, very long ago, when I was a very little girl, my mother had a workbox full of colored reels. I always wanted to play with them, but she would never let me.

At last one day she said I might take the box. I was so glad I hardly knew what to do. I ran round the house, and sat down with it on the back steps. But when I opened the box all the cottons were taken out."

She sat for a while longer, till the Kaffir maid had finished churning, and was carrying the butter toward the house. Then Em prepared to slip off the table, but first she laid her little hand on Waldo's. He stopped his planing and looked up.

"Gregory is going to the town to-morrow. He is going to give in our banns to the minister; we are going to be married in three weeks."

Waldo lifted her very gently from the table. He did not congratulate her; perhaps he thought of the empty box, but he kissed her forehead gravely.

She walked away toward the house, but stopped when she had got halfway. "I will bring you a glass of buttermilk when it is cool," she called out; and soon her clear voice came ringing out through the back windows as she sang the "Blue Water" to herself, and washed the butter.

Waldo did not wait till she returned. Perhaps he had at last really grown weary of work; perhaps he felt the wagon house chilly (for he had shuddered two or three times), though that was hardly likely in that warm summer weather; or, perhaps, and most probably, one of his old dreaming fits had come upon him suddenly. He put his tools carefully together, ready for to-morrow, and walked slowly out. At the side of the wagon house there was a world of bright sunshine, and a hen with her chickens was scratching among the gravel. Waldo seated himself near them with his back against the red-brick wall. The long afternoon was half spent, and the "kopje" was just beginning to cast its shadow over the round-headed yellow flowers that grew between it and the farmhouse. Among the flowers the white butterflies hovered, and on the old kraal mounds three white kids gamboled, and at the door of one of the huts an old gray-headed Kaffir woman sat on the ground mending her mats. A balmy, restful peacefulness seemed to reign everywhere. Even the old hen seemed well satisfied. She scratched among the stones and called to her chickens when she found a treasure; and all the while tucked to herself with intense inward satisfaction. Waldo, as he sat with his knees drawn up to his chin, and his arms folded on them, looked at it all and smiled. **An evil world,**

a deceitful, treacherous, miragelike world, it might be ; but a lovely world for all that, and to sit there gloating in the sunlight was perfect. It was worth having been a little child, and having cried and prayed, so one might sit there. He moved his hands as though he were washing them in the sunshine. There will always be something worth living for while there are shimmery afternoons. Waldo chuckled with intense inward satisfaction as the old hen had done ; she, over the insects and the warmth ; he over the old brick walls, and the haze, and the little bushes. Beauty is God's wine, with which He recompenses the souls that love Him ; He makes them drunk.

The fellow looked, and at last stretched out one hand to a little ice plant that grew on the sod wall of the sty ; not as though he would have picked it, but as it were in a friendly greeting. He loved it. One little leaf of the ice plant stood upright, and the sun shone through it. He could see every little crystal cell like a drop of ice in the transparent green, and it thrilled him.

There are only rare times when a man's soul can see Nature. So long as any passion holds its revel there, the eyes are holden that they should not see her.

Go out if you will, and walk alone on the hillside in the evening, but if your favorite child lies ill at home, or your lover comes to-morrow, or at your heart there lies a scheme for the holding of wealth, then you will return as you went out ; you will have seen nothing. For Nature, ever, like the old Hebrew God, cries out, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Only then, when there comes a pause, a blank in your life, when the old idol is broken, when the old hope is dead, when the old desire is crushed, then the Divine compensation of Nature is made manifest. She shows herself to you. So near she draws you, that the blood seems to flow from her to you, through a still uncut cord : you feel the throb of her life.

When that day comes, that you sit down broken, without one human creature to whom you cling, with your loves the dead and the living-dead ; when the very thirst for knowledge through long-continued thwarting has grown dull ; when in the present there is no craving, and in the future no hope, then, oh, with a beneficent tenderness, Nature enfolds you.

Then the large white snowflakes as they flutter down, softly, one by one, whisper soothingly, "Rest, poor heart,

rest!" It is as though our mother smoothed our hair, and we are comforted.

And yellow-legged bees as they hum make a dreamy lyric; and the light on the brown stone wall is a great work of art; and the glitter through the leaves makes the pulses beat.

Well to die then; for, if you live, so surely as the years come, so surely as the spring succeeds the winter, so surely will passions arise. They will creep back, one by one, into the bosom that has cast them forth, and fasten there again, and peace will go. Desire, ambition, and the fierce, agonizing flood of love for the living — they will spring again. Then Nature will draw down her veil: with all your longing you shall not be able to raise one corner; you cannot bring back those peaceful days. Well to die then!

Sitting there with his arms folded on his knees, and his hat slouched down over his face, Waldo looked out into the yellow sunshine that tinted even the very air with the color of ripe corn, and was happy.

He was an uncouth creature with small learning, and no prospect in the future but that of making endless tables and stone walls, yet it seemed to him as he sat there that life was a rare and very rich thing. He rubbed his hands in the sunshine. Ah, to live on so, year after year, how well! Always in the present; letting each day glide, bringing its own labor and its own beauty; the gradual lighting up of the hills, night and the stars, firelight and the coals! To live on so, calmly, far from the paths of men; and to look at the lives of clouds and insects; to look deep into the heart of flowers, and see how lovingly the pistil and the stamens nestle there together; and to see in the thorn pods how the little seeds suck their life through the delicate curled-up string, and how the little embryo sleeps inside! Well, how well, to sit on one side, taking no part in the world's life; but when great men blossom into books looking into those flowers also, to see how the world of men too opens beautifully, leaf after leaf. Ah! life is delicious; well to live long, and see the darkness breaking, and the day coming! The day when soul shall not thrust back soul that would come to it; when men shall not be driven to seek solitude, because of the crying-out of their hearts for love and sympathy. Well to live long and see the new time breaking. Well to live long: life is sweet, sweet. sweet! In his

breast pocket, where of old the broken slate used to be, there was now a little dancing shoe of his friend who was sleeping. He could feel it when he folded his arm tight against his breast; and that was well also. He drew his hat lower over his eyes, and sat so motionless that the chickens thought he was asleep, and gathered closer around him. One even ventured to peck at his boot; but he ran away quickly. Tiny, yellow fellow that he was, he knew that men were dangerous; even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep, and coming back from his sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But the chicken eyed the hand askance, and then ran off to hide under its mother's wing, and from beneath it it sometimes put out its round head to peep at the great figure sitting there. Presently its brothers ran off after a little white moth, and it ran out to join them; and when the moth fluttered away over their heads they stood looking up disappointed, and then ran back to their mother.

Waldo through his half-closed eyes looked at them. Thinking, fearing, craving, those tiny sparks of brother life, what were they, so real there in that old yard on that sunshiny afternoon? A few years—where would they be? Strange little brother spirits! He stretched his hand toward them, for his heart went out to them; but not one of the little creatures came nearer him, and he watched them gravely for a time; then he smiled, and began muttering to himself after his old fashion. Afterward he folded his arms upon his knees, and rested his forehead on them. And so he sat there in the yellow sunshine, muttering, muttering, muttering to himself.

It was not very long after when Em came out at the back door with a towel thrown across her head, and in her hand a cup of milk.

"Ah," she said, coming close to him, "he is sleeping now. He will find it when he wakes, and be glad of it."

She put it down upon the ground beside him. The mother hen was at work still among the stones, but the chickens had climbed about him, and were perching on him. One stood upon his shoulder, and rubbed its little head softly against his black curls; another tried to balance itself on the very edge of the old felt hat. One tiny fellow stood upon his hand, and tried to crow; another had nestled itself down comfortably on the old coat sleeve, and gone to sleep there.

Em did not drive them away; but she covered the glass



“Standing, with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet,”

softly at his side. "He will wake soon," she said, "and be glad of it."

But the chickens were wiser.

MAIDENHOOD.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Seest the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossom many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.



THE CONVICT IN THE MARSHES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "Great Expectations." For biographical sketch, see page 8055.)

[This piece is inserted in the sure and happy belief that any one who reads it will be unable to resist reading the novel of which it is the introductory chapter.]

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister — Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother,

and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above,*" I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat inshore among the alder trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it; partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with—supposing you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:—

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears 'he words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that

young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say, Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold, wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there for stepping places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright: one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered, — like an unhooped cask upon a pole, — an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook

himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.



COPPERFIELD AT SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Probably a not incorrect picture of life at a private school about 1825.]

MY "FIRST HALF" AT SALEM HOUSE.

SCHOOL began in earnest next day. A profound impression was made upon me, I remember, by the roar of voices in the schoolroom suddenly becoming hushed as death when Mr. Creakle entered after breakfast, and stood in the doorway looking round upon us like a giant in a story book surveying his captives.

Tungay stood at Mr. Creakle's elbow. He had no occasion, I thought, to cry out "Silence!" so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless.

Mr. Creakle was seen to speak, and Tungay was heard to this effect.

"Now, boys, this is a new half. Take care what you're about in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy!"

When this dreadful exordium was over, and Tungay had stumped out again, Mr. Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of *that* for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe; so I was very soon made free of Salem House (as Steerforth said), and was very soon in tears also.

Not that I mean to say these were special marks of distinction, which only I received. On the contrary, a large majority of the boys (especially the smaller ones) were visited with similar instances of notice, as Mr. Creakle made the round of the schoolroom. Half the establishment was writhing and crying, before the day's work began; and how much of it had writhed and cried before the day's work was over, I am really afraid to recollect, lest I should seem to exaggerate.

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be the Lord High Admiral, or Commander in Chief—in either of which capacities, it is probable, that he would have done infinitely less mischief.

Miserable little propitiators of a remorseless Idol, how abject we were to him! What a launch in life I think it now, on looking back, to be so mean and servile to a man of such parts and pretensions!

Here I sit at the desk again, watching his eye—humbly watching his eye, as he rules a ciphering book for another victim whose hands have just been flattened by that identical ruler, and who is trying to wipe the sting out with a pocket handkerchief. I have plenty to do. I don't watch his eye in idleness, but because I am morbidly attracted to it in a dread desire to know what he will do next, and whether it will be my turn to suffer, or somebody else's. A lane of small boys beyond me, with the same interest in his eye, watch it too. I think he knows it, though he pretends he don't. He makes dreadful mouths as he rules the ciphering book; and now he throws his eye sideways down our lane, and we all droop over our books and tremble. A moment afterwards we are again **eying** him. An unhappy culprit, found guilty of imperfect

exercise, approaches at his command. The culprit falters excuses, and professes a determination to do better to-morrow. Mr. Creakle cuts a joke before he beats him, and we laugh at it — miserable little dogs, we laugh, with our visages as white as ashes, and our hearts sinking into our boots.

Here I sit at the desk again, on a drowsy summer afternoon. A buzz and hum go up around me, as if the boys were so many blue bottles. A cloggy sensation of the lukewarm fat of meat is upon me (we dined an hour or two ago), and my head is as heavy as so much lead. I would give the world to go to sleep. I sit with my eye on Mr. Creakle, blinking at him like a young owl; when sleep overpowers me for a minute, he still looms through my slumber, ruling those ciphering books, until he slowly comes behind me and wakes me to plainer perception of him, with a red ridge across my back.

Here I am in the playground, with my eye still fascinated by him, though I can't see him. The window at a little distance from which I know he is having his dinner stands for him, and I eye that instead. If he shows his face near it, mine assumes an imploring and submissive expression. If he looks out through the glass, the boldest boy (Steerforth excepted) stops in the middle of a shout or yell, and becomes contemplative. One day, Traddles (the most unfortunate boy in the world) breaks that window accidentally with a ball. I shudder at this moment with the tremendous sensation of seeing it done, and feeling that the ball had bounded on to Mr. Creakle's sacred head.

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned — I think he was caned every day that half year, except one holiday Monday when he was only ruled on both hands — and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons, and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that caning couldn't last forever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features.

He was very honorable, Traddles was, and held it as a

solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the Beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise. For my part, I could have gone through a good deal (though I was much less brave than Traddles, and nothing like so old) to have won such a recompense.

To see Steerforth walk to church before us, arm in arm with Miss Creakle, was one of the great sights of my life. I didn't think Miss Creakle equal to little Emily in point of beauty, and I didn't love her (I didn't dare); but I thought her a young lady of extraordinary attractions, and in point of gentility not to be surpassed. When Steerforth, in white trousers, carried her parasol for her, I felt proud to know him; and believed that she could not choose but adore him with all her heart. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mell were both noted personages in my eyes; but Steerforth was to them what the sun was to two stars.

Steerforth continued his protection of me, and proved a very useful friend, since nobody dared to annoy one whom he honored with his countenance. He couldn't—or at all events he didn't—defend me from Mr. Creakle, who was very severe with me; but whenever I had been treated worse than usual, he always told me that I wanted a little of his pluck, and that he wouldn't have stood it himself; which I felt he intended for encouragement, and considered to be very kind of him. There was one advantage, and only one that I know of, in Mr. Creakle's severity. He found my placard in his way when he came up or down behind the form on which I sat, and wanted to make a cut at me in passing; for this reason it was soon taken off, and I saw it no more.

An accidental circumstance cemented the intimacy between Steerforth and me in a manner that inspired me with great pride and satisfaction, though it sometimes led to inconvenience. It happened on one occasion, when he was doing me the honor of talking to me in the playground, that I hazarded the obser-

vation that something or somebody — I forget what now — was like something or somebody in “Peregrine Pickle.” He said nothing at the time, but when I was going to bed at night, asked me if I had got that book?

I told him no, and explained how it was that I had read it, and all those other books of which I had made mention.

“And do you recollect them?” Steerforth said.

Oh, yes, I replied; I had a good memory, and I believed I recollected them very well.

“Then I tell you what, young Copperfield,” said Steerforth, “you shall tell ’em to me. I can’t get to sleep very early at night, and I generally wake rather early in the morning. We’ll go over ’em one after another. We’ll make some regular Arabian Nights of it.”

I felt extremely flattered by this arrangement, and we commenced carrying it into execution that very evening. What ravages I committed on my favorite authors in the course of my interpretation of them I am not in a condition to say, and should be very unwilling to know; but I had a profound faith in them, and I had, to the best of my belief, a simple earnest manner of narrating what I did narrate; and these qualities went a long way.

The drawback was that I was often sleepy at night, or out of spirits and indisposed to resume the story, and then it was rather hard work, and it must be done; for to disappoint or to displease Steerforth was of course out of the question. In the morning, too, when I felt weary, and should have enjoyed another hour’s repose very much, it was a tiresome thing to be roused, like Sultana Scheherazade, and forced into a long story before the getting-up bell rang; but Steerforth was resolute; and as he explained to me, in return, my sums and exercises, and anything in my tasks that was too hard for me, I was no loser by the transaction. Let me do myself justice, however. I was moved by no interested or selfish motive, nor was I moved by fear of him. I admired and loved him, and his approval was return enough. It was so precious to me that I look back on these trifles, now, with an aching heart.

Steerforth was considerate, too, and showed his consideration, in one particular instance, in an unflinching manner that was a little tantalizing, I suspect, to poor Traddles and the rest. Peggotty’s promised letter—what a comfortable letter it was!—arrived before “~~the~~ half” was many weeks old, and

with it a cake, in a perfect nest of oranges, and two bottles of cowslip wine. This treasure, as in duty bound, I laid at the feet of Steerforth, and begged him to dispense.

"Now, I'll tell you what, young Copperfield," said he; "the wine shall be kept to wet your whistle when you are story-telling."

I blushed at the idea, and begged him, in my modesty, not to think of it. But he said he had observed I was sometimes hoarse — a little roopy was his exact expression — and it should be, every drop, devoted to the purpose he had mentioned. Accordingly, it was locked up in his box, and drawn off by himself in a phial, and administered to me through a piece of quill in the cork, when I was supposed to be in want of a restorative. Sometimes, to make it a more sovereign specific, he was so kind as to squeeze orange juice into it, or to stir it up with ginger, or dissolve a peppermint drop in it; and although I cannot assert that the flavor was improved by these experiments, or that it was exactly the compound one would have chosen for a stomachic, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, I drank it gratefully, and was very sensible of his attention.

We seem, to me, to have been months over "Peregrine," and months more over the other stories. The institution never flagged for want of a story, I am certain, and the wine lasted out almost as well as the matter. Poor Traddles — I never think of that boy but with a strange disposition to laugh, and with tears in my eyes — was a sort of chorus in general, and affected to be convulsed with mirth at the comic parts, and to be overcome with fear when there was any passage of an alarming character in the narrative. This rather put me out, very often. It was a great jest of his, I recollect, to pretend that he couldn't keep his teeth from chattering, whenever mention was made of an Alguazil in connection with the adventures of Gil Blas; and I remember that when Gil Blas met the captain of the robbers in Madrid, this unlucky joker counterfeited such an ague of terror that he was overheard by Mr. Creakle, who was prowling about the passage, and handsomely flogged for disorderly conduct in the bedroom.

Whatever I had within me that was romantic and dreamy, was encouraged by so much story-telling in the dark; and in that respect the pursuit may not have been very profitable to me. But the being cherished as a kind of plaything in my

room, and the consciousness that this accomplishment of mine was bruited about among the boys, and attracted a good deal of notice to me though I was the youngest there, stimulated me to exertion. In a school carried on by sheer cruelty, whether it is presided over by a dunce or not, there is not likely to be much learnt. I believe our boys were, generally, as ignorant a set as any schoolboys in existence; they were too much troubled and knocked about to learn; they could no more do that to advantage than any one can do anything to advantage in a life of constant misfortune, torment, and worry.



THE DEATH OF DORA.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

ANOTHER RETROSPECT.

[Dora is Copperfield's first love and "child wife." Agnes is the guardian angel who is in love with him, though he does not know it. The piece is an example of Dickens' pathos, not in its most exuberant manifestation.]

THEY have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine when I shall see my child wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed — she sitting at the bedside — and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows; that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes, the little birdlike ladies come to see her; and then we talk about our wedding day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be — and in all life, within doors and without — when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child

wife turned towards me, and her little fingers twining round my hand! Many and many an hour I sit thus; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh, what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one!"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah! but I didn't like to tell *you*," said Dora, "*then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were such a silly couple, shall we? And take some of the old walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes, we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that! I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say unreasonable after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go downstairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know, now, that my child wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times to-day, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have be-thought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly

settle in my mind is that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely downstairs, Doady?"

"Very! Very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make



“I sit down by the fire”

me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go downstairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her, let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes, quite alone.”

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her for my grief.

“I said, that it was better as it is!” she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. “Oh, Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!”

Agnes is downstairs, when I go into the parlor; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not; until I am recalled by my child wife's old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go upstairs.

“Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!”

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

“Oh, Jip! It may be, never again!”

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry is dead.

"Oh, Agnes! Look, look, here!"

— That face, so full of pity and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven!

"Agnes!"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.



THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.¹

BY JEAN INGELOW.

[JEAN INGELOW, a popular English poet and novelist, was born in 1830 at Boston, Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker. Her first book, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings" (1850), was published anonymously, and her second, "Poems" (1863), which included "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," attained instant success. Later works are: "A Story of Doom," collected poems; "Poems of the Old Days and the New"; and the novels "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to be Free," "Don John," and "Sarah de Berenger." Miss Ingelow died at Kensington, July 19, 1897.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if you never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sate and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes —
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My soone's faire wife, Elizabeth.

¹ By permission of B. Ingelow and Longmans, Green & Co.



JEAN INGELOW

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. 8009

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth.
Faintly came her milking song. —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling,
Leave your meadow grasses mellow.
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee).
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene
And lo! the great bell fawre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping down;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne.
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin ran again,
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall [he cried] is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market place."
 He shook as one that looks on death:
 "God save you, mother!" straight he saith,
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
 With her two bairns I marked her long;
 And ere you bells beganne to play
 Afar I heard her milking song."
 He looked across the grassy lea,
 To right, to left. "Ho, Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby."

With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For lo! along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And up the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud;
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came down with ruin and rout —
 Then beaten foam flew round about —
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow, seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by:
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high
 A lurid mark and dread to see;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
 And I — my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O, come in life, or come in death!
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare.
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and mee;
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Where the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy, lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow:
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."



THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.¹

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

[ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, better known by his pen name of Anthony Hope, was born at Hackney, February 9, 1863, son of the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. From Marlborough College he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took several prizes for scholarship; in 1887 was admitted to the bar at the Middle Temple; and practiced for several years in London and vicinity, his leisure hours being employed in literary work. Encouraged by the success of his romantic novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda," he gave up the bar in 1894 and now devotes himself entirely to authorship. Besides the above-named work, he has written: "A Man of Mark," "Father

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ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

Stafford," "Sport Royal" "A Change of Air," "The God in the Car," "The Dolly Dialogues," "The Heart of the Princess Osra," "Phroso," "Rupert of Hentzau" (a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda").]

MY LAST CHANCE.

"Now mind," said Mrs. Hilary Musgrave, impressively, "this is the last time I shall take any trouble about you. She's a very nice girl, quite pretty, and she'll have a lot of money. You can be very pleasant when you like ——"

"This unsolicited testimonial ——"

"Which isn't often — and if you don't do it this time I wash my hands of you. Why, how old are you?"

"Hush, Mrs. Hilary."

"You must be nearly ——"

"It's false — false — false!"

"Come along," said Mrs. Hilary; and she added, over her shoulder, "She has a slight north-country accent."

"It might have been Scotch," said I.

"She plays the piano a good deal."

"It might have been the fiddle," said I.

"She's very fond of Browning."

"It might have been Ibsen," said I.

Mrs. Hilary, seeing that I was determined to look on the bright side, smiled graciously on me and introduced me to the young lady. She was decidedly good-looking, fresh and sincere of aspect, with large inquiring eyes — eyes which I felt would demand a little too much of me at breakfast — but then a large tea urn puts that all right.

"Miss Sophia Milton — Mr. Carter," said Mrs. Hilary, and left us.

Well, we tried the theaters first; but as she had only been to the Lyceum and I had only been to the Gaiety, we soon got to the end of that. Then we tried Art: she asked me what I thought of Degas: I evaded the question by criticising a drawing of a horse in last week's *Punch* — which she hadn't seen. Upon this she started literature. She said "Some Qualms and a Shiver" was the book of the season. I put my money on "The Queen of the Quorn." Dead stop again! And I saw Mrs. Hilary's eye upon me; there was wrath in her face. Something must be done. A brilliant idea seized me. I had read that four fifths of the culture of England were Conservative. I also was a Conservative. It was four to one on! I

started politics. I could have whooped for joy when I elicited something particularly incisive about the ignorance of the masses.

"I do hope you agree with me," said Miss Milton. "The more one reads and thinks, the more one sees how fatally false a theory it is that the ignorant masses — people such as I have described — can ever rule a great Empire."

"The Empire wants gentlemen; that's what it wants," said I, nodding my head, and glancing triumphantly at Mrs. Hilary.

"Men and women," said she, "who are acquainted with the best that has been said and thought on all important subjects."

At the time I believed this observation to be original, but I have since been told that it was borrowed. I was delighted with it.

"Yes," said I, "and have got a stake in the country, you know, and know how to behave 'emselves in the House, don't you know?"

"What we have to do," pursued Miss Milton, "is to guide the voters. These poor rustics need to be informed ——"

"Just so," I broke in. "They have to be told ——"

"Of the real nature of the questions ——"

"And which candidate to support."

"Or they must infallibly ——" she exclaimed.

"Get their marching orders," I cried in rapture. It was exactly what I always did on my small property.

"Oh, I didn't quite mean that," she said reproachfully.

"Oh, well, neither did I — quite," I responded adroitly. What was wrong with the girl now?

"But with the help of the League ——" she went on.

"Do you belong?" I cried, more delighted than ever.

"O, yes!" said she. "I think it's a duty. I worked very hard at the last election. I spent days distributing packages of ——"

Then I made, I'm sorry to say, a false step. I observed, interrupting: —

"But it's ticklish work now, eh? Six months' 'hard' wouldn't be pleasant, would it?"

"What do you mean, Mr. — er Carter?" she asked.

I was still blind. I believe I winked, and I'm sure I whispered "*Tea*."

Miss Milton drew herself up very straight.

"I do not *bribe*," she said. "What I distribute is pamphlets."

Now I suppose that "pamphlets" and "blankets" don't really sound much alike, but I was agitated.

"Quite right," said I. "Poor old things! They can't afford proper fuel."

She rose to her feet.

"I was not joking," she said with horrible severity.

"Neither was I," I declared in humble apology. "Didn't you say 'blankets'?"

"*Pamphlets*."

"Oh!"

There was a long pause. I glanced at Mrs. Hilary. Things had not fallen out as happily as they might, but I did not mean to give up yet.

"I see you're right," I said, still humbly. "To descend to such means as I had in my mind is——"

"To throw away our true weapons," said she, earnestly. (She sat down again—good sign.)

"What we really need——" I began.

"Is a reform of the upper classes," said she. "Let them give an example of duty, of self-denial, of frugality."

I was not to be caught out again.

"Just what I always say," I observed impressively.

"Let them put away their horse racing, their betting, their luxurious living, their——"

"You're right, Miss Milton," said I.

"Let them set an example of morality."

"They should," I assented.

Miss Milton smiled.

"I thought we agreed really," said she.

"I'm sure we do," cried I; and I winked with my "off" eye at Mrs. Hilary as I sat down beside Miss Milton.

"Now I heard of a man the other day," said she, "who's nearly forty. He's got an estate in the country. He never goes there, except for a few days' shooting. He lives in town. He spends too much. He passes an absolutely vacant existence in a round of empty gayety. He has by no means a good reputation. He dangles about, wasting his time and his money. Is that the sort of example——"

"He's a traitor to his class," said I, warmly.

"If you want him, you must look on a race course, or at a tailor's, or in some fashionable woman's boudoir. And his

estate looks after itself. He's too selfish to marry, too idle to work, too silly to think."

I began to be sorry for this man, in spite of his peccadillos.

"I wonder if I've met him," said I. "I'm occasionally in town, when I can get time to run up. What's his name?"

"I don't think I heard — or I've forgotten. But he's got the place next to a friend of mine in the country, and she told me all about him. She's exactly the opposite sort of person — or she wouldn't be my friend."

"I should think not, Miss Milton," said I, admiringly.

"Oh, I should like to meet that man, and tell him what I think of him!" said she. "Such men as he is do more harm than a dozen agitators. So contemptible, too!"

"It's revolting to think of," said I.

"I'm so glad you ——" began Miss Milton, quite confidentially; I pulled my chair a trifle closer, and cast an apparently careless glance towards Mrs. Hilary. Suddenly I heard a voice behind me.

"Eh, what? Upon my honor it is! Why, Carter, my boy, how are you? Eh, what? Miss Milton, too, I declare! Well, now, what a pity Annie didn't come!"

I disagreed. I hate Annie. But I was very glad to see my friend and neighbor, Robert Dinnerly. He's a sensible man — his wife's a little prig.

"Oh, Mr. Dinnerly," cried Miss Milton, "how funny that you should come just now! I was just trying to remember the name of a man Mrs. Dinnerly told me about. I was telling Mr. Carter about him. You know him."

"Well, Miss Milton, perhaps I do. Describe him."

"I don't believe Annie ever told me his name, but she was talking about him at our house yesterday."

"But I wasn't there, Miss Milton."

"No," said Miss Milton, "but he's got the next place to yours in the country."

I positively leaped from my seat.

"Why, good gracious, Carter himself, you mean!" cried Dinnerly, laughing. "Well, that is a good 'un — ha-ha-ha!"

She turned a stony glare on me.

"Do you live next to Mr. Dinnerly in the country?" she asked.

I would have denied it if Dinnerly had not been there. As it was I blew my nose.

"I wonder," said Miss Milton, "what has become of Aunt Emily."

"Miss Milton," said I, "by a happy chance you have enjoyed a luxury. You have told the man what you think of him."

"Yes," said she; "and I have only to add that he is also a hypocrite."

Pleasant, wasn't it? Yet Mrs. Hilary says it was my fault. That's a woman all over!

A VERY DULL AFFAIR.

"To hear you talk," remarked Mrs. Hilary Musgrave, "one would think that there was no such thing as real love."

She paused. I smiled.

"Now," she continued, turning a fine but scornful eye upon me, "I have never cared for any man in the world except my husband."

I smiled again. Poor Hilary looked very uncomfortable. With an apologetic air he began to stammer something about Parish Councils. I was not to be diverted by any such maneuver. It was impossible that he could really wish to talk on that subject.

"Would a person who had never eaten anything but beef make a boast of it?" I asked.

Hilary grinned covertly. Mrs. Hilary pulled the lamp nearer, and took up her embroidery.

"Do you always work the same pattern?" said I.

Hilary kicked me gently. Mrs. Hilary made no direct reply, but presently she began to talk.

"I was just about Phyllis' age — (by the way, little Miss Phyllis was there) — when I first saw Hilary. You remember, Hilary? At Bournemouth?"

"Oh — er — was it Bournemouth?" said Hilary, with much carelessness.

"I was on the pier," pursued Mrs. Hilary. "I had a red frock on, I remember, and one of those big hats they wore that year. Hilary wore ——"

"Blue serge," I interpolated encouragingly.

"Yes, blue serge," said she, fondly. "He had been yachting, and he was beautifully burnt. I was horribly burnt — wasn't I, Hilary?"

Hilary began to pat the dog.

"Then we got to know one another."

"Stop a minute," said I. "How did that happen?" Mrs. Hilary blushed.

"Well, we were both always on the pier," she explained. "And—and somehow Hilary got to know father, and—and father introduced him to me."

"I'm glad it was no worse," said I. I was considering Miss Phyllis, who sat listening, open-eyed.

"And then, you know, father wasn't always there; and once or twice we met on the cliff. Do you remember that morning, Hilary?"

"What morning?" asked Hilary, patting the dog with immense assiduity.

"Why, the morning I had my white serge on. I'd been bathing, and my hair was down to dry, and you said I looked like a mermaid."

"Do mermaids wear white serge?" I asked; but nobody took the least notice of me—quite properly.

"And you told me such a lot about yourself; and then we found we were late for lunch."

"Yes," said Hilary, suddenly forgetting the dog, "and your mother gave me an awful glance."

"Yes, and then you told me that you were very poor, but that you couldn't help it; and you said you supposed I couldn't possibly ——"

"Well, I didn't think ——"

"And I said you were a silly old thing; and then ——" Mrs. Hilary stopped abruptly.

"How lovely," remarked little Miss Phyllis, in a wistful voice.

"And do you remember," pursued Mrs. Hilary, laying down her embroidery and clasping her hands on her knees, "the morning you went to see father?"

"What a row there was!" said Hilary.

"And what an awful week it was after that! I was never so miserable in all my life. I cried till my eyes were quite red, and then I bathed them for an hour, and then I went to the pier, and you were there—and I mightn't speak to you!"

"I remember," said Hilary, nodding gently.

"And then, Hilary, father sent for me and told me it was no use; and I said I'd never marry any one else. And

father said, 'There, there, don't cry. We'll see what mother says.' "

"Your mother was a brick," said Hilary, poking the fire.

"And that night — they never told me anything about it, and I didn't even change my frock, but came down, looking horrible, just as I was, in an old black rag — No, Hilary, don't say it was pretty ! "

Hilary, unconvinced, shook his head.

"And when I walked into the drawing-room there *was* nobody there but just you ; and we neither of us said anything for ever so long. And then father and mother came in and — do you remember after dinner, Hilary ? "

"I remember," said Hilary.

There was a long pause. Mrs. Hilary was looking into the fire ; little Miss Phyllis' eyes were fixed, in rapt gaze, on the ceiling ; Hilary was looking at his wife — I, thinking it safest, was regarding my own boots.

At last Miss Phyllis broke the silence.

"How perfectly lovely ! " she said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hilary. "And we were married three months afterwards."

"Tenth of June," said Hilary, reflectively.

"And we had the most charming little rooms in the world ! Do you remember those first rooms, dear ? So tiny ! "

"Not bad little rooms," said Hilary.

"How awfully lovely," cried little Miss Phyllis.

I felt that it was time to interfere.

"And is that all ? " I asked.

"All ? How do you mean ? " said Mrs. Hilary, with a slight start.

"Well, I mean, did nothing else happen ? Weren't there any complications ? Weren't there any more troubles, or any more opposition, or any misunderstandings, or anything ? "

"No," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You never quarreled, or broke it off ? "

"No."

"Nobody came between you ? "

"No. It all went just perfectly. Why, of course it did."

"Hilary's people made themselves nasty, perhaps ? " I suggested, with a ray of hope.

"They fell in love with her on the spot," said Hilary.

Then I rose and stood with my back to the fire.

"I do not know," I observed, "what Miss Phyllis thinks about it ——"

"I think it was just perfect, Mr. Carter."

"But for my part, I can only say that I never heard of such a dull affair in all my life."

"*Dull!*" gasped Miss Phyllis.

"*Dull!*" murmured Mrs. Hilary.

"*Dull!*" chuckled Hilary.

"It was," said I, severely, "without a spark of interest from beginning to end. Such things happen by thousands. It's commonplaceness itself. I had some hopes when your father assumed a firm attitude, but ——"

"Mother was such a dear," interrupted Mrs. Hilary.

"Just so. She gave away the whole situation. Then I did trust that Hilary would lose his place, or develop an old flame, or do something just a little interesting."

"It was a perfect time," said Mrs. Hilary.

"I wonder why in the world you told me about it," I pursued.

"I don't know why I did," said Mrs. Hilary, dreamily.

"The only possible excuse for an engagement like that," I observed, "is to be found in intense post-nuptial unhappiness."

Hilary rose, and advanced towards his wife.

"Your embroidery's falling on the floor," said he.

"Not a bit of it," said I.

"Yes, it is," he persisted; and he picked it up and gave it to her. Miss Phyllis smiled delightedly. Hilary had squeezed his wife's hand.

"Then we don't excuse it," said he.

I took out my watch. I was not finding much entertainment.

"Surely it's quite early, old man?" said Hilary.

"It's nearly eleven. We've spent half an hour on the thing," said I, peevishly, holding out my hand to my hostess.

"Oh, are you going? Good night, Mr. Carter."

I turned to Miss Phyllis.

"I hope you won't think all love affairs are like that," I said; but I saw her lips begin to shape into "lovely," and I hastily left the room.

Hilary came to help me on with my coat. He looked extremely apologetic, and very much ashamed of himself.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," said he, "that we bored you

with our reminiscences. I know, of course, that they can't be very interesting to other people. Women are so confoundedly romantic."

"Don't try that on with me," said I, much disgusted. "You were just as bad yourself."

He laughed, as he leant against the door.

"She did look ripping in that white frock," he said, "with her hair ——"

"Stop," said I, firmly. "She looked just like a lot of other girls."

"I'm hanged if she did!" said Hilary.

Then he glanced at me with a puzzled sort of expression.

"I say, old man, weren't you ever that way yourself?" he asked.

I hailed a hansom cab.

"Because, if you were, you know, you'd understand how a fellow remembers every ——"

"Good night," said I. "At least I suppose you're not coming to the club?"

"Well, I think not," said Hilary. "Ta-ta, old fellow. Sorry we bored you. Of course, if a man has never ——"

"Never!" I groaned. "A score of times!"

"Well, then, doesn't it ——?"

"No," said I. "It's just that that makes stories like yours so infernally ——"

"What?" asked Hilary; for I had paused to light a cigarette.

"Uninteresting," said I, getting into my cab.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

We were talking over the sad case of young Algy Groom; I was explaining to Mrs. Hilary exactly what had happened.

"His father gave him," said I, "a hundred pounds, to keep him for three months in Paris while he learnt French."

"And very liberal too," said Mrs. Hilary.

"It depends where you dine," said I. "However, that question did not arise, for Algy went to the Grand Prix the day after he arrived ——"

"A horse race?" asked Mrs. Hilary, with great contempt.

"Certainly the competitors are horses," I rejoined. "And

there he, most unfortunately, lost the whole sum, without learning any French to speak of."

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Mrs. Hilary, and little Miss Phyllis gasped in horror.

"Oh, well," said Hilary, with much bravery (as it struck me), "his father's very well off."

"That doesn't make it a bit better," declared his wife.

"There's no mortal sin in a little betting, my dear. Boys will be boys——"

"And even that," I interposed, "wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls."

Mrs. Hilary, taking no notice whatever of me, pronounced sentence. "He grossly deceived his father," she said, and took up her embroidery.

"Most of us have grossly deceived our parents before now," said I. "We should all have to confess to something of the sort."

"I hope you're speaking for your own sex," observed Mrs. Hilary.

"Not more than yours," said I. "You used to meet Hilary on the pier when your father wasn't there—you told me so."

"Father had authorized my acquaintance with Hilary."

"I hate quibbles," said I.

There was a pause. Mrs. Hilary stitched; Hilary observed that the day was fine.

"Now," I pursued carelessly, "even Miss Phyllis here has been known to deceive her parents."

"Oh, let the poor child alone, anyhow," said Mrs. Hilary.

"Haven't you?" said I to Miss Phyllis.

I expected an indignant denial. So did Mrs. Hilary, for she remarked with a sympathetic air:—

"Never mind his folly, Phyllis dear."

"Haven't you, Miss Phyllis?" said I.

Miss Phyllis grew very red. Fearing that I was causing her pain, I was about to observe on the prospects of a Dissolution, when a shy smile spread over Miss Phyllis' face.

"Yes, once," said she, with a timid glance at Mrs. Hilary, who immediately laid down her embroidery.

"Out with it," I cried triumphantly. "Come along, Miss Phyllis. We won't tell, honor bright!"

Miss Phyllis looked again at Mrs. Hilary. Mrs. Hilary is human.

"Well, Phyllis dear," said she, "after all this time I shouldn't think it my duty ——"

"It only happened last summer," said Miss Phyllis.

Mrs. Hilary looked rather put out.

"Still, ——" she began.

"We must have the story," said I.

Little Miss Phyllis put down the sock she had been knitting.

"I was very naughty," she remarked. "It was my last term at school."

"I know that age," said I to Hilary.

"My window looked out towards the street. You're sure you won't tell? Well, there was a house opposite ——"

"And a young man in it," said I.

"How did you know that?" asked Miss Phyllis, blushing immensely.

"No girls' school can keep up its numbers without one," I explained.

"Well, there was, anyhow," said Miss Phyllis. "And I and two other girls went to a course of lectures at the Town-hall on literature or something of that kind. We used to have a shilling given us for our tickets."

"Precisely," said I. "A hundred pounds!"

"No, a shilling," corrected Miss Phyllis. "A hundred pounds! How absurd, Mr. Carter! Well, one day I — I ——"

"You're sure you wish to go on, Phyllis?" asked Mrs. Hilary.

"You're afraid, Mrs. Hilary," said I, severely.

"Nonsense, Mr. Carter. I thought Phyllis might ——"

"I don't mind going on," said Miss Phyllis, smiling. "One day I — I lost the other girls."

"The other girls are always easy to lose," I observed.

"And on the way there — oh, you know, he went to the lectures."

"The young dog," said I, nudging Hilary. "I should think he did!"

"On the way there it became rather — rather foggy."

"Blessings on it!" I cried; for little Miss Phyllis' demure but roguish expression delighted me.

"And he — he found me in the fog."

"What are you doing, Mr. Carter?" cried Mrs. Hilary, angrily.

"Nothing, nothing," said I. I believe I had winked at Hilary.

"And — and we couldn't find the Townhall."

"Oh, Phyllis!" groaned Mrs. Hilary.

Little Miss Phyllis looked alarmed for a moment. Then she smiled.

"But we found the confectioner's," said she.

"The Grand Prix," said I, pointing my forefinger at Hilary.

"He had no money at all," said Miss Phyllis.

"It's ideal!" said I.

"And — and we had tea on — on —"

"The shilling?" I cried in rapture.

"Yes," said little Miss Phyllis, "on the shilling. And he saw me home."

"Details, please," said I.

Little Miss Phyllis shook her head.

"And left me at the door."

"Was it still foggy?" I asked.

"Yes. Or he wouldn't have —"

"Now what did he —"

"Come to the door, Mr. Carter," said Miss Phyllis, with obvious wariness. "Oh, and it was such fun!"

"I'm sure it was."

"No, I mean when we were examined in the lectures. I bought the local paper, you know, and read it up, and I got top marks easily, and Miss Green wrote to mother to say how well I had done."

"It all ends most satisfactorily," I observed.

"Yes, didn't it?" said little Miss Phyllis.

Mrs. Hilary was grave again.

"And you never told your mother, Phyllis?" she asked.

"N-no, Cousin Mary," said Miss Phyllis.

I rose and stood with my back to the fire. Little Miss Phyllis took up her sock again, but a smile still played about the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder," said I, looking up at the ceiling, "what happened at the door." Then, as no one spoke, I added: —

"Pooh! I know what happened at the door."

"I'm not going to tell you anything more," said Miss Phyllis.

"But I should like to hear it in your own —"

Miss Phyllis was gone! She had suddenly risen and run from the room!

"It did happen at the door," said I.

"Fancy Phyllis!" mused Mrs. Hilary.

"I hope," said I, "that it will be a lesson to you."

"I shall have to keep my eye on her," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You can't do it," said I, in easy confidence. I had no fear of little Miss Phyllis being done out of her recreations. "Meanwhile," I pursued, "the important thing is this: my parallel is obvious and complete."

"There's not the least likeness," said Mrs. Hilary, sharply.

"As a hundred pounds are to a shilling so is the Grand Prix to the young man opposite," I observed, taking my hat, and holding out my hand to Mrs. Hilary.

"I am very angry with you," she said. "You've made the child think there was nothing wrong in it."

"Oh! nonsense," said I. "Look how she enjoyed telling it."

Then, not heeding Mrs. Hilary, I launched into an apostrophe.

"O, divine House Opposite!" I cried. "Charming House Opposite! What is a man's own dull, uneventful home compared with that Glorious House Opposite! If only I might dwell forever in the House Opposite!"

"I haven't the least notion what you mean," remarked Mrs. Hilary, stiffly. "I suppose it's something silly—or worse."

I looked at her in some puzzle.

"Have you no longing for the House Opposite?" I asked.

Mrs. Hilary looked at me. Her eyes ceased to be absolutely blank. She put her arm through Hilary's and answered gently:—

"I don't want the House Opposite."

"Ah," said I, giving my hat a brush, "but maybe you remember the House—when it was Opposite?"

Mrs. Hilary, one arm still in Hilary's, gave me her hand. She blushed and smiled.

"Well," said she, "it was your fault; so I won't scold Phyllis."

"No, don't, my dear," said Hilary, with a laugh.

As for me, I went downstairs, and, in absence of mind, bade my cabman drive to the House Opposite. But I have never got there.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"I don't ask you for more than a guinea," said Mrs. Hilary, with a parade of forbearance.

"It would be the same," I replied politely, "if you asked me for a thousand;" with which I handed her half a crown. She held it in her open hand, regarding it scornfully.

"Yes," I continued, taking a seat, "I feel that pecuniary gifts ——"

"Half a crown!"

"Are a poor substitute for personal service. May not I accompany you to the ceremony?"

"I dare say you spent as much as this on wine with your lunch!"

"I was in a mad mood to-day," I answered apologetically. "What are they taught at the school?"

"Above all, to be good girls," said Mrs. Hilary, earnestly. "What are you sneering at, Mr. Carter?"

"Nothing," said I, hastily, and I added with a sigh, "I suppose it's all right."

"I should like," said Mrs. Hilary, meditatively, "if I had not other duties, to dedicate my life to the service of girls."

"I should think twice about that, if I were you," said I, shaking my head.

"By the way, Mr. Carter, I don't know if I've ever spoken unkindly of Lady Mickleham. I hope not."

"Hope," said I, "is not yet taxed."

"If I have, I'm very sorry. She's been most kind in undertaking to give away the prizes to-day. There must be some good in her."

"Oh, don't be hasty," I implored.

"I always *wanted* to think well of her."

"Ah! Now I never did."

"And Lord Mickleham is coming, too. He'll be most useful."

"That settles it," I exclaimed. "I may not be an earl, but I have a perfect right to be useful. I'll go too."

"I wonder if you'll behave properly," said Mrs. Hilary, doubtfully.

I held out a half-sovereign, three half-crowns, and a shilling.

"Oh, well, you may come, since Hilary can't," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You mean he won't," I observed.

"He has always been prevented hitherto," said she, with dignity.

So I went, and it proved a most agreeable expedition. There were two hundred girls in blue frocks and white aprons (the girl three from the end of the fifth row was decidedly pretty) — a nice lot of prize books — the Micklehams (Dolly in demure black), ourselves, and the matron. All went well. Dolly gave away the prizes; Mrs. Hilary and Archie made little speeches. Then the matron came to me. I was sitting modestly at the back of the platform, a little distance behind the others.

"Mr. Musgrave," said the matron to me, "we're so glad to see you here at last. Won't you say a few words?"

"It would be a privilege," I responded cordially, "but unhappily I have a sore throat."

The matron (who was a most respectable woman) said, "Dear, dear!" but did not press the point. Evidently, however, she liked me, for when we went to have a cup of tea, she got me in a corner and began to tell me all about the work. It was extremely interesting. Then the matron observed: —

"And what an angel Mrs. Musgrave is!"

"Well, I should hardly call her that," said I, with a smile.

"Oh, you mustn't depreciate her — you, of all men!" cried the matron, with a somewhat ponderous archness. "Really I envy you her constant society."

"I assure you," said I, "I see very little of her."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I only go to the house about once a fortnight — Oh, it's not my fault. She won't have me there oftener."

"What do you mean? I beg your pardon. Perhaps I've touched on a painful —"

"Not at all, not at all," said I, suavely. "It is very natural. I am neither young nor handsome, Mrs. Wiggins. I am not complaining."

The matron gazed at me.

"Only seeing her here," I pursued, "you have no idea of what she is at home. She has chosen to forbid me to come to her house —"

"Her house?"

"It happens to be more hers than mine," I explained. "To

forbid me, I say, more than once to come to her house. No doubt she had her reasons."

"Nothing could justify it," said the matron, directing a wondering glance at Mrs. Hilary.

"Do not let us blame her," said I. "It is just an unfortunate accident. She is not as fond of me as I could wish, Mrs. Wiggins; and she is a great deal fonder than I could wish of ——"

I broke off. Mrs. Hilary was walking toward us. I think she was pleased to see me getting on so well with the matron, for she was smiling pleasantly. The matron wore a bewildered expression.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Hilary, "that you'll drive back with the Micklehams?"

"Unless you want me," said I, keeping a watchful eye on the matron.

"Oh, I don't want you," said Mrs. Hilary, lightly.

"You won't be alone this evening?" I asked anxiously.

Mrs. Hilary stared a little.

"O, no!" she said. "We shall have our usual party."

"May I come one day next week?" I asked humbly.

Mrs. Hilary thought for a moment.

"I'm so busy next week — come the week after," said she, giving me her hand.

"That's very unkind," said I.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hilary, and she added, "Mind you let me know when you're coming."

"I won't surprise you," I assured her, with a covert glance at the matron.

The excellent woman was quite red in the face, and could gasp out nothing but "Good-by," as Mrs. Hilary affectionately pressed her hand.

At this moment Dolly came up. She was alone.

"Where's Archie?" I asked.

"He's run away; he's got to meet somebody. I knew you'd see me home. Mrs. Hilary didn't want you, of course?"

"Of course not," said I, plaintively.

"Besides, you'd rather come with me, wouldn't you?" pursued Dolly, and she added pleasantly to the matron, "Mrs. Hilary's so down on him, you know."

"I'd much rather come with you," said I.

"We'll have a cozy drive all to ourselves," said Dolly,

“without husbands or wives or anything horrid. Isn't it nice to get rid of one's husband sometimes, Mrs. Wiggins?”

“I have the misfortune to be a widow, Lady Mickleham,” said Mrs. Wiggins.

Dolly's eye rested upon her with an interested expression. I knew that she was about to ask Mrs. Wiggins whether she liked the condition of life, and I interposed hastily, with a sigh : —

“But *you* can look back on a happy marriage, Mrs. Wiggins?”

“I did my best to make it so,” said she, stiffly.

“You're right,” said I. “Even in the face of unkindness we should strive ——”

“My husband's not unkind,” said Dolly.

“I didn't mean your husband,” said I.

“What your poor wife would do if she cared a button for you, I don't know,” observed Dolly.

“If I had a wife who cared for me, I should be a better man,” said I, solemnly.

“But you'd probably be very dull,” said Dolly. “And you wouldn't be allowed to drive with me.”

“Perhaps it's all for the best,” said I, brightening up. “Good-by, Mrs. Wiggins.”

Dolly walked on. Mrs. Wiggins held my hand for a moment.

“Young man,” said she, sternly, “are you sure it's not your own fault?”

“I'm not at all sure, Mrs. Wiggins,” said I. “But don't be distressed about it. It's of no consequence. I don't let it make me unhappy. Good-by ; so many thanks. Charming girls you have here — especially that one in the fifth — I mean, charming, all of them. Good-by.”

I hastened to the carriage. Mrs. Wiggins stood and watched. I got in and sat down by Dolly.

“Oh, Mrs. Wiggins,” said Dolly, dimpling, “don't tell Mrs. Hilary that Archie wasn't with us, or we shall get into trouble.” And she added to me, “Are you all right?”

“Rather !” said I, appreciatively ; and we drove off, leaving Mrs. Wiggins on her doorstep.

A fortnight later I went to call on Mrs. Hilary. After some conversation she remarked : —

“I'm going to the school again to-morrow.”

“Really !” said I.

“And I'm so delighted — I've persuaded Hilary to come.”

She paused, and then added : —

“ You really seemed interested last time.”

“ Oh, I was.”

“ Would you like to come again to-morrow?”

“ No, I think not, thanks,” said I, carelessly.

“ That’s just like you !” she said severely. “ You never do any real good, because you never stick to anything.”

“ There are some things one can’t stick to,” said I.

“ Oh, nonsense !” said Mrs. Hilary.

But there are — and I didn’t go.



ODE TO DUTY.

By WORDSWORTH.

STERN Daughter of the voice of God !

O Duty ! if that name thou love

Who art a light to guide, a rod

To check the erring, and reprove ;

Thou who art victory and law

When empty terrors overawe ;

From vain temptations dost set free,

And calm’st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye

Be on them ; **who**, in love and truth

Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth :

Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,

Who do thy work, and know it not :

O ! if through confidence misplaced

They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright

And happy will our nature be

When love is an unerring light,

And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold

Even now who, not unwisely bold,

Live in the spirit of this creed ;

Yet find that other strength, according to their need.



WORDSWORTH SEAT

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance desires:
 My hopes no more must change their name
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face:
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 O let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

AND EVERY ONE A WINNER.

BY WILLIAM LINDSEY.

(From "Cinder-Path Tales." By permission of Copeland & Day.)

[MR. LINDSEY, born in Boston in 1858, has written also "Apples of Astakhar."]

WE are winners. The lobby of the hotel is crowded. Athletes, college men, travelers, and a curious public are well shuffled together. It is the same old pack of cards that I have seen for years, though the faces change. That "know-it-all" by the post is a new man, yet he is telling just how and why we won, like the wiseacres who preceded him, and the others who will follow; for this line of succession never runs out. He is telling how he has foreseen the result for weeks, and can call witnesses to prove his faultless prediction of six months ago. Yes, he can, though we only pulled out by the skin of our teeth, after sitting on the anxious seat all the afternoon; and had not Jim Harding thrown the hammer ten feet farther than ever before, we never should have won at all. But this only makes the "know-it-all's" wisdom more remarkable, and my ignorance as well, for I had thought the team a losing one, though I had, of course, held my tongue.

Bah! Thirty years have not reconciled me to this gentry, with the addled brains and brazen throats.

Most of the college men are gathered in little groups, around which the crowds ebb and flow in a surging tide. That its strongest current is through the swinging door of the bar-room cannot be denied, nor that it shows signs of the source from which it sprang. There are at least three grains of talk to one of listen, which is the regular dose, though the athletes pull the proportion down. They are, as usual, quietest of all. They have developed other muscles than those of the tongue; and yet even they are a bit talkative to-night, and have an unmistakably festive air about them.

After months of preparation and weeks of strict training, when rigid rules prohibit, and all the pleasant things of life seemed labeled "Keep off the grass," there is a maddening pleasure in being free again, — free to taste that favorite dish, palatable but indigestible; free to inhale the fragrance of a good cigar; free to watch the hands of the clock swing into

the small hours ; free, as Harry Gardner expresses it, "to do as you darn please once more."

For those who have lost there is the necessity of drowning sorrow, and it is certainly the duty of a good winner to give his victory a fitting celebration. There is not as much difference in the two ceremonies as might be imagined.

Our team has broken training, and some of them are breaking it badly. There are the long summer months before them, with the leisure hours at seashore or mountains, and no more work until the cool winds of autumn begin to blow. Even those of the most regular habits are kicking over the traces, and some of the wilder spirits, that make a trainer's hair gray before its time, to whom the six months' restraint has been a galling yoke, are giving themselves very loose rein. I am sorry to say that this particular team has not a large percentage of either deacons or clergymen, though Jim Harding afterward took holy orders, became an honor to the cloth, and will some day be a bishop. I occasionally attend his church ; and when I see his huge form at the desk, and hear his voice, powerful and earnest, as it echoes to the farthest corner, I wonder if he has forgotten the night when we looked for "Paddy's cousin, the copper," when "every one was a winner."

As I enter the hotel lobby, after dinner, on this evening of the games of 188-, I discover Jim standing near the street entrance with Harry Gardner, and a little knot of college friends and admirers. They are smoking like bad chimneys, and between puffs are giving a green reporter some most surprising bits of information, much to their own enjoyment and the delectation of their friends. The little reporter is taking copious notes, which will create a sensation in the morning, if the sporting editor does not discover them before they get into print. Jim is big and blond, and Harry slender and dark ; the former has made a first in the "hammer throw" ; the latter, after winning his trial heat in the "hundred" with ease, got away badly in the finals, and had to content himself with adding a single point to our score.

Now, Jim and Harry are particular friends of mine ; I shall never handle them again, and I want a last word or two of farewell. They have developed under my care from awkward boys to the finished athletes they are to-night. I have seen the firm, round muscles becoming more and more perfect ; the heart and lungs grow equal to more and more severe tests, and

the increasing courage and self-reliance (without which there can be no success on the cinder path) which will help them through many a struggle with the world they are about to enter. It is one of the sad parts of a trainer's life that he must lose such friends.

I force my way through the crowd, getting numberless nods and greetings of a warmer nature, for I am a well-known man in such a gathering. I strike the strong current flowing to and from the bar; but a little patience, and a liberal use of the elbow, brings me to the boys at last. I give them each a hand, and we exchange a word or two of congratulation. Harry is, I see, a bit sore at his misfortune, for he had been picked as a sure winner. I give him a word of praise for his gallant effort to make up a three-yard loss at the start. There are many sprinters who would not have tried at all, let alone have pulled off the much-needed point. I tell Harding, with assumed resentment, that he has been sogering all the time, abusing my confidence by playing the sleeper, and that he has always been good for the extra ten feet.

At this Jim gives one of his basso-profundo laughs, and in answer to my question as to what mischief he is plotting, replies that Harry and himself are waiting for Paddy, who has gone with Tom Furness for a little something "to kape the night out," and that they have promised the Irishman to help him look up his cousin "Dinny Sullivan, a copper."

I find that all they know about this cousin is that he is a policeman, on duty somewhere in the Bowery district. The boys admit the scent is not strong, but anticipate good sport in the hunt, whether they bag the game or not. There is always fun with Paddy, for though he has become a mighty knowing man on cinder path and track, and is not as green as when he tackled the "ghostly hurdler," he is a delicious bit still.

He appears a moment after, the "Knight of the Rake and Roller," accompanied by Tom; and judging from the aroma that clings to them, the necessary precautions have been taken against the baleful influences of the night air.

Tom is as happy and sanguine as ever, shakes me by the hand as if my arm was a pump handle in midsummer, and immediately protests that not a step will he take out of the house unless I go with him.

At this they all insist that the party will be incomplete without me. I must go, or I shall break up the party and spoil

sport. After considerable resistance, which I admit now was assumed, I consented at last. The truth was that, while I had not trained as had the boys, I had given many months of care and anxiety to them, and really wanted a bit of fling myself. I knew very well what the little walk would lead up to, but reasoned that the boys were bound to get into trouble, and that it would be a charity to look after them. In fact, I played the hypocrite in a way for which I should have been ashamed.

Although Tom and the boys gave unmistakable signs of "having dined," and Paddy of his heroic remedies against the night, we all meander to the bar for a last measure of precaution, light fresh cigars, and sally forth.

The clocks are striking eight as the door swings behind us, the stars are beginning to show, and the street lights to shine. The air is mild, and the pavements seem like a country road after the awful crowd of the lobby. The rattle of the pavements is silence compared with the rattle of tongues which we have left behind us.

We pile into a carriage which Paddy selects from a number drawn up to the curb,—because the driver is a Connemara man. We are not particularly comfortable with three on one seat, and five pairs of long legs interlaced; but our ride is enlivened by Paddy's conversation, no less brilliant than fluent, which is a magnificent compliment. Occasionally Tom succeeds in getting in a word, but the rest of us are out of it. He is about to give us some reminiscences of "Dinny's" boyhood, when the carriage stops, much to our surprise, for we do not realize the lapse of time.

We alight before a corner drug store, and Paddy calls the "Connemara man" an "Irish thief" when Tom pays him an exorbitant charge. He is easily placated, however, and goes into the store to inquire after Dinny, while we wait outside. We look through the window, between the red bottle on the right and the blue bottle on the left, and see him go up to the clerk at the soda fountain. The latter, a tall, pale-faced youth, answers shortly, and points to a big directory on a little shelf in the corner. Paddy walks over, upsetting a rack of sponges on the way, opens the directory doubtfully, turns over its leaves, runs his finger down a page or two, looks more and more puzzled, and at last beckons us in.

We enter, and find him looking blankly at an almost unending list of Dennis Sullivans, engaged in many occupations,

and several of them "on the force." After a careful examination, befitting the seriousness of the occasion, we pronounce the task hopeless, and file out again. Our departure is apparently greatly to the relief of the pale young man, for we had laughed until the bottles rattled when Paddy described his cousin as a "big chunk av a man, wid a taste for gin, an' a bad habit av snorin'."

We halt in the lee of the mortar and pestle, while the crowd surges past, and hold a council of war. Harding suggests that our best plan is to form a rush line, letting none pass until they tell all they know about "Dennis Sullivan, the cop-per." This proposition is hailed with delight by all but Tom and me, and though we are in the minority our opposition succeeds. To spread a dragnet across a Bowery sidewalk I believe to be a decidedly hazardous proceeding, and likely to result in the catching of fish too big to land. We finally form, with Paddy ahead, then Jim and Harry, Tom and myself bringing up the rear.

We had not taken a dozen steps before Paddy halts a tough-looking chap with "Do yes know me cousin, Dinny Sullivan?" The prisoner wears a very short sack coat, plaid trousers, and a tall silk hat. He has a "mouse" under one eye, and the other, though lacking the honorable decoration of its companion, is red and angry. His mustache is closely clipped and dyed a deathly black; the cigar in the extreme corner of his mouth is tilted at an acute angle. He blows a cloud of smoke over Paddy's shoulder, and looks us all over suspiciously, each in turn.

Now, we are rather a formidable party: Paddy and Jim as big as houses, Tom tall and angular, myself a rugged specimen, and Harry, though not adding much to our physical strength, evidently spoiling for trouble. As a rule, the little men are the aggressors, and most dangerous of all if they have a crowd with them.

Paddy's first captive, in deference to our superior force, decides to act the civil, and asks gruffly, "What's his biz?"

"He's a cop," answered Paddy, "a big chunk av a man, wid a scar over the lift eye, under the hair." Identifying a man by a concealed scar is too much for Tom, who breaks into a hearty laugh, and the prisoner himself gives a half-smile, when, after denying all knowledge of "Dinny," he is allowed to pass on.

We next halt a couple of young fellows, evidently gentlemen out on a lark. They recognize in Paddy a character worth cultivating, and keep him talking several minutes, asking fool questions ; but they finally admit that "me cousin Dinny Sullivan" is not on their list of acquaintances.

We spent some time in this way, Paddy doing picket duty, the main army close up in support. After questioning a dozen or more we make up our minds that Dinny is certainly not as well known on the Bowery as John L. or Tony Pastor, and that the success of our mission is doubtful. We had enjoyed the dialogues immensely, particularly that with a good-natured German. The latter understood hardly a word of English, but spoke his own language like a cuckoo clock. Paddy, of course, knew not a single word he said, but stuck to him for several minutes, giving up English at last, and treating us to the classic accents of old Ireland.

Nearly all we met had taken the matter good-naturedly, but one or two did not see the joke, and turned ugly. One big fellow talked fight, but the proposition was received by Paddy with such extreme joy, and preparations were made with such alacrity, that he thought better of the plan and withdrew his challenge. This was greatly to Paddy's disappointment, and Harry's as well, the latter offering to take the Irishman's place, though he would have been fifty pounds short weight.

We had been stopping frequently for Paddy to take further precautions to "kape the night out," and the rest of us doctored with the same medicine in smaller doses.

Paddy was now perfectly happy, and he had his reasons. The "byes" had won ; he was drinking, under Tom's most learned and experienced tuition, a different new drink every time, and in his heart of hearts was sure of a fight before the sun rose.

What more could an Irishman ask ; and a Connemara Irishman at that ? His face was growing redder and more smiling every minute, and his feet, although they performed their duties after a fashion, would certainly not have been equal to the "crack in the floor test," as on the night when he encountered the "ghostly hurdler."

But although Pat would have been contented to continue in the same blissful state until the crack of doom, the rest of us began to tire of the quest, and to look around in search of other things beside "Dinny, the copper." The streets were crowded,

the stores open, the barrooms doing a rushing business, and the places of amusement in full blast.

Suddenly Jim stopped before the bulletin board of a little variety theater, and began to examine it critically. There was a long list of names in black letters, — singers, dancers, acrobats, boxers, and I know not what else ; but Jim's eyes were fixed with great seriousness on the tall red letters at the bottom. They declared, in extremely mixed metaphor, "A Galaxy of Stars, and Every One a Winner."

"I'm going in," said Jim, with much gravity, throwing his cigar away.

"How about Paddy's cousin, the copper?" asked Harry.

"He's as likely here as anywhere," Jim answered ; "beside, it says that 'every one's a winner,' and that's the only kind for us to-night."

We were all of us quite ready for a change, so we stepped into the little lobby, Paddy first going up to the ticket office to ask, "Is me cousin, Dinny Sullivan, the copper, inside?"

The ticket seller, a big, fat fellow, with weak eyes and a Roman nose, thought Paddy was trying to jolly him, and answered "No," quite tartly. Paddy, of course, resented the incivility, and declared himself to be a gentleman, and he cared not who knew it. He further ventured to doubt whether the man behind the window was in the same class with himself, and, gradually abandoning the reproachful accents with which he had begun, became first unparliamentary, and then abusive.

The ticket seller stood it for a while, and then told Paddy to pass along, that "Dinny Sullivan" was not inside, but that they had two other policemen who were no relation of Pat's, but would take care of him just the same.

This last threat raised Paddy's anger to the boiling point, so that he first tried unsuccessfully to enter through the locked door, and then reaching his huge fist through the little open place in the window, shook it as near the Roman nose as the length of his arm would permit.

We finally persuaded him to subside, and Harry took his place with a roll of bills to purchase the tickets. He had hardly begun to speak, however, before Harding caught him, and lifted him, despite his struggles, on to the shoulder of a big statue of Terpsichore, in the corner, reminding him, gently but firmly, that the invitation was his, and he must be permitted to pay the bills. He obtained five seats in the front

row of the orchestra, and parted therefor with two dollars and fifty cents.

We were inspected a trifle suspiciously by the doorkeeper, but filed in, and found the little theater filled with a numerous and enthusiastic audience. The gallery was packed, the cheap seats on the rear of the floor well taken, and only a few of the more expensive ones in the front of the house unoccupied. The air was hot, and full enough of the fumes of alcohol to burn. Before we had adjusted our lungs to the new conditions, a little fellow in a dirty zouave suit took the checks from Jim, and ushered us down the center aisle to our seats in the front row. We made considerable noise, for the steps were of uneven depths, and at unequal distances, and Paddy stumbled all over himself at every opportunity.

Harry went in first, followed by Pat, Tom, myself, and Jim, in the order named. We were obliged to squeeze by an old lady and her daughter who occupied the end seats, and the former, sitting next to Jim, resented the necessary crowding by sundry sniffs and looks of disgust. Her displeasure was so evident that Jim felt called upon to apologize, which he did in his most Grandisonian manner, and in tones not less loud than those of the singer on the stage, "I beg your pardon, madam; I assure you it was unintentional; I have tender feet myself, and can sympathize with you."

At this there was a burst of applause and laughter. I looked around and could see a number of college men scattered through the orchestra, evidently ready to encourage any exploit to which such "dare-devils" as Jim and Harry might treat them.

There were a few of the gentler sex in the audience, but the great majority were men, the flotsam and jetsam of the Bowery. Some of these joined in the laughter at Jim's elaborate apology, and others scowled their resentment at the disturbance. From the abode of the gallery gods (filled mostly with boys, big and little) came a shrill "Put 'em out!" and a big wad of paper composed of an entire *World*, and thrown by a skillful hand, which landed on the top of Jim's head.

But Jim, apparently not at all noticing the attention which he was attracting, unfolded his playbill, and began to study it with the air of a connoisseur, or a provincial manager in search of talent. The document was headed with "BILLY JAYNE'S REFINED VAUDEVILLE CO.," and near the bottom of the

first page was bracketed, "Robert Loring, Basso Profundo, Nautical Songs, Without a Rival."

It was evidently Robert who was "doing his turn" when we entered, for his song told of "wild waves, brave ships, oak timbers, fearful storms, wrecks, and watery graves," in tones deep enough to make the heart quake. He ended, just as we were well settled in our seats, with a row of descending notes, the last several feet below the lowest brick of the cellar, and bowed himself off the stage, amid a burst of applause, which was followed by another demonstration, well mingled with laughter, when Jim remarked very audibly to the old lady by his side, "I really wonder how he does it," and "Shouldn't you think it would hurt him?"

Loring had already occupied the full time for "his turn" (we discovered later that the performer came out and filled up his ten minutes just the same, whether applauded and encored, or greeted with stony silence); so, notwithstanding vigorous clapping, assisted by the more demonstrative boot heel, Robert only made his bow from the wings, and departed.

As he disappeared on one side, a diminutive little darky hurried on from the other, and changed the cards, announcing as the next star, "Sam Walker." An examination of the play-bill rewarded us also with the information that Sam was the "World's Champion Clog Dancer, Lancashire Style." Two attendants in ragged costumes brought out a big square of white marble, which they deposited with considerable labor on one side of the stage, and after a little delay, to make the audience impatient, the distinguished Walker appeared, clad in well-chalked white tights, and with the champion's belt buckled round his waist. It was at least six inches wide, and so heavy with gold, silver, and precious stones that the redoubtable Sam was obliged to remove it before he could dance at all. Sam's brother Alfred, in a rusty dress suit, took his seat in a chair on the other side of the stage, and with an enormous accordeon furnished the music for the champion, who treated us to a continuation of festive taps, stopping with wonderful precision whenever the music broke off, even if in the middle of a note.

Next came "Annette Toineau," the "Queen of French Song, Fresh from Her Parisian Triumphs;" and the big man at the piano began to execute a lively tune, which set all the feet in the house in motion, until Annette herself appeared. This she did with a nod, a wink, and a kick that won instant applause,

even before she opened her mouth to sing. An enthusiastic admirer in the gallery called out, "You're all right, Liz, old girl," from which remark, and the accent (much more Celtic than French) with which she afterward treated us, I argued that Annette was but a stage name, and the "Parisian Triumphs" probably a fiction of the manager. Annette was a very pretty little girl, with a trim figure in abbreviated skirts, and she sang rather naughty songs in a manner that made them worse than they were written.

I could hear Jim, after she was through, remark to the old lady by his side, that such songs were likely to lead to the perversion of youth, and should not be sung except to those who had reached the age of discretion; by which I suppose he meant himself and the old lady, though she was old enough to be his grandmother. Jim's censorious remarks were, however, more than offset by Harry, who, at the other end of our line, applauded so vociferously that Annette rewarded him with a direct and beaming smile when she made her last bow.

Then followed "Leslie and Manning, Knock-about Grotesques," "Cora, the Queen of the Slack Wire," and "Sam Berne, the Dutch Monarch"; the last of whom first convulsed us by asking Tom, in a sepulchral whisper, to "Please wake your friend," pointing to Paddy, who was indeed asleep; and then had a very funny dialogue with the piano pounder, in which they both pretended to get in a towering passion over the question as to whether the singing or the accompaniment was the worse.

The delights of the playbill were now well-nigh exhausted, the next to the last on the list being "Alice Wentworth, America's Most Dashing Soubrette." She appeared to the tune of some gay waltz notes from the long-suffering piano. Alice was a slender girl, with brown hair and large, dark eyes. I doubt she could ever have been "dashing," though pretty she certainly had been. There were also signs that "once she had seen better days," as the old song goes. But now, despite the assistance of paint and padding, it was evident that sickness or dissipation had robbed her of most of the attractions she had once possessed. Her face was too thin for the bright color on her cheeks, her steps were too listless for the generously filled stockings, and she coughed several times before she began her song. It was a jolly little thing, sung in good time and tune, and with those touches which indicate unmistakably the rudiments, at least, of

a musical education. The song was well received, but at the end of the verse she had a dance, which called for considerable exertion, and was very trying for her. She got through the first two verses all right, but when she started the third her strength was gone; she broke down, and gasped for breath. The piano continued for a few notes, then stopped, and there was a dead silence. It was a pitiful sight enough: the poor girl trying to get strength enough to continue, coughing and gasping painfully; but some one in the orchestra back of us hissed, there was a cry from the gallery of "Take her off," and then a chorus of yells and catcalls. It was the same old wolf instinct which makes the pack tear to pieces the wounded straggler, — the wolf instinct in some way transmitted to man.

I was indignant enough, and looked around at the audience after the chap that made the first hiss, but should probably have done nothing had not Tom Furness, who has the biggest heart in the world, made an effort to stem the tide. He jumped on his feet, rising to his full height, and began to applaud with all his might. Of course we all joined in, Paddy's big feet and hands making a prodigious noise; and the better nature of the audience being given a lead, the hisses were drowned by a great storm of applause that fairly shook the old theater.

Poor Alice succeeded in getting enough breath to finish her song, and, dancing no more, gave as an encore "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," in a way that reached the hearts of the toughest in the house. It is wonderful how such an audience is affected by the pathetic. An allusion to an "old mother," an "old home," or suffering from sin and wrong will catch them quicker than the most doubtful verse.

The last word of the old Scotch song ended, Alice made her bow amid applause as hearty if not as noisy as when we drowned the hissing, and I hope the poor girl was able to keep her place, or, better still, went back to the old home, among the New Hampshire hills, perhaps, or under the shadow of the Maine pines.

There was now a great bustle on the stage, a rush of "supes," and a clamor of orders. The scenery was pushed back and the drop scenes hoisted out of the way. Padded posts were set in the floor, ropes strung and pulled taut, making a very satisfactory ring, and the chairs placed in the corners. By the demonstration on the stage and the eagerness of the audience, it was evident that we had now come to the great attraction of

the evening. The playbill read "George Johnson, Heavy-Weight Boxer, Will Knock Out Three Opponents in Three Rounds Each, or Forfeit \$50 to the Man Who Stays."

Now, although I was fairly well informed concerning the boxing world, I was unable to remember "George Johnson's" name, and wondered why he had not been taken on by some of the well-known men who intruded themselves into the papers so frequently. The playbill said clearly that he had challenged the world, and Tom suggested that Johnson was probably too good for them to take him on, or perhaps he had not a diligent backer who could wield a vigorous pen. Harry, who stripped at one hundred and thirty, declared his willingness to put on the gloves with Mr. Johnson if they would let him stand on a chair. Paddy, to whom the performance had become a dreadful bore, endured only through respect for the high society in which he was traveling, had now become wide awake, and at Harry's remark pricked up his ears and asked with much interest if they gave any one in the audience a chance to put on the gloves. Jim told him that there were probably three "stiffs" already engaged to go through the motions of a knock-out, and Paddy remarked that it was a pity, and subsided for the time.

When everything was arranged, the pails of water, sponges, and towels handy, and the gloves thrown into the middle of the ring, the manager introduced Mr. Richard Foley as the referee of the bouts, ending his remarks with some very florid compliments to Mr. Foley's well-known fairness in such matters. What was our surprise to discover in the gentlemanly referee the identical man we had first stopped on the street to inquire for "Dinny Sullivan, the copper." He wore the same short coat and plaid trousers, but had discarded the tall hat and the cigar, without which he looked lonely. The mouse under his eye had also disappeared, the artist having succeeded in disguising its mournful hue by a skillful application of flesh paint.

After the enthusiasm which greeted his appearance had a little subsided, Mr. Foley raised his hand in a Napoleonic fashion to command silence, stepped to the front of the stage, and hanging on the ropes in an attitude of extreme ease and freedom from restraint, made the usual little speech without which a boxing contest would seem out of joint. He declared the bout to be one of "a friendly nature" for "scientific points

only," and ended with the warning that any disturbance from the audience would stop the contest immediately.

At the close of his remarks appeared the celebrated George Johnson, a tall mulatto, who took his seat in the chair facing the audience, followed by his handlers. He was stripped to the waist, and wore a blue sash, white trunks, and tan shoes. He was a powerful fellow, well trained, and looked like a bronze statue when he rose, bowing and smiling at a little group of colored friends who called to him from the front of the gallery.

A moment later "Jack Costigan, the Jersey blacksmith," made his début, and was greeted with even more enthusiasm than Johnson, probably because of the predominating nationality of the audience, for he was certainly not a beauty, or even a well-built man. Indeed, he was a mighty tough-looking customer, his black hair clipped close enough to reveal a number of white scars, his face pockmarked, his shoulders stooping, and he was at least ten pounds lighter than Johnson, with much less height and reach. He looked sheepish enough to prepare us for the "lie down" that was to follow, and seemed pleased that his chair gave him the opportunity to turn his back to the spectators.

After the very labored introductions by Mr. Foley, in which a slight allusion was made to their previous records, the men took their corners, and at the call of "time" they shook hands and got to business. Now, I shall have hardly a word to say concerning this bout, for there was a much more stirring one to follow. It was evident from the beginning, although Johnson was the better man, and could have won anyway, that Costigan was not sent to do his best. He was an old war horse, performed his part well, kept up the mill until the middle of the third round, and then at a comparatively light blow went down. He pretended to make a desperate effort to rise while the ten seconds were counted, then picked himself up, and Johnson was declared the winner.

After Costigan disappeared there was a long wait, the house growing more and more impatient. At last the manager appeared and announced his great regret that the two other boxers had disappointed him. He announced that one of them had a broken arm, and read a physician's certificate to that effect. The other, as far as we could learn, was suffering from a broken heart; that is, he had, after looking the redoubtable Johnson over, declined to face him for any consideration.

The manager, again expressing his sorrow at the unavoidable disappointment, handed our friend, Mr. Foley, a fifty-dollar bill, making a great splurge about it, and asked if there were not some gentlemen in the house who would take the places of the delinquents.

At this there was a dead silence, except the noise made by Paddy and Harry whispering together, but what they said I did not understand. Again the manager repeated the request, evidently not expecting its acceptance, and ended with a challenge reflecting delicately upon the courage of his audience.

He had hardly spoken the words when suddenly, to my surprise and dismay, Paddy rose slowly to his feet, and clearing his throat said, in husky tones, "Faith, thin, 'tis a pity it is not to hev the foight, and lackin' a better I'll give him a bit av a go meself."

There had been many murmurs of disappointment when it looked as if there would be but one bout, instead of three as advertised, and at Paddy's speech there was deafening applause. I did my best to dissuade him, as did Tom Furness as well; but Jim took up the plan with enthusiasm, and despite our protests the three "devil-may-cares" crowded along the aisle, and disappeared through a little door under the gallery, which led to the stage. A few moments later they filed on, all three with their coats off, stepped through the ropes, and Paddy took his seat in the chair facing Johnson, his red face wreathed in smiles, and his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, Jim and Harry going to work in a very businesslike manner to prepare for the contest.

Now, all this was great fun for the audience, the manager, and even Johnson himself, who grinned back at Paddy, showing a long row of white teeth. It took no expert to see that the Irishman was dead easy, and there were the anticipated windmill swings, and abortive efforts to hit on his part, and a scientific exhibition from Johnson, with a knock-out to follow.

Tom and I expected nothing better, unless Johnson should be careless enough to let Paddy hit him once, in which case he might be treated to a surprise party, for Pat had an arm like a gorilla, and a fist as big as a small ham. Indeed, when Jim tried to push the gloves on which Costigan had discarded, after his lie down, he found it a job requiring the exercise of patience and considerable strength as well.

At last Paddy was all right, Harry fanning him with the

towel, Jim kneeling behind him, whispering sage advice into his ear, to which Paddy nodded his head with a confident grin. We were close enough to hear his husky, "'Tis right you are," and "Sure that wud phase 'im." The boys looked striking enough on the stage, with their refined faces, fashionable clothes, and spotless linen. Not one in the building but knew they were gentlemen, and nearly all wished them success with their man. Paddy himself had caught the crowd also, the gallery becoming his at first sight of his wide smile and the sound of his "illigant brogue."

Mr. Foley called "time," and at the word Harry gave a last flap, Jim a final word of advice, and as Paddy rose to his feet they pulled the chair through the ropes, and left their man in the ring, to do his "*devoir*" as best he might.

He certainly was not anxious, nor did he lack confidence in himself. He advanced cheerfully, shook his opponent by the hand, and got in position. Now, where Paddy learned to "shape himself" I never heard, but I doubt if there is anything like it in the long history of "Fistiana." I have seen many queer things in old sporting prints, where the fancy of the artist, I am sure, has maligned the science of good men with their "fives," but nothing like Paddy's pose has ever appeared to me before or since. His left foot was well forward, his left arm high, as if he feared the rap of a "shillalah" instead of the straight blow of a fist. His right hand he held low behind him, ready to hit, as if he held a flail or a "bit av a scythe," and he swung his fist round and round in a little circle. Even Tom and I could not refrain from laughter, the crowd yelled themselves hoarse, and Johnson could hardly restrain himself.

The latter shaped beautifully. After his first surprise was over he grew serious, stepped in, led lightly, landing on Pat's nose, and when Paddy, after a belated duck, swung a terrific blow at his opponent, he found him well out of reach. It was just as I expected: Johnson could hit Paddy when and where he pleased. He played with him as a cat would with a mouse. He made a punching bag of him, hit and got away. He ducked, he countered, he dodged, he swung on Pat's jaw. He side-stepped, and tapped him lightly; he uppercut him when he made a bull rush, so that his head lifted as if on a hinge. He hooked him with right and left, and played the "devil's tattoo" all over his body, ending with a ribroaster that made even

Paddy sigh. In short, when Patrick O'Malley, our "Knight of the Rake and Roller," took his seat at the end of the first round, his smile was gone, and he looked like a man in a trance.

Johnson had hit hard enough to have put most men to sleep, but on Paddy's tough anatomy had made no serious impression, after all. Pat's right eye was in a fair way to close, and his face looked puffy and his neck sore, but he was as strong as ever, and his courage as good, though he probably would have been willing to admit that over the picnic aspect of the occasion there had come a cloud. Harry and Jim got at work at him with sponge and towel the minute he took his seat. A very artistic exhibition they gave, and no doubt Jim's advice which he whispered was very good, but there was nothing before Paddy but a "knock-out" unless the unexpected happened.

Johnson was without a mark, and I question whether he had been hit at all. He took his drink, smiled up at his handlers as they worked the cool sponge over his hot chest and arms, and leaned back on the ropes with an air of extreme contentment.

When the bell rang for the second round, Paddy came up in good condition, but with a somewhat dubious expression on his countenance, and he kept his left a little lower, ready to stop some of the straight punches he had accepted so generously in the first round. He did not swing quite as wildly as before, and although hit harder, the blows did not land quite as often. In the last half-minute, however, Johnson cut loose, and Paddy's broad face and thick neck were visited in a savage manner. The bell barely saved him, for the poor fellow was fairly smothered with blows, and yet he stood up to his punishment without flinching, and fought back as best he could.

Tom had lost patience when he saw Paddy staggering like a bullock under an ax, and though I told him we could do nothing to help, he insisted we should at least be with the rest of the party. So the minute the bell rang for the end of the round, we crowded along the seats, and hurrying through the door, I was just in time to reach Paddy's corner before he started in for the third and last round. Now, of all men on earth Paddy believed in me; Jim and Harry were all right, and doing all possible for him, but when he felt my hand on his arm, and heard my whisper in his ears, his heart, almost gone, came back to him. He turned his swollen face up to me,

and with a new light in his eyes, he said, "Tell me what I'll do, Misther Brown; tell me, darlin', an' I'll lick the nager yet."

There was something wonderfully pathetic in his blind confidence, and I never cared so much for the big-hearted Irishman as I did that minute. To tell the truth, I had been half willing to see him knocked out after his foolish persistence against my advice. Then again I knew it was not at all a serious matter to one with his strength and vitality, and a dash of cold water would leave him no worse memories than a sore head and a few bruises. But after his appeal I felt very different. I racked my brain, but though I had been studying his opponent from the beginning, trying to find his weak point, he was so very shifty on his feet, and Paddy was so deathly slow, I could think of nothing. Pat had been swinging at his opponent's head, from the very start, the same old blow, landing never. He had not tried for the body once, and I made up my mind just before the bell rang, and whispered, "Never mind his top-knot, Paddy; wait until he leads, then step in, and hit him in the ribs; and hit him hard."

The third round started much like the others, but now on Paddy's face was not the foolish smile of the first, nor the dubious look of the second. "Misther Brown" had told him what to do, he was supremely confident in my wisdom, and had no doubt of the result. His mouth was firm and his eyes clear as he faced his opponent and waited for his opportunity.

I could see that Johnson did not half like the change. He was altered too, his face had grown cruel, his eyes fierce, and he came in like a tiger crouching for a spring. The joke was all gone out of the game now; he must knock Paddy out in the next three minutes or the fifty dollars would be forfeited. Nothing but a blow in the right spot would be of any use, and it must have the full swing of the body behind it. I could see plainly by his high guard that he feared nothing from Paddy but a swing on the head, and I doubt if he thought of much else beside how he could land on the point of Paddy's jaw just the right blow. As I knelt between Jim and Harry, peering through the ropes, I made up my mind that Paddy had good enough advice if he knew how to use it.

As usual, Johnson stepped in, leading with his left a light tap, meant only to open up Paddy's guard, so he could swing on him. As usual, he landed on Paddy's nose, the blood start-

ing freely ; but instead of answering with a blind swing as before, this time Paddy took the blow coming on ; indeed, he started in before he was hit, and the blow did not stop him at all. The result was, he found himself, for the first time, almost, since he had put his hands up, at a good striking distance. With a fierce grunt he smashed his huge fist full on the mark where the ribs branch, just above the belt. It was a terrible blow, unexpected, given with all the good intentions that a sense of debt could foster, and with the impetus of their two weights, for Johnson was coming in himself.

It doubled his antagonist up like a frog, and Paddy was kind enough to undouble him with a straight push in the face that straightened him up again. Harry could not refrain from calling, "Now's your time, Pat !" for which he was very properly warned by the referee ; but Paddy really did not hear him, and needed no advice. Science was forgotten, and in the mix-up that followed, Paddy showed a ready hand, cultivated by many a boyish fight and youthful set-to. Johnson was now not so much interested in putting Paddy out, as in saving himself ; he was fighting blindly, hugging and clinching when he could ; keeping away as much as possible, and growing more and more groggy under the shower of blows that were rained on him. Time was nearly up when, after a break away, Paddy stepped back, gathered himself, rushed in, and swung his huge right hand with all the strength of his powerful body. It was a half hook, and it landed on Mr. Johnson's jaw, and he went down like a felled tree, falling with stiff knees, and striking nothing until his face reached the floor with a thud. He made no effort to rise, and Paddy was so wild that, had I not called to him, I think he would have gone into Johnson's corner for a fresh antagonist among his handlers. Johnson lay on the floor while the ten seconds were ticked off, and then Mr. Foley stepped to the footlights, and, announcing that Mr. O'Malley had won the bout, handed him the fifty-dollar bill.

Paddy hesitated a moment, for he had not thought once of the money ; then he drew from his hip pocket an old-fashioned leather folding wallet, much worn and discolored, and with a chuckle put the big bill safely away. The audience had risen as one man to cheer Paddy when the decision was given, and now the tumult broke out again, and he was forced to bow his acknowledgments from over the footlights. Even this was not enough, and he finally cleared his throat, and made a short

speech, of which I could distinguish nothing but the last words, as he gave a comprehensive sweep of his gloved hand, including our whole company, and yelled, "An' ivery wan a winner." He would have spoken longer had not the manager, with rare presence of mind, dropped the curtain in front of him. John-son had come to himself very quickly with the assistance of his handlers, and now stepped up to Paddy with very honest congratulations, and the contestants shook hands with mutual respect and no ill will.

We were delayed a few minutes by our inability to get the boxing glove off of Paddy's big right hand; the left he had removed himself on receipt of the bill. We finally cut it off him, formed in line of march, and threading our way through the wings, joined the last stragglers of the audience as they filed out. I tried hard to subdue the spirits of my companions, but with little success. Jim and Harry were greatly elated, and Tom (who of all men enjoys winning) was now as bad as the others, and deserting me, left the conservative vote in a very decided minority.

There was certainly nothing lacking in the perfect success of the evening but the fact that "Dinny, the copper," the great object of our search, had evaded us. I voted to give him up and go back to the hotel; the others hesitated, but Tom, who never despairs, — Tom still declared that Dinny would yet appear. Tom is a man who has faith that a ball team will win with the score five to one against in the ninth inning, two out, and a weak hitter at the bat.

Jim and Harry were too much elated by their success with Paddy in the "squared circle" to ask for much else. In fact, they were slightly hilarious. The intoxication of victory, on top of their efforts to "kape the night out," was a bit too much for them. In passing along they tipped over a table by the door, sending a shower of playbills on the floor, and when a stout fellow remonstrated, Jim promptly "crowned" his derby hat with a blow that sent it down to his chin.

In the lobby the big wooden statue of Terpsichore, standing in scant attire, with one foot lifted for the dance, caught Harry's eye. He whispered to Jim and Paddy, and before I could interfere, they had torn her from her fastenings, and "stood the old girl on her head." As the muse was being balanced in this undignified position in the corner, there suddenly arose a cry of "Police! Police!" in high-pitched

and nasal tones from the ticket office. It was Paddy's "ancient enemy" who had discovered us, with his face close to the aperture, secure in the protection of the window. He called lustily, until a huge fist swung through the hole, and landed on the Roman nose with a dull, sickening thud. Silence followed Paddy's skillful blow, but the mischief was done, for there suddenly appeared through the door behind us a knock-kneed bobby, club in hand. Tom called "'Ware the cop!" and by giving the promptest kind of leg bail they just escaped him, bolting out the door, and across the Bowery, the crooked-legged copper close after.

Harry, who was leading, swung down a dimly lighted alley, Jim and Paddy following in order. The policeman, who apparently had little confidence in his ability to catch such nimble-footed gentry, stopped at the corner, and commenced a devil's tattoo with his night club on the pavement as a signal for some compatriot to head off the fugitives. Tom and I, who were close up, dashed by him without a word, resolved to stick to our friends, no matter what the cost. Tom was chuckling with delight, gave me a look over his shoulder, and set a killing pace, with the laudible ambition of running me off my feet, as well as distancing our pursuers. Chasing and being chased is one of the primitive pleasures of man, and I doubt if we ever quite outgrow it. We cut through the darkness, with the cool night air in our faces, sprinting over the slippery cobblestones of the pavement as if in the finals of a "hundred." There was a mad pleasure in it all, and the listening for sounds of pursuit and the looking sharply ahead for threatening danger added a double zest. It reminded me of a night in old Lancashire, when with some schoolmates I had raided a farmer's orchard, and with the spoils under our jackets we had led him a cross-country run of a couple of miles, knowing that a good thrashing was close behind as the punishment for a stumble or a temporary shortness of breath.

We were gaining on the three dark forms ahead, for we could see them more and more plainly as they bobbed against the lights at the end of the street. Occasionally some one would yell at us from a window or doorway, but the pounding of the knock-kneed bobby was growing more and more faint, and we heard no footsteps at all behind us. We had almost reached Paddy, whose boxing efforts had told on his endur-

ance, and I was just about to call to Jim and Harry, when suddenly there emerged from the darkness a herculean figure in brass buttons.

It floated into the middle of the alley, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, silent, huge, portentous. A long arm reached for Harry as he dodged to one side of the alley, and gathered the little fellow in, while Jim slid by on the other side. Paddy sprang to Harry's assistance, and got a blow with the flat of the hand that sent him in a heap on the pavement. Jim was about to mix in the fracas, but Tom and I, who knew better than to assail the majesty of the law, caught and held him. For a moment neither of us spoke, watching Harry's futile struggles. He was being held firmly, but gently, like a fractious child, and a voice of a richness that cast Paddy's brogue quite in the shade said soothingly, "Arrah there, be aisy. It's hurtin' yesel' ye are. Be aisy, or I'll pull ye in."

I was glad to hear the figure speak, for the silence was quite uncanny. Tom advanced in that conciliatory way of his when he feels that he has a delicate task before him, and was about to make his little appeal, with one hand on the roll of bills in his pocket, when Paddy, who had sat up at the sound of the voice, and was looking fixedly at Harry's captor, gave a howl of mingled surprise and joy, and exclaimed, "Begorry, Dinny, ye Connemara divil, let the lad go, or I'll break yer face."

At these words Harry stopped his struggles and Jim abandoned his efforts to break away from me. Tom stood with his mouth wide open, uncertain what to do, and I waited as if I were watching a play and the dramatic climax was about to be sprung on me.

Paddy rose slowly and unsteadily to his feet; and the big policeman took him by the collar with his unoccupied hand, and led him to the light of a little window, where he studied his face a moment in silence. Gradually over the big copper's face there spread a grin of recognition, his brown mustache drawing up at the corners, despite his efforts to look severe.

"Sure, 'tis yesilf, Patrick, ye blaguard," he said at last, shaking his head; "but frind or no frind, divil a wan o' me cares, if wrong ye've done."

"It's only a bit av a lark, an' no harm at all, at all," answered Paddy; and then he told the story of the evening, the search, the boxing contest, and the mischief in the lobby, making as little as possible of the latter, and expatiating at length

on our efforts to find "Dinny, the copper," with our extreme pleasure at final success. He ended by introducing us all with much pride and satisfaction.

Dinny listened at first with suspicion, afterward with a flash in his blue eyes as Paddy described his victory over Johnson, and finally with a slow smile, expanding into a grin, as the adventure in the lobby was described.

When Paddy finished, the "arm-of-the-law" turned without a word, letting Harry and Paddy go free again, tapped on the little window through whose brown curtain enough light had streamed to make recognition possible, and waited in silence until there came a sound of moving bolts. He then pushed a door open, led us through a dark entry, and into a little back room, where there was a long table, plenty of chairs, and a kettle singing on the stove in the corner. I have a suspicion that it was from this very same snug retreat that Dinny emerged when the sound of the rattling night club disturbed him. I learned that the little room was the sanctum sanctorum of the widow Rafferty, whose barroom in front was too public to suit the refined taste of Mr. Dennis Sullivan, and was also perhaps more exposed to the gaze of an inquisitive inspector.

Dinny went to a corner cupboard, with the air of a man who knew the way, took from it a brown jug, and placed it carefully on the table with a half dozen tumblers. He pointed to the chairs with a wave of his hand, and when we were seated he broke the silence with, "Gintlemen, 'tis proud I am to meet ye all, though in bad company ye come" (the last with a smile at Paddy). "I've a little something here" (looking fondly at the jug) "will kape the night out; 'tis the rale old stuff, such as we used to drink in old Connemara. 'Tis aisy I've been with yes, but, faith, I swear to pull in ivery mother's son that will not drink with me."

We all filled our glasses, though Tom called us to witness that he drank under protest, and only through fear of arrest. Just how long we lingered in the widow Rafferty's back room I cannot tell, but we discovered Dinny to be the very prince of coppers, able to tell a good story and sing a better song. He was a broth of a boy, and would have gladdened the eyes of the manager of a football team. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, all good stuff, and as hard as nails. His uniform was fresh, and fitted him like a glove, while every button was bright as a West

Point cadet's. When we came to part with him it was with mutual expressions of good will, which were increased when we discovered he had sent for a carriage, and the same awaited us in the dark alley. If he has his dues he is chief of police by this time.

We were a bit quiet on the way home, a little weary, and very contented and happy. There was a hint of the morning in the east as we alighted at the hotel, and the lobby was silent and deserted.

We were much pleased to find that the elevator was still running, and we climbed aboard, at peace with all the world, and just ready for bed. As Tom said, a five minutes earlier or later would have spoiled it. When we reached the third floor, Paddy insisted that we must go with him to the fifth, so we kept on, and Harry unlocked the door and Jim lit the gas. When we bade him "good night" and the elevator began to drop, he stood in his doorway, a smile of perfect bliss shining on his honest face. He waved his big hand at us with a gesture that was half farewell, half a benediction, and murmured huskily, "An' ivery wan a winner."



THE DEATHBED.

By THOMAS HOOD.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied —
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
 And chilled with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
 Another morn than ours.

